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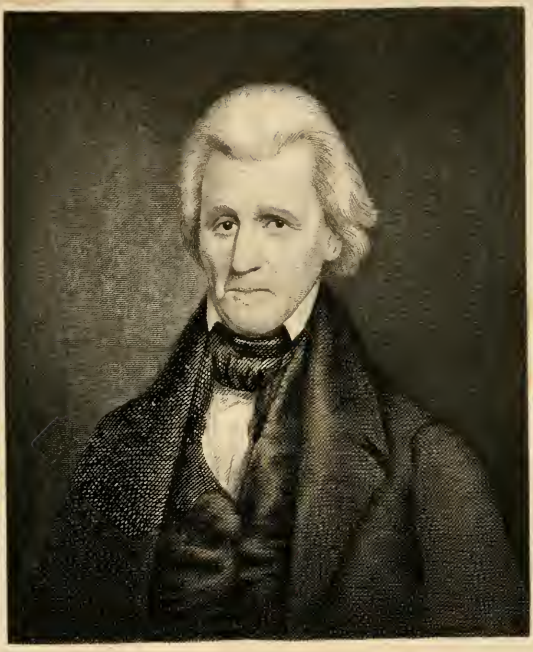

ANDREW JACKSON.

Andrew Jackson

MONUMENT

TO THE MEMORY OF

GENERAL ANDREW JACKSON:

CONTAINING TWENTY-FIVE

EULOGIES AND SERMONS

DELIVERED ON OCCASION OF HIS DEATH.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

AN APPENDIX,

CONTAINING GENERAL JACKSON'S PROCLAMATION, HIS FAREWELL ADDRESS, AND A CERTIFIED COPY OF HIS LAST WILL.

THE WHOLE PRECEDED BY

A SHORT SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

COMPILED BY B. M. DUSENBERY.

TROY:
PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL HANNA.
1846.

E382
D962

Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1845, by

B. M. DUSENBERY,

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PREFACE.

THE following work has been executed from a desire to erect a permanent literary MONUMENT TO THE MEMORY OF JACKSON. It contains the views of many of the ablest, most learned, and most worthy men in the Republic, respecting the public and private life of the General, his character, and conduct in all the relations which he was called upon by God and his country to sustain. In this point of view, the eulogies and addresses, contained in this volume, must certainly have great value in the estimation not only of the political and historical student, but in that of his countrymen generally, who have never been backward in acknowledging his worth and ability by marks of unbounded confidence.

General Jackson affords one of the most striking examples, recorded in history, of a man rising from the humble walks of private life to the most exalted station in the world, by dint of perseverance, firmness, integrity, and decision of character. His life, therefore, is full of instruction for the people. Its events form a study to which it is impossible they should give too much attention. No other man ever evinced so much knowledge of the character of the American people. No public man ever appealed so frequently and boldly to the

people for support in his public acts; and none was ever so nobly and enthusiastically sustained. Party spirit, of course, misrepresented his character and actions, while he was at the head of affairs; but the moment he resigned the reins of government, his merit and ability were almost universally acknowledged; and when death had set the seal of immortality upon his name, it was unhesitatingly enrolled among the great and good of all ages. How unanimous was the verdict in his favour, the discourses contained in this volume will show. They speak one language—that of unqualified eulogy.

The editor of this volume is bound to acknowledge with gratitude the courtesy and favour with which his design has been regarded, and the prompt and cheerful aid which he has received from all quarters. Persons at a distance have forwarded materials for the work, unasked, and all whose assistance has been solicited have responded to the call with alacrity.

The memoir of General Jackson, prefixed to the eulogies, though necessarily brief, has been compiled from the most authentic materials, and gives a summary view of the great events and actions of his life. It was deemed essential to the perfect understanding of the eulogies, which frequently refer to the events of the General's life, as universally known. However well known they may be, it was necessary, in order to render the present work complete in itself, that a memoir should be included in it. The editor believes that it will be found sufficiently minute and accurate to shed the necessary light on the frequent allusions which occur in the eulogies and discourses, and to render the whole work the most com-

plete view which has ever been presented of the life and character of Jackson.

The editor is particularly indebted to R. B. Castleman, Esq., Clerk of the Court at Nashville, and his deputy, Mr. Phineas Garrett, for furnishing a certified copy from the record, of the will of General Jackson, as well as to A. V. S. Lindsley, Esq., of Nashville, for his kind offices in relation to the obtaining of that invaluable paper.

To all who have in any manner contributed towards the successful completion of the work, the editor returns his grateful thanks. They will have the satisfaction of knowing that they, as well as the editor, have contributed towards the erection of a literary monument to the memory of him, whom his countrymen will ever delight to honour.

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

GENERAL ANDREW JACKSON.

To the lessons inculcated upon the youthful mind of Andrew Jackson by his exemplary mother, are to be attributed much of the fixed opposition to British oppression and tyranny, and the determined defence and support of the rights of his country, which distinguished him throughout the whole of his eventful career. His grandfather, who was born in the province of Ulster, in Ireland, was descended of Scotch ancestors, and attached to their manners, language, and religion. He had four sons, the youngest of whom married Elizabeth Hutchinson, and emigrated from Ireland in the year 1765, bringing with him his two young sons, Hugh and Robert. He landed at Charleston, and purchased a tract of land, with three of his old neighbours, in what was called the Waxhaw settlement, in South Carolina. There, on the 15th of March, 1767, Andrew Jackson was born.

His father died about the same time, leaving his name to his young son, and the care of her three children to his wife, who faithfully and successfully executed the duties which thus devolved upon her. Her youngest son she intended for the church, and therefore aimed at giving him more than the common school education which his older brothers received. The

direction of his studies was committed to the care of Mr. Humphries, the superintendent of a flourishing academy at the Waxhaw meeting-house. There he remained until the near approach of the ravages of the Revolutionary war rendered it necessary for the young Jacksons to leave the country or choose sides with the combatants. The cause of their country was their own. The sufferings of their grandfather at the siege of Carrickfergus, and the oppressions endured by the labouring poor at the hands of the proud Irish nobility, had furnished themes to their mother for conversation over the winter's fire; their tears had flowed in compassion, while their antipathy to the cause of the woes they wept over became incorporated with their nature. Their mother had accompanied her husband to America, that they might escape from the ruthless tyranny of their English oppressors, and she readily encouraged the ardour of their patriotic devotion, and indulged them in attending the drill and general musters of the neighbourhood.

In the year 1779, the British invaded South Carolina, under General Prevost. Charleston must have fallen if that officer had marched rapidly forward; but he halted on the way, and gave time to the citizens to prepare for defence, and to General Lincoln to advance to their assistance. Prevost soon after returned to Savannah, leaving the post at Stono Ferry in charge of a garrison, which Lincoln determined to cut off. He advanced against it on the 20th of June, with twelve hundred men, but a part of his plan failed, and the attempt was unsuccessful. In this battle, Hugh Jackson, the general's oldest brother, lost his life, from the excessive heat of the weather, and the fatigues of the day. He had marched to battle as a volunteer in the corps of the gallant Colonel Davie, who was severely wounded in the conflict. A desire to avenge the death of his brother was thus added to the other causes of enmity towards the brutal invaders of his country, and Andrew, at the age of fourteen, accompanied his brother Robert to the American

camp, and engaged actively in the cause of freedom. The British commanders in the commencement of the struggle had promised that the people might remain in peace in their homes, on condition of giving their parol not to take part in the war. But when active resistance had ceased, and the state appeared to be reduced to its former allegiance, they issued a proclamation requiring the inhabitants to enrol themselves in the militia, and be prepared to perform active service for the cause of the king. This act of injustice roused the spirit of resistance, and caused many true patriots to gather round the standards erected by the noble partisans Marion, Sumter, Pickens, and Davies. Almost all of the Waxhaw settlers who engaged in the partisan warfare, united under Colonel Davies. A plan was arranged by Sumter and Davies, which had for its object the destruction of the British garrisons at Rocky Mount and Hanging Rock. Sumter made three bold attacks on the former post on the 30th of July, 1780, but without success. Meanwhile Davies, who had been watching the garrison in Hanging Rock, cut off a foraging party consisting of three companies of tories. Sixty horses and one hundred muskets, secured by this success, formed a very acceptable addition to the stables and military chest of Sumter, who, soon after, united his forces with those of Davies. The two commanders next marched against Hanging Rock. The contest was long and bloody. At length the badly disciplined troops of Sumter, finding themselves in possession of the greater part of the enemy's camp, and supposing the victory to be won, took to plundering and carousing. But the remnant of the garrison refused to surrender, and Sumter could get only two hundred of his men to continue the fight. Finding that the remainder of his men were rapidly becoming intoxicated, he reluctantly gave up the victory he had fairly won.

This was the first field of Andrew Jackson. Though but thirteen years of age, he fought like a veteran, and the Waxhaw settlers on that day suffered heavy loss. The unfortunate result of the fight, too, must have strongly impressed upon his

mind the value of strict military regulations, and contributed to form the love of discipline which afterwards characterized his operations as a general, and which produced the declaration of martial law when perfidy was suspected at New Orleans. When Cornwallis advanced towards Charlotte, the Americans, inferior in numbers and discipline, and unable to cope with the well-armed and well-appointed veterans of the British army, retired into North Carolina.

When Cornwallis had crossed the Yadkin, the Waxhaw settlers boldly returned to their homes. In these times of trouble the laws were silent, and crime went unpunished and wrongs unrevenged. Active whigs dared not spend a night in their own houses, unguarded, without danger of surprise and death at the hands of their savage enemies. The young Jacksons were constantly mounted and armed, and incurring every danger with their patriotic friends and neighbours. On one occasion, a noted patriot captain, named Sands, desired to spend a night with his family; and eight soldiers, among whom were Robert and Andrew Jackson, constituted his guard. In the night, a band of tories was heard advancing to capture the house and its inhabitants. A British deserter, who was on the watch, gave the alarm to Andrew Jackson, who immediately seized his gun and ran out to meet one division of the band. Having hailed, and receiving no answer, he put his gun through the fork of an apple-tree, and fired upon the enemy. A volley was returned which killed the soldier near his side. Jackson then went into the house, while another division of the enemy advancing to attack on the opposite side, mistook the fire of their friends for a volley from the house, and began to return it. Thus they continued firing, partly upon their friends and partly upon the house, until an officer, who was in the neighbourhood, galloped towards the house alone, sounding a cavalry charge on his trumpet. The tories became frightened and retired. Jackson had commenced firing from the door after re-entering the house,

where two of his companions were shot down. He was then but fourteen years old.

Rawdon, who was actively engaged in making a desert of the country around Camden, was no sooner advised of the return of the Waxhaw settlers, than he determined to capture or destroy them. Major Coffin was intrusted with the execution of his plan. He succeeded in surprising the settlers, although they were collected together at the Waxhaw meeting-house; eleven were taken prisoners, and the rest escaped with great difficulty. Among those who fled were the two Jacksons. They continued during the night in a thicket, but left it on the following morning for the purpose of procuring food. They were surprised at the house of Lieutenant Crawford, by a party of dragoons and tories, who had been guided thither by a tory named Johnson. While the troops were actively engaged in demolishing the furniture of the house and the clothing of its inhabitants, the commanding officer, whose boots had been mudded in crossing a creek, commanded the younger Jackson to clean them. He received an indignant refusal, and a demand for the treatment due to a prisoner of war. The cowardly ruffian aimed a blow at his head with his sword, but the young hero parried it with his left hand, upon which he received a severe wound. Robert Jackson for a like refusal received a wound on his head, which was not dressed while he remained a prisoner, and which caused his death a few days after his release. This was effected after the battle of Camden, by a partisan captain named Walker, who gave thirteen British prisoners in exchange for the two Jacksons and five of their neighbours. At the time of their release, the two Jacksons were both infected with the small-pox. The oldest son died, but Andrew was enabled by the natural vigour of his constitution to survive this complication of ills.

Before he had thoroughly recovered his health, his mother left him on an errand of mercy to the unfortunate captives who were confined in the prison-ships at Charleston. There she

caught the fever which raged among the prisoners, and soon after ended her days. Thus Andrew Jackson was left the only survivor of the family of his father, the remainder having been brought to the grave by the ruthless tyranny of the British, to avoid which he had sought a home in the wilds of America. Deprived of the counsel of his excellent mother, and thrown into the society of some of the most extravagant young men of Charleston, who resided at the Waxhaws while the British held that place, Jackson commenced wasting his patrimony, and corrupting his habits.

But foreseeing that by continuing in the mad career he had commenced, he would eventually come to rely for support upon his own unaided exertions, he suddenly checked himself in his course of dissipation, and returned to his studies. The pulpit he now abandoned for the bar, and his legal acquirements were directed by two eminent counsellors, Judge McCay and Colonel Stokes. He had not pursued pleasure more ardently than he now sought for proficiency in his legal studies, and he received a license to practise as an attorney in two years from the time when he devoted his attention to the law. Those two years had been spent at Salisbury, in North Carolina, in which state he continued until 1788. In that year he accompanied Judge McNairy to the western district of North Carolina, comprising what is now the state of Tennessee. The judge had recently been appointed, and he was going thither to hold his first court. When they reached that district, Jackson found that the young adventurers of the place had become indebted to the merchants, and had conspired to retain in their interest the only lawyer in the country, so that the creditors were unable to prosecute their claims. They joyfully hailed the arrival of another lawyer, and Jackson, on the morning after his arrival, issued seventy writs. Such a prosperous opening was a strong inducement for him to remain in that part of the country, and the attempts made by the debtors to force him to leave it, produced a directly opposite effect. Fearing to encounter the bold lawyer in a per-

sonal attack, these persons caused him to be assailed by bullies, a class of the most abandoned men, who were accustomed to decide every question by a fight. The first attack of this kind was made by a flax-breaker, remarkable for his strength and brute courage. Jackson reduced him to submission with his own winding-blades. When conversing with a gentleman concerning business, a noted bully approached and trod purposely on Jackson's foot. The young lawyer pushed him off, and brought him to the ground with a blow of a slab. The crowd interfered to stop the conflict, but the bully, with horrid imprecations, snatched a stake from the fence and attempted to renew the attack. Jackson requested the crowd to stand aside, and moved with a firm step and steady eye towards the ruffian, who, struck with terror, dropped the stake, and fled into the woods. His bold conduct in these attacks convinced his enemies of their inutility, and he was therefore suffered to proceed in the prosecution of his professional duties without molestation.

His industry and talents recommended him to all the better portion of the community, and even his enemies respected while they feared and hated him. He received the appointment of attorney for the western district, and soon after discovered that enormous frauds had been practised in the North Carolina land office. These he deemed it his duty to expose, and he prosecuted the perpetrators. The hostility of a large protion of the inhabitants, who were often interested in these fraudulent transactions, was by this means drawn down upon his head.

His business as attorney was divided between Jonesborough, and Nashville, and other settlements on the Cumberland river. Between these places there was a wilderness of two hundred miles, which Jackson crossed twenty-two times in the performance of his duties. The crossing of this wilderness was a task of no little difficulty and danger. The Cherokees and Choctaws on the south, and the Shawnees on the north, waged almost perpetual warfare with the early settlers, who were in

this manner accustomed to the use of arms, and skilled in savage tactics. Jackson soon became known as one of the boldest of the brave spirits with which the country abounded, and the fear and respect entertained for him by the Indians is evinced by the names of "Sharp Knife," and "Pointed Arrow," which they applied to him. To the experience he acquired in these journeys, perhaps, is to be attributed much of the success which subsequently attended his operations in the country of the Creeks.

The distinction which his courage and resolution in these and similar situations had acquired for Jackson was widely extended. He stood high in the estimation of all classes, and his fellow-citizens embraced every opportunity of honouring him with their confidence. He was chosen a member of the convention for the formation of a constitution for the new state of Tennessee, and when that state was admitted into the Union, he was her first representative in Congress. One year afterwards, in 1797, he was chosen a member of the Senate of the United States for the state of Tennessee. He connected himself with the republican party, but resigned in 1799, on account of the great preponderance of the federalists in the Senate. On his return to Tennessee, he took an active part in the election which transferred the executive power from the hands of Mr. Adams to those of Thomas Jefferson.

He was again called into public life at the age of thirty by his appointment to the bench of the Supreme Court of the state. Though he reluctantly accepted this office, he performed its duties with his usual firmness. The robber, the murderer, and the outlaw, were brought to justice, the innocent and the injured were protected and avenged, and the hitherto despised authority of the court was everywhere respected and acknowledged.

On the occasion of holding his first court at Jonesborough, an exceedingly strong and ferocious man, named Russell Bean, was indicted for assaulting his child when intoxicated. The sheriff, a timid man, feared to approach him, though he was in

the court yard, and made to the court the return that Bean would not be taken. Judge Jackson refused to receive the return, and directed the sheriff, if necessary, to summon the *posse comitatus*. The sheriff, when the court adjourned, summoned the judge himself as part of the *posse*. Jackson procured a loaded pistol, and advanced towards the armed desperado, who was bidding defiance to the laws.

As Jackson came near him, he began to retreat, but stopped, threw down his arms, and surrendered at the command of the resolute judge.

John Sevier, the governor of the state, was among the number of his enemies. His enmity to Jackson was naturally shared by the party which supported him, and rose to such a height, that a combination was formed to mob him when he should come to hold his court at Jonesborough, in the fall of 1803. He was so sick on the road as to be scarcely able to sit his horse; but he learned the reception which awaited him, and pressed forward eagerly to Jonesborough. He was suffering from a high fever when he arrived, and he therefore retired to his room and lay down upon his bed. Shortly after, Colonel Harrison, with a regiment of men, arrived in front of the house, prepared to tar and feather him. He was advised to lock his door, but he arose, threw it wide open, and sent a friend with his compliments to the colonel, to say that his door was open to receive him and his regiment whenever they chose to wait upon him; and that he hoped the chivalric colonel would lead his men, and not follow them. The message was delivered, the mob dispersed, the colonel apologized for the inconsiderate violence of his conduct, and became thenceforward one of the firmest friends of General Jackson.*

An attack made upon him in Knoxville by Governor Sevier drew forth a challenge from Jackson, but the conduct of the governor was so vacillating and cowardly, that the judge

* Kendall's Life of Jackson.

finally attacked him in the midst of his friends, and would have chastised him with a cane but for their interference. These altercations with the governor, who was implicated in the land frauds, the perpetrators of which Jackson was resolved to punish if he continued on the bench, rendered his position there irksome in the extreme, and he resigned in 1804, six years after his appointment.

He had accepted the office of major-general of Tennessee, when it was tendered to him by a vote of the field officers, but the discharge of its duties interfered little with the enjoyment of a peaceful retirement. The practice of his profession had acquired for him a fortune suited to his limited wants, and he devoted himself to the business of planting on his farm on the banks of the Cumberland.

His passion for fine horses led him to turn his attention to raising them from good stock, and few if any men were more successful. The desire of exhibiting horses of his raising, and of recommending them to purchasers, naturally led him to bring them out upon the race-courses. Some difficulties had arisen about a sum of money forfeited to him by a Mr. Erwin and Charles Dickinson, his son-in-law. This was satisfactorily adjusted, but there were other persons who desired to bring about a duel between Jackson and Dickinson, and they unfortunately succeeded. Dickinson was accounted the best shot in his country: the prospect of a fight with Jackson flattered his pride, and he readily complied with the suggestions of those about him to push matters to extremities. Much newspaper altercation followed, and insults passed freely. At length Dickinson gave into the hands of the printer a paper containing direct imputations of cowardice, and a notice that the writer was about to leave the state. This drew from Jackson a challenge, which was accepted, and the time fixed. Dickinson spent the intervening period in perfecting his practice, boasted how often he had hit the general chalked out on a tree, and offered to bet that he would kill his antagonist at the meeting. All this was

made known to Jackson, who went upon the ground in the full expectation of losing his life. At the word, Dickinson fired, and the dust flew from Jackson's clothes; Jackson then fired, and Dickinson fell. He was carried into a neighbouring house, where he soon expired. Jackson mounted his horse and travelled twenty miles with his friend and surgeon: the blood oozing through his clothes then first discovered to the latter that the general was wounded. Two of his ribs were shattered near their articulation with the breast-bone, and it was some time before he could attend to business. None on the ground knew that he was wounded except himself, yet the unfeeling conduct of his antagonist before the meeting had so exasperated his fearless spirit, that he said to a friend who was astonished at his self-command, "Sir, I should have killed him if he had shot me through the brain."*

Every effort to preserve honourable peace between Great Britain and America having failed, Congress declared war, June 12th, 1812. Under the authority of an act directing the president to accept the services of fifty thousand volunteers, Jackson issued an address to the citizens of his division, which brought twenty-five hundred of them around his standard. Their services were tendered to the government and accepted, and General Jackson received the thanks of the president and the governor of the state for his zeal in the public service. In November, he received orders to place himself at the head of fifteen hundred infantry and riflemen, and descend the Mississippi to aid General Wilkinson in defending the lower country, then supposed to be in danger. With the greatest firmness the troops rendezvoused at Nashville, and advanced towards the place of their destination. It was in the latter part of December; the ground was covered with snow, and the weather was excessively severe; yet such was the eagerness for service, that two thousand and seventy men presented themselves, nearly

* Kendall'sLife of Jackson.

all armed and equipped at their own expense. All of them were taken with him, lest their ardour should be damped by sending any of them to their homes; and Jackson, in a general order published at Nashville, promised to be a father to the whole of them. The army marched through the ice and snow to Natchez, where General Jackson was instructed to remain until he received further orders. Meanwhile, the prospect of immediate war in that quarter had disappeared, and an order was issued by the secretary of war, directing General Jackson to dismiss the troops under his command from service, and to take measures for delivering every article of the public property in his possession to General Wilkinson. When this order reached his camp, there were one hundred and fifty men on the sick list, fifty-six of whom were unable to raise their heads. Besides, none of the troops were possessed of sufficient funds to pay their way home. Along with the general order, came a letter from General Wilkinson, who feared an intention on the part of Jackson to supersede him in the command. In his epistle, Wilkinson informed General Jackson that he might still perform a very acceptable service by encouraging the recruiting service among the soldiers under his command. There have not been wanting those, who, dispassionately examining the connection between the orders of the secretary and the letters of Wilkinson, have supposed the apprehensions of the latter, in regard to precedence in rank, to furnish the key to the action of the government.

To comply with the order of the secretary, the general would have been obliged to leave his sick without medicines or tents, and to discharge the remainder, in a strange country, where they would probably be forced into the regular service, or fall victims to vice and disease. He remembered the promise which he had given to his troops in Nashville, and he determined to obey the order only so far as it accorded with that promise. A recruiting officer was found near his encampment: he threatened him with a drumming out of the camp unless he departed

The general then issued an order to the troops, informing them of his determination not to abandon them, but to lead them all back to their country and their friends. His kind conduct animated the whole body, and almost all the sick became so much better, that the detachment was in better health on its return to Nashville than it had been when it set out.

Though he had felt hurt at the treatment which he had received from the secretary, yet his indignation against Hull was so great, that he wrote to Washington on his way home, offering to increase the force under his command, and to continue his march to Malden.

This offer was not accepted, but the secretary attempted to explain away the imputation of injustice to the Tennessee volunteers, and the government sanctioned the conduct of the general, and relieved him from the pecuniary responsibilities which he had incurred for his troops.

The Creek Indians, who had been induced to join the great Indian confederacy, organized by Tecumseh and his brother, the Shawnee Prophet, commenced hostilities against the western settlements in the early part of the year 1812. The outrages they committed attracted the attention of the general government, and the governor of Tennessee was directed to detail a body of the militia of his state, to be in readiness for active service. The first attack of real war was made by the Indians on Fort Mims, situated in the Tensaw settlement, in the territory of Mississippi. The fort contained one hundred and fifty men, under Major Beasley, with as many more members of families who had sought safety there. Of the whole number, but seventeen escaped from the indiscriminate slaughter to bring intelligence of the outrage to other parts of the country. The people of Tennessee prepared to take up arms for the purpose of avenging this outrage, and General Jackson advised that a large force should be immediately marched into the heart of the Creek country. Four thousand of the militia were called out by the legislature.

On the 7th of October, General Jackson took command of the troops at Fayetteville. There he received an express from Colonel Coffee, informing him that the Creek chiefs were marching with the main body of their warriors towards the frontiers of Tennessee. Apprehensive of failure on the part of the contractors to supply provisions for the West Tennessee troops under his command, he had requested Generals Cocke and White, who commanded those from the eastern part of the state, to send breadstuffs to his army by the Tennessee river. But when he reached that stream, on the 12th of October, no supplies from above had been received. He waited there for it a week, employed in disciplining his army, which somewhat exceeded two thousand men. A friendly chief of the Creek tribe had erected a fort for his own defence, which was threatened with destruction by the advancing enemy, and he therefore sent to Jackson for assistance. The general marched on the 19th with hardly a week's provisions on hand, for Thompson's Creek, determined to proceed to the Ten Islands, on the Coosa river, near which the enemy was concentrating.

Having, though almost destitute of food, reached the Coosa river, General Coffee was ordered to cross it on the 2d of November, and with five hundred men of his brigade, attack and destroy the town of Tallushatchee. The hostile Creeks there collected hailed with joy the approach of their opponents. Mingling their savage yells and war-whoops with the noise of drums, they charged the advanced companies with an almost supernatural fury. But their onset was bravely received, and they were compelled to retreat, fighting until they got within their buildings, where an obstinate conflict ensued, the Indians resisting when unable to stand, and neither asking nor receiving quarter. One hundred and eighty-six were killed, and eighty-four women and children taken prisoners. General Coffee lost five killed and forty-one wounded. At the Ten Islands General Jackson established a post called Fort Strother, and sent an express requiring the troops from East Tennessee to march

forthwith to his assistance. A runner from Talladega, a fort of the friendly Indians, thirty miles distant, informed him that the enemy had encamped before it in great numbers, and would certainly destroy it unless he afforded immediate assistance. He despatched a messenger to General White, ordering him to reach Fort Strother in the course of the ensuing night, and protect it in his absence. Leaving there the sick and wounded, he marched instantly for Talladega. He found the enemy posted within a quarter of a mile of the fort, apparently in great force. The action was as warm as it was short. In fifteen minutes the Indians were seen fleeing in every direction, but the fight was maintained with spirit and effect as well after the flight as before. The pursuit terminated when the enemy gained the mountains, three miles distant. Nearly eleven hundred Indians were engaged in this action: two hundred and ninety-nine were left dead on the ground, and many were probably killed in the flight and not found. Almost all of them were wounded, and many afterwards died.

Meanwhile, Jackson had learned that in compliance with an order from General Cocke, the East Tennessee troops under White had marched to Chataugan Creek, leaving the feeble garrison at Fort Strother unprotected. Added to this, the want of provisions prevented him from following up his victory, compelling him to retire while the enemy recovered from their consternation, and reassembled their forces. When he reached the fort, he found that no provisions had been forwarded since his departure, and even his private stores, on which he and his staff had hitherto subsisted, had been exhausted by the wounded and sick. The only support afforded to the army was a scanty supply of indifferent beef, taken from the enemy, or purchased from the Cherokees. Suffering as much from hunger as his men, General Jackson repaired to the bullock-pen, and there selected from the offal what he was pleased to call a very comfortable repast. Another example of patience and suffering was afforded to his murmuring soldiers by the patriotic general dur-

ing this campaign. A soldier perceived the general sitting beneath a tree, busily engaged in eating something, while the rear of the army was coming up. Half starved himself, and believing that the officers, and Jackson particularly, were well supplied, he came boldly up to him, stated his condition, and demanded a share of the general's feast. "I will willingly share with you what I have," said the general, offering him some of the *acorns* which he had found beneath the tree, and which he said was the best and only fare he had. The astonished soldier retired to report to his companions the fact that the general fed himself with acorns, and to urge them henceforth to bear the sufferings which he nobly shared without complaint. But though the privations which Jackson suffered failed to move him, he felt much concern for his army, and continually exerted himself to remove their sufferings.

But discontent and a desire to return home gradually spread through the camp, and revolt at length began to show itself openly. The officers and soldiers of the militia determined to leave the camp, and drew up early one morning to carry their design into execution; but they found the volunteers prepared to prevent their progress, and force them to return to their old position in the camp. The firmness of their general was too much for them; they abandoned their purpose and retired to their quarters. The volunteers, however, were equally disaffected with the militia; they had opposed the mutineers only to escape suspicion, and really wished them success. Supposing that the general could find no means to prevent their desertion in a body, they determined to march off on the next morning. Words fail to express their confusion and astonishment, when they found the very militia whom they had yesterday forced into their quarters, prepared to execute a similar office for them to-day. They carried the play through, and returned in good order to their former position.

General Jackson at length agreed to march homeward, if the expected supplies were not received within two days. They

came not, and the army marched, leaving Fort Strother under the protection of a small band of patriots, whom Captain Gordon had induced to remain. Twelve miles from the fort, the army met a drove of one hundred and fifty beeves. After having satisfied their appetites, the general ordered the troops to return; but they had commenced a homeward march, and were unwilling to encounter again the perils of war. Almost the whole brigade had put itself in an attitude for moving off, and the campaign would certainly have been broken off but for the firmness of the general. Mounting his horse, he threw himself in front of the column, armed with a musket. He was not able to use his left arm, but he rested the musket on the neck of his horse, and threatened to shoot the first man who should attempt to advance. The disaffected troops maintained a sullen silence, until two faithful companies had formed in the rear of the general and in front of them, prepared to imitate his example in firing. They then turned quietly round, and agreed to return to their posts. But no good results could be brought about by disaffected troops, and the general at length resolved to allow them to return home.

He himself remained with a few faithful soldiers until January 1814, when he was reinforced by a small detachment of raw militia, with which he determined to march to Emuckfaw, on the Tallapoosa river. At this place there was supposed to be congregated a large force of hostile Indians, ready to destroy the Georgia troops under General Floyd. At Talladega two hundred friendly Indians were added to his force, but they were dispirited at the apparent weakness of his army, and added little to its real strength. Intelligence from the commanding officer at Fort Armstrong, advising him that the enemy was preparing to attack that weak and almost defenceless position, determined him to proceed. His white force, which consisted of less than nine hundred new recruits, were badly disciplined, but full of ardour and confidence in their general. On the night of the 21st, a large Indian encampment

was discovered, in which the savages were whooping and dancing, apparently aware of his approach. The general put his army in readiness for an attack. At six o'clock in the following morning, the enemy commenced the battle by furiously assaulting the left wing. They were gallantly repulsed, but renewed the fight with great fury. They were unable, however, to withstand the bayonet, and returned to their camp.

Though his army had been victorious, General Jackson was but too well aware of the disparity between his force and that of the enemy. His troops were not well supplied with provisions, and the enemy, when reinforced from the towns below, would be able to prevent his return. Under these circumstances he determined to retreat to Fort Strother. On crossing a creek called Enotochopco, on his way to the Emuckfaw, he had observed that there was, near the ford, a dangerous defile, overgrown with thick shrubbery, and affording every convenience for concealment and safety from pursuit. As the enemy hung round his army on the march without attacking, General Jackson concluded that they intended to form an ambuscade in this defile, and he therefore sent his pioneers to look for another crossing-place below. One was found, and the army was led towards it, formed in order of battle. Part of the army had crossed the river before the Indians were aware of the change in the place of crossing. They made a furious attack on the rear, which commenced a shameful flight to the creek. The artillery company under Lieutenant Armstrong dragged their piece of ordnance from the creek to an eminence where they could use it to advantage. This attracted the attention of the foe, who entered into an obstinate contest for its possession. Carroll and Armstrong kept the enemy at bay until assistance arrived. Shot down at the side of his gun, Armstrong exhorted his men to continue the defence. "Some of you must fall," said he, "but don't lose the gun." The cartridges were driven home with the butt end of a musket, and prepared for the match with the ramrod; Captain Gordon

made an active charge on the left flank of the enemy with his company of spies, and General Jackson, led his men again into the battle, and restored the fate of the day. The savages fled, leaving behind everything likely to retard their speed.

When the troops had reached Fort Strother, their term of service, which numbered only sixty days, had almost expired, and General Jackson therefore honourably discharged them. The volunteers who had remained with him when their fellows returned home, were also marched into Tennessee, and there dismissed with testimonials of their honour, fidelity and patriotism. General Jackson was soon after joined by a fresh army of nearly three thousand men, with which he determined to advance into the enemy's country. Having learned that the main body of the Indians were in the neighbourhood of Emuckfaw, he marched thither, and found them in a bend of the Tallapoosa, called, from its shape, Tohopeka, or the Horse Shoe. A well-constructed breastwork had been erected across the neck which connected their retreat with the main land, and the savages considered themselves perfectly secure.

Coffee crossed the river and surrounded the bend, to prevent the retreat of the enemy. Jackson then commenced a cannonade in front, and Coffee sent a detachment over to attack the enemy in the rear of the fortification. The works were then stormed, and a furious battle ensued within the enclosure. Over eight hundred of the enemy's bravest warriors perished in the place of their supposed greatest security, and the small remnant of their nation soon after sought for peace. The victorious Tennesseeans were now dismissed; but their commander had attracted the attention of the whole country by the firmness, intrepidity, and daring with which he faced the pains of starvation and the rifles of the enemy until the war was gloriously ended, and he was called into a wider sphere of action. He received the appointment of major-general in the army of

the United States, and was made a commissioner to negotiate a treaty of peace and alliance with the Creeks.

While performing this duty, he noticed the protection and encouragement which the hostile Indians had hitherto and still received from the governor of the Spanish fortress of Pensacola. He despatched Captain Gordon as a commissioner to that governor with the causes of complaint, requiring him to state the course he intended to pursue, whether he would preserve the peace between the two nations, or cloak the realities of war beneath the appearance of friendship. The governor admitted that he had supplied the Indians with arms, and Captain Gordon reported that he had seen under the eye of the governor, from "One hundred and fifty to two hundred British officers and soldiers, and a park of artillery, with five hundred Indians in the British military dress, armed with new muskets and under the drill of British officers. Added to this, a British flag was seen flying from a Spanish fort." Jackson determined to supply its place with the American Eagle.

Reinforced by two thousand Tennessee volunteers under Coffee, General Jackson determined to take the responsibility, and end the governor's violation of all principles of right and neutrality. He advanced upon the town, and sent a flag to the fort, but it was fired on from beneath the Spanish flag. The capture of the city by force was speedily effected. The British retreated, the hostile Creeks were driven out and pursued, and the Spanish forts were surrendered to him, to be held until Spain could maintain neutrality. The general then marched for New Orleans, where an attack was expected to be made by the British.

He arrived in that city on the 1st of December, and established there his head-quarters. The story of the invasion of Louisiana has been too often told to need recounting here. He summoned every means of defence, fortified every vulnerable point, prevented many of the evil effects which it had been anticipated would be produced by British gold upon a motley

French and Spanish population, by declaring martial law, and quieted the apprehensions of many of the inhabitants by the confidence with which he assured them that the British would never reach the city.

The leading traits in Jackson's character, promptitude in decision, and activity in execution, had at New Orleans a wide field for their display. The enemy landed undiscovered at noon on the 23d of December: in the night after that day, he was attacked by the fearless general. With a militia force, numbering but half that of the enemy, Jackson broke into the camp, and drove before him the bravest veterans of England, the conquerors of Europe. The British had expected little opposition, were certain of success, and unable to conceive, notwithstanding what they had heard of the character of their opponent, that he would hazard his reputation by attacking, on its chosen ground, an army famed throughout the world for the victories it had gained. The attack of the 23d was of the utmost importance: new life was infused into the American army, while the ardour of the British became changed to a depressing state of doubt and uncertainty. Time was now consumed in preparations before considered unnecessary; and every hour that the British delayed the attack, was improved by the Americans in increasing the strength of their works, that they might make a successful resistance when it should be made. Several bales of cotton belonging to a Frenchman, had been applied with others to strengthening an embrasure on the line. Apprehensive that it would receive injury, he proceeded in person to General Jackson to reclaim it, and demand its delivery. When he had stated his business, the general desired to know whether he was employed in any military service. He replied that he was not. Then the general directed a musket to be put in his hand, and ordered him on the line, remarking that none had a better right to fight than those who had property to defend.

The morning of the 8th of January was chosen for a final

assault upon the American works. The British marched to the attack, confident that a warm fire from a body of veteran troops would instantly put to flight a whole host of militia. An unremitting fire from cannons, rifles, and muskets, answered their discharge of bombs, balls, and Congreve rockets. The commander-in-chief, and two of his aids, fell victims to their presumption, and the horror-stricken soldiers refused again to encounter the destruction which had fallen upon their comrades. The efforts of their general to stop them were unavailing; they acted the very part which they had assigned to the militia, abandoned the contest and the field in disorder. On the 18th of January they re-embarked with the greatest silence and caution, the British commander leaving to the hospitality of General Jackson eighty of his soldiers, who were too severely wounded to be removed. He suspended for the present, he said, all further operations against New Orleans, and requested his humanity towards the wounded he had left, and whom necessity had compelled him to abandon.

To the glory of having freed the country from a most formidable foe, General Jackson was now to add that of laying aside his official dignity, to answer at the bar as a private citizen a charge of having infracted the laws of his country.

During the continuance of martial law, General Jackson had had some difficulties with Judge Hall, which ended in an order to the judge to leave the encampment. When peace was restored, the judge summoned Jackson to show cause why an attachment for contempt should not issue against him. Jackson restrained the fury of the people, appeared at the bar of the court, suffered the judge to become the prosecutor and arbiter of his own grievances, and paid the fine of one thousand dollars which was conceived to be due to the offended majesty of the laws. Before he died, however, the general had the satisfaction to receive by a vote of Congress a reversal of the judgment of Hall, and the return of the fine with interest.

For some time after the victory of New Orleans, bands of Se-

minoles, Creeks, and runaway negroes found an asylum in the neutral Spanish territory of Pensacola, whence they made hostile incursions upon the frontier settlements. Towards the close of the year 1819, the general government ordered Jackson to go there with a sufficient force to repress these incursions, and gave him authority to pursue the enemy across the Spanish line, if necessary. He routed the Indians in several engagements, and ascertained that these ravages had been made at the instigation of British emissaries, two of whom, Arbuthnot and Ambrister, were captured at the destruction of an Indian village. They were tried by a court-martial and condemned to death, and General Jackson immediately carried the sentence into execution. The campaign was speedily terminated; and General Jackson was about marching to Nashville, when he learned that the governor of Pensacola had afforded protection to the enemy. He marched against and occupied this post with twelve hundred United States soldiers; but being attacked by some of the public journals for what they considered a violation of international law, he repaired to Washington, to explain more fully his transactions. He was received in that city, and in Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York, with the highest honours.

From July to October 1821, he was engaged, as governor of the Floridas, in organizing a territorial government for those provinces, which had been ceded to the United States. In 1824 he was a candidate for the presidency; but four competitors having been nominated, no one received the number of votes necessary to an election. The choice of president devolving on the House of Representatives, Mr. Adams was elected. In 1828, however, General Jackson was elected to the presidency, and held that office during eight years—one of the most stormy periods of our political history. He retired to the Hermitage, on the inauguration of his successor, in 1837, and enjoyed there the sweets of private life until his death, June 8th, 1845, in the seventy-ninth year of his age. Death found him in the full pos-

session of his faculties, and perfectly prepared for his long-expected advent.

It can hardly be expected that the present generation will do justice to the character of Jackson. So great was his firmness and decision of character, so little could the opinions of men or the consequences to himself move him from what he thought the path of duty, and so ardent was his attachment to his country and his friends, that his opponents have ever been most bitter enemies, and his friends almost his worshippers. But the closing scenes in the drama of his life give a fair illustration of his character. On leaving the service of his country in the highest station in which she places her most favoured sons, he retires far from the pomp and show of the world, and lives in true republican simplicity. There he devotes himself still to the object ever nearest his heart—his country's good—constantly watching over her interests, and often advising his fellow-citizens on the subjects he esteemed of the most importance. His letters evince the warmest patriotism and the happiest Christian resignation. And when the last trying scene is at hand, and even when he feels the chill hand of death upon him, he forgets not his republicanism, his characteristic simplicity. He whom a nation delighted to honour, over whose grave they would gladly raise a storied monument, must be buried without show or parade in an humble tomb beside the remains of his "beloved wife."

EULOGY

DELIVERED AT WASHINGTON CITY, JUNE 27, 1845,

BY

GEORGE BANCROFT,

SECRETARY OF THE NAVY OF THE UNITED STATES.

The men of the American Revolution are no more! That age of creative power has passed away. The last surviving signer of the Declaration of Independence has long since left the earth. Washington lies near his own Potomac, surrounded by his family and his servants. Adams, the Colossus of Independence, reposes in the modest grave-yard of his native region. Jefferson sleeps on the heights of his own Monticello, whence his eye overlooked his beloved Virginia. Madison, the last survivor of the men who made our constitution, lives only in our hearts. But who shall say that the heroes, in whom the image of God shone most brightly, do not live for ever? They were filled with the vast conceptions which called America into being; they lived for those conceptions, and their deeds praise them.

We are met to commemorate the virtues of one who shed his blood for our independence, took part in winning the territory and forming the early institutions of the West, and was imbued with all the great ideas which constitute the moral force of our country. On the spot where he gave his solemn fealty to the people—here, where he pledged himself before the world, to freedom, to the constitution, and to the laws—we meet to pay our tribute to the memory of the last great name, which gathers round itself all the associations that form the glory of America.

South Carolina gave a birthplace to Andrew Jackson. On its remote frontier, far up on the forest-clad banks of the Catawba, in a region where the settlers were just beginning to cluster, his eye first saw the light. There his infancy sported in the ancient forests, and his mind was nursed to freedom by their influence. He was the youngest son of an Irish emigrant of Scottish origin, who, two years after the great war of Frederick of Prussia, fled to America for relief from indigence and oppression. His birth was

in 1767, at a time when the people of our land were but a body of dependent colonists, scarcely more than two millions in number, scattered along an immense coast, with no army, or navy, or union; and exposed to the attempts of England to control America by the aid of military force. His boyhood grew up in the midst of the contest with Great Britain. The first great political truth that reached his heart was, that all men are free and equal; the first great fact that beamed on his understanding was, his country's independence.

The strife, as it increased, came near the shades of his own upland residence. As a boy of thirteen, he witnessed the scenes of horror that accompany civil war; and when but a year older, with an elder brother, he shouldered his musket, and went forth to strike a blow for his country.

Joyous era for America and for humanity! But for him, the orphan boy, the events were full of agony and grief. His father was no more. His oldest brother fell a victim to the war of the Revolution; another (his companion in arms) died of wounds received in their joint captivity: his mother went down to the grave a victim to grief and efforts to rescue her sons; and when peace came, he was alone in the world, with no kindred to cherish him, and little inheritance but his own untried powers.

The nation which emancipated itself from British rule organizes itself; the confederation gives way to the constitution; the perfecting of that constitution—that grand event of the thousand years of modern history—is accomplished! America exists as a people, gains unity as a government, and takes its place as a nation among the powers of the earth.

The next great office to be performed by America is the taking possession of the wilderness. The magnificent western valley cried out to the civilization of popular power, that it must be occupied by cultivated man.

Behold, then, our orphan hero, sternly earnest, consecrated to humanity from childhood by sorrow, having neither father, nor mother, nor sister, nor surviving brother; so young, and yet so solitary, and therefore bound the more closely to collective man—behold him elect for his lot, to go forth and assist in laying the foundations of society in the great valley of the Mississippi.

At the very time when Washington was pledging his own and future generations to the support of the popular institutions which were to be the light of the human race—at the time when the institutions of the Old World were rocking to their centre, and the mighty fabric that had come down from the middle ages was falling in—the adventurous Jackson, in the radiant glory and boundless hope and confident intrepidity of twenty-one, plunged into the wilderness, crossed the great mountain-barrier that divides the

western waters from the Atlantic, followed the paths of the early hunters and fugitives, and, not content with the nearer neighbourhood to his parent state, went still further and further to the west, till he found his home in the most beautiful region on the Cumberland. There, from the first, he was recognised as the great pioneer; under his courage, the coming emigrants were sure to find a shield.

The lovers of adventure began to pour themselves into the territory, whose delicious climate and fertile soil invited the presence of social man. The hunter, with his rifle and his axe, attended by his wife and children; the herdsman, driving the few cattle that were to multiply as they browsed; the cultivator of the soil—all came to the inviting region. Wherever the bending mountains opened a pass; wherever the buffaloes and the beasts of the forest had made a trace, these sons of nature, children of humanity, in the highest sentiment of personal freedom, came to occupy the beautiful wilderness whose prairies blossomed everywhere profusely with wild flowers; whose woods in spring put to shame, by their magnificence, the cultivated gardens of man.

And now that these unlettered fugitives, educated only by the spirit of freedom, destitute of dead letter erudition, but sharing the living ideas of the age, had made their homes in the west—what would follow? Would they degrade themselves to ignorance and infidelity? Would they make the solitudes of the desert excuses for licentiousness? Would the doctrines of freedom lead them to live in unorganized society, destitute of laws and fixed institutions?

At a time when European society was becoming broken in pieces, scattered, disunited, and resolved into its elements, a scene ensued in Tennessee, than which nothing more beautifully grand is recorded in the annals of the race.

These adventurers in the wilderness longed to come together in organized society. The overshadowing genius of their time inspired them with good designs, and filled them with the counsels of wisdom. Dwellers in the forest, freest of the free, bound in the spirit, they came up by their representatives, on foot, on horseback, through the forest, along the streams, by the buffalo traces, by the Indian paths, by the blazed forest avenues, to meet in convention among the mountains at Knoxville, and frame for themselves a constitution. Andrew Jackson was there, the greatest man of them all—modest, bold, determined, demanding nothing for himself, and shrinking from nothing that his heart approved.

The convention came together on the 11th day of January, 1796, and finished its work on the 6th day of February. How had the wisdom of the Old World vainly tasked itself to frame constitutions, that could, at least, be the subject of experiment! the men of Tennessee, in less than twenty-five days, perfected a fabric, which, in

its essential forms, was to last for ever. They came together full of faith and reverence, of love to humanity, of confidence in truth. In the simplicity of wisdom, they framed their constitution, acting under higher influences than they were conscious of—

> They wrought in sad sincerity,
> Themselves from God they could not free;
> They builded better than they knew;
> The conscious stones to beauty grew.

In the instrument which they framed, they embodied their faith in God, in the immortal nature of man. They gave the right of suffrage to every freeman; they vindicated the sanctity of reason, by giving freedom of speech and of the press; they reverenced the voice of God, as it speaks in the soul of man, by asserting the indefeasible right of man to worship the Infinite according to his conscience; they established the freedom and equality of elections; and they demanded from every future legislator a solemn oath "never to consent to any act or thing whatever, that shall have even a tendency to lessen the rights of the people."

These majestic lawgivers, wiser than the Solons, and Lycurguses, and Numas of the Old World—these prophetic founders of a state, who embodied in their constitution the sublimest truths of humanity, acted without reference to human praises.

They kept no special record of their doings; they took no pains to vaunt their deeds; and when their work was done, knew not that they had finished one of the sublimest acts ever performed among men. They left no record, as to whose agency was conspicuous, whose eloquence swayed, whose generous will predominated; nor should we know, but for tradition, confirmed by what followed among themselves.

The men of Tennessee were now a people, and they were to send forth a man to stand for them in the Congress of the United States—that avenue to glory—that home of eloquence—the citadel of popular power; and, with one consent, they united in selecting the foremost man among their lawgivers—Andrew Jackson.

The love of the people of Tennessee followed him to the American Congress, and he had served but a single term, when the state of Tennessee made him one of its representatives in the American Senate, where he sat under the auspices of Jefferson.

Thus, when he was scarcely more than thirty, he had guided the settlement of the wilderness; swayed the deliberation of a people in establishing its fundamental laws; acted as the representative of that people, and again as the representative of his organized state, disciplined to a knowledge of the power of the people, and the power of the states; the associate of republican statesmen, the friend and companion of Jefferson.

The men who framed the constitution of the United States, many

of them, did not know of the innate life and self-preserving energy of their work. They feared that freedom could not endure, and they planned a strong government for its protection.

During his short career in Congress, Jackson showed his quiet, deeply seated, innate, intuitive faith in human freedom, and in the institutions of freedom. He was ever, by his votes and opinions, found among those who had confidence in humanity; and in the great division of minds, this child of the woodlands, this representative of forest life in the west, was found modestly and firmly on the side of freedom. It did not occur to him to doubt the right of man to the free developement of his powers; it did not occur to him to seek to give durability to popular institutions, by giving to government a strength independent of popular will.

From the first, he was attached to the fundamental doctrines of popular power, and of the policy that favours it; and though his reverence for Washington surpassed his reverence for any human being, he voted against the address from the House of Representatives to Washington on his retirement, because its language appeared to sanction the financial policy which he believed hostile to republican freedom.

During his period of service in the Senate, Jackson was elected major-general by the brigadiers and field officers of the militia of Tennessee. Resigning his place in the Senate, he was made judge of the supreme court in law and equity; such was the confidence in his integrity of purpose, his clearness of judgment, and his vigour of will to deal justly among the turbulent who crowded into the new settlements of Tennessee.

Thus, in the short period of nine years, Andrew Jackson was signalized by as many evidences of public esteem as could fall to the lot of man. The pioneer of the wilderness, the defender of its stations, he was their lawgiver, the sole representative of a new people in Congress, the representative of the state in the Senate, the highest in military command, the highest in judicial office. He seemed to be recognised as their first love of liberty, the first in the science of legislation, in judgment, and integrity.

Fond of private life, he would have resigned the judicial office; but the whole country demanded his service. "Nature," they cried, "never designed that your powers of thought and independence of mind should be lost in retirement." But after a few years, relieving himself from the cares of the bench, he gave himself to the activity and the independent life of a husbandman. He carried into retirement the fame of natural intelligence, and was cherished as "a prompt, frank, and ardent soul." His vigour of character constituted him first among all with whom he associated. A private man as he was, his name was familiarly spoken round every hearth-stone in Tennessee. Men loved to discuss his quali-

ties. All discerned his power; and when the vehemence and impetuosity of his nature were observed upon, there were not wanting those who saw, beneath the blazing fires of his genius, the solidity of his judgment.

His hospitable roof sheltered the emigrant and the pioneer; and, as they made their way to their new homes, they filled the mountain-sides and the valleys with his praise.

Connecting himself, for a season, with a man of business, Jackson soon discerned the misconduct of his associate. It marked his character, that he insisted, himself, on paying every obligation that had been contracted; and rather than endure the vassalage of debt, he instantly parted with the rich domain which his early enterprise had acquired—with his own mansion—with his fields which he himself had first tamed to the ploughshare—with the forest whose trees were as familiar to him as his friends—and chose rather to dwell, for a time, in a rude log-cabin, in the pride of independence and integrity.

On all great occasions, Jackson's influence was deferred to. When Jefferson had acquired for the country the whole of Louisiana, and there seemed some hesitancy, on the part of Spain, to acknowledge our possession, the services of Jackson were solicited by the national administration, and were not called into full exercise, only from the peaceful termination of the incidents that occasioned the summons.

In the long series of aggressions on the freedom of the seas, and the rights of the American flag, Jackson was on the side of his country, and the new maritime code of republicanism. In his inland home, where the roar of the breakers was never heard, and the mariner was never seen, he resented the continued aggression on our commerce and on our sailors.

When the continuance of wrong compelled the nation to resort to arms, Jackson, led by the instinctive knowledge of his own greatness, yet with a modesty that would have honoured the most sensitive delicacy of nature, confessed his willingness to be employed on the Canada frontier; and it is a fact, that he aspired to the command to which Winchester was appointed. We may ask, what would have been the result, if the command of the north-western army had, at the opening of the war, been intrusted to a man who, in action, was ever so fortunate, that his vehement will seemed to have made destiny capitulate to his designs?

The path of duty led him in another direction. On the declaration of war, twenty-five hundred volunteers had risen at his word to follow his standard; but by countermanding orders from the seat of government, the movement was without effect.

A new and great danger hung over the West. The Indian tribes were to make one last effort to restore it to its solitude, and

recover it for savage life. The brave, relentless Shawnees—who, from time immemorial, had strolled from the waters of the Ohio to the rivers of Alabama—were animated by Tecumseh and his brother the Prophet, who spoke to them as with the voice of the Great Spirit, and aroused the Creek nation to desperate massacres. Who has not heard of their terrible deeds, when their ruthless cruelty spared neither sex nor age? when the infant and its mother, the planter and his family, who had fled for refuge to the fortress, the garrison that capitulated—all were slain, and not a vestige of defence was left in the country? The cry of the West demanded Jackson for its defender; and though his arm was then fractured by a ball, and hung in a sling, he placed himself at the head of the volunteers of Tennessee, and resolved to terminate for ever the hereditary struggle.

Who can tell the horrors of that campaign? Who can paint rightly the obstacles which Jackson overcame—mountains, the scarcity of untenanted forests; winter, the failure of supplies from the settlements, the insubordination of troops, mutiny, menaces of desertion? Who can measure the wonderful power over men, by which his personal prowess and attractive energy drew them in midwinter from their homes, across mountains and morasses, and through trackless deserts? Who can describe the personal heroism of Jackson, never sparing himself, beyond any of his men encountering toil and fatigue, sharing every labour of the camp and of the march, foremost in every danger; giving up his horse to the invalid soldier, while he himself waded through the swamps on foot? None equalled him in power of endurance; and the private soldiers, as they found him passing them on the march, exclaimed, "He is as tough as hickory." "Yes," they cried to one another, "there goes Old Hickory!"

Who cannot narrate the terrible events of the double battles of Emuckfaw, or the glorious victory of Tohopeka, where the anger of the general against the faltering was more appalling than the war-whoop and rifle of the savage? Who can rightly conceive the field of Enotochopoo, where the general, as he attempted to draw the sword to cut down a flying colonel who was leading a regiment from the field, broke again the arm which was but newly knit together; and quietly replacing it in the sling, with his commanding voice arrested the flight of the troops, and himself led them back to victory!

In six short months of vehement action, the most terrible Indian war in our annals was brought to a close; the prophets were silenced; the consecrated region of the Creek nation reduced. Through scenes of blood, the avenging hero sought only the path to peace. Thus Alabama, a part of Mississippi, a part of his own

Tennessee, and the highway to the Floridas, were his gifts to the Union. These were his trophies.

Genius as extraordinary as military events can call forth, was summoned into action in this rapid, efficient, and most fortunately conducted war.

Time would fail were I to track our hero down the watercourses of Alabama to the neighbourhood of Pensacola. How he longed to plant the eagle of his country on its battlements!

Time would fail, and words be wanting, were I to dwell on the magical influence of his appearance in New Orleans. His presence dissipated gloom and dispelled alarm; at once he changed the aspect of despair into a confidence of security and a hope of acquiring glory. Every man knows the tale of the heroic, sudden, and yet deliberate daring which led him, on the night of the 23d of December, to precipitate his little army on his foes, in the thick darkness, before they grew familiar with their encampment, scattering dismay through veteran regiments of England, and defeating them, and arresting their progress by a far inferior force.

Who shall recount the counsels of prudence, the kindling words of eloquence that gushed from his lips to cheer his soldiers—his skirmishes and battles, till that eventful morning when the day at Bunker's Hill had its fulfilment in the glorious battle of New Orleans, and American independence stood before the world in the majesty of victorious power.

These were great deeds for the nation; for himself he did a greater. Had not Jackson been renowned for the vehement impetuosity of his passions, for his defiance of others' authority, and the unbending vigour of his self-will? Behold the saviour of Louisiana, all garlanded with victory, viewing around him the city he had preserved, the maidens and children whom his heroism had protected, stand in the presence of a petty judge, who gratifies his wounded vanity by an abuse of his judicial power. Every breast in the crowded audience heaves with indignation. He, the passionate, the impetuous—he whose power was to be humbled, whose honour questioned, whose laurels tarnished, alone stood, sublimely serene; and when the craven judge trembled and faltered, and dared not proceed, himself, the arraigned one, bade him take courage, and stood by the law even in the moment when the law was made the instrument of insult and wrong on himself—at the moment of his most perfect claim to the highest civic honours.

His country, when it grew to hold many more millions, the generation that then was coming in, has risen up to do homage to the noble heroism of that hour. Woman, whose feeling is always right, did honour from the first to the purity of his heroism. The people of Louisiana, to the latest hour, will cherish his name as their greatest benefactor.

The culture of Jackson's mind had been much promoted by his services and associations in the war. His discipline of himself, as the chief in command; his intimate relations with men like Livingston; the wonderful deeds in which he bore a part; all matured his judgment and mellowed his character.

Peace came with its delights; once more the country rushed forward in the developement of its powers; once more the arts of industry healed the wounds that war had inflicted; and, from commerce and agriculture and manufactures, wealth gushed abundantly under the free activity of unrestrained enterprise.

And Jackson returned to his own fields and his own pursuits, to cherish his plantation, to care for his servants, to look after his stud, to enjoy the affection of the most kind and devoted wife, whom he respected with the gentlest deference, and loved with an almost miraculous tenderness.

And there he stood, like one of the mightiest forest trees of his own West, vigorous and colossal, sending its summit to the skies, and growing on its native soil in wild and inimitable magnificence, careless of beholders. From all parts of the country he received appeals to his political ambition, and the severe modesty of his well-balanced mind turned them all aside. He was happy in his farm, happy in seclusion, happy in his family, happy within himself.

But the passions of the southern Indians were not allayed by the peace with Great Britain; and foreign emissaries were still among them, to inflame and direct their malignity. Jackson was called forth by his country to restrain the cruelty of the treacherous and unsparing Seminoles. It was in the train of the events of this war that he placed the American eagle on St. Marks, and above the ancient towers of St. Augustine. His deeds in that war, of themselves, form a monument to human power, to the celerity of his genius, to the creative fertility of his resources, his intuitive sagacity. As Spain, in his judgment, had committed aggression, he would have emancipated her islands; of the Havana, he caused the reconnoissance to be made; and, with an army of five thousand men, he stood ready to guaranty her redemption from colonial thraldom.

But when peace was restored, and his office was accomplished, his physical strength sunk under the pestilential influence of the climate, and, fast yielding to disease, he was borne in a litter across the swamps of Florida, towards his home. It was Jackson's character that he never solicited aid from any one: but he never forgot those who rendered him service in the hour of need. At a time when all around him believed him near his end, his wife hastened to his side, and, by her tenderness and nursing care, her

patient assiduity, and the soothing influence of devoted love, withheld him from the grave.

He would have remained quietly at his home in repose, but that he was privately informed his good name was to be attainted by some intended congressional proceedings. He came, therefore, into the presence of the people's representatives at Washington, only to vindicate his name; and when that was achieved, he was once more communing with his own thoughts among the groves of the Hermitage.

It was not his own ambition which brought him again to the public view. The affection of Tennessee compelled him to resume a seat on the floor of the American Senate, and, after years of the intensest political strife, Andrew Jackson was elected President of the United States.

Far from advancing his own pretensions, he always kept them back, and had for years repressed the solicitations of his friends to become a candidate. He felt sensibly that he was devoid of scientific culture, and little familiar with letters; and he never obtruded his opinions, or preferred claims to place. But, whenever his opinion was demanded, he was always ready to pronounce it; and whenever his country invoked his services, he did not shrink even from the station which had been filled by the most cultivated men our nation had produced.

Behold, then, the unlettered man of the West, the nursling of the wilds, the farmer of the Hermitage, little versed in books, unconnected by science with the tradition of the past, raised by the will of the people to the highest pinnacle of honour, to the central post in the civilization of republican freedom, to the station where all the nations of the earth would watch his actions—where his words would vibrate through the civilized world, and his spirit be the moving-star to guide the nations. What policy will he pursue? What wisdom will he bring with him from the forest? What rules of duty will he evolve from the oracles of his own mind?

The man of the West came as the inspired prophet of the West: he came as one free from the bonds of hereditary or established custom; he came with no superior but conscience, no oracle but his native judgment; and, true to his origin and his education—true to the conditions and circumstances of his advancement, he valued right more than usage; he reverted from the pressure of established interests to the energy of first principles.

We tread on ashes, where the fire is not yet extinguished; yet not to dwell on his career as president, were to leave out of view the grandest illustrations of his magnanimity.

The legislation of the United States had followed the precedents of the legislation of European monarchies; it was the office of

Jackson to lift the country out of the European forms of legislation, and to open to it a career resting on American sentiment and American freedom. He would have freedom everywhere—freedom under the restraints of right; freedom of industry, of commerce, of mind; of universal action; freedom, unshackled by restrictive privileges, unrestrained by the thraldom of monopolies.

The unity of his mind and his consistency were without a parallel. With natural dialectics, he developed the political doctrines that suited every emergency, with a precision and a harmony that no theorist could hope to equal. On every subject in politics—I speak but a fact—he was thoroughly and profoundly and immoveably radical; and would sit for hours, and in a continued flow of remark make the application of his principles to every question that could arise in legislation, or in the interpretation of the constitution.

His expression of himself was so clear, that his influence pervaded not our land only, but all America and all mankind. They say that, in the physical world, the magnetic fluid is so diffused, that its vibrations are discernible simultaneously in every part of the globe. So it is with the element of freedom. And as Jackson developed its doctrines from their source in the mind of humanity, the popular sympathy was moved and agitated throughout the world, till his name grew everywhere to be the symbol of popular power.

Himself the witness of the ruthlessness of savage life, he planned the removal of the Indian tribes beyond the limits of the organized states; and it is the result of his determined policy that the region east of the Mississippi has been transferred to the exclusive possession of cultivated man.

A pupil of the wilderness, his heart was with the pioneers of American life towards the setting sun. No American statesman has ever embraced within his affections a scheme so liberal for the emigrants as that of Jackson. He longed to secure to them, not pre-emption rights only, but more than pre-emption rights. He longed to invite labour to take possession of the unoccupied fields without money and without price; with no obligation except the perpetual devotion of itself by allegiance to its country. Under the beneficent influence of his opinions, the sons of misfortune, the children of adventure, find their way to the uncultivated West. There, in some wilderness glade, or in the thick forest of the fertile plain, or where the prairies most sparkle with flowers, they, like the wild bee which sets them the example of industry, may choose their home, mark the extent of their possessions by driving stakes or blazing trees, shelter their log-cabin with the boughs and turf, and teach the virgin soil to yield itself to the ploughshare. Theirs shall be the soil, theirs the beautiful farms which they teach to be

productive. Come, children of sorrow! you on whom the Old World frowns; crowd fearlessly to the forests; plant your homes in confidence, for the country watches over you; your children grow around you as hostages, and the wilderness, at your bidding, surrenders its grandeur of useless luxuriance to the beauty and loveliness of culture. Yet, beautiful and lovely as is this scene, it still by far falls short of the ideal which lived in the affections of Jackson. His heart was ever with the pioneer: his policy ever favoured the diffusion of independent freeholds throughout the labouring classes of our land.

It would be a sin against the occasion, were I to omit to commemorate the deep devotedness of Jackson to the cause and to the rights of labour. It was for the welfare of the labouring classes that he defied all the storms of political hostility. He longed to secure to labour the fruits of its own industry; and he unceasingly opposed every system which tended to lessen their reward, or which exposed them to be defrauded of their dues. The labourers may bend over his grave with affectionate sorrow; for never, in the tide of time, did a statesman exist more heartily resolved to protect them in their rights, and to advance their happiness. For their benefit, he opposed partial legislation; for their benefit, he resisted all artificial methods of controlling labour, and subjecting it to capital. It was for their benefit that he loved freedom in all its forms—freedom of the individual in personal independence, freedom of the states as separate sovereignties. He never would listen to counsels which tended to the centralization of power. The true American system presupposes the diffusion of freedom—organized life in all the parts of the American body politic, as there is organized life in every part of the human system. Jackson was deaf to every counsel which sought to subject general labour to a central will. His vindication of the just principles of the constitution derived its sublimity from his deep conviction that this strict construction is required by the lasting welfare of the great labouring classes of the United States.

To this end, Jackson revived the tribunicial power of the veto, and exerted it against the decisive action of both branches of Congress, against the votes, the wishes, the entreaties of personal and political friends. "Show me," was his reply to them, "show me an express clause in the constitution authorizing Congress to take the business of state legislatures out of their hands." "You will ruin us all," cried a firm partisan friend, "you will ruin your party and your own prospects." "Providence," answered Jackson, "will take care of me;" and he persevered.

In proceeding to discharge the debt of the United States—a measure thoroughly American—Jackson followed the example of his predecessors; but he followed it with the full consciousness that

he was rescuing the country from the artificial system of finance which had prevailed throughout the world; and with him it formed a part of a system by which American legislation was to separate itself more and more effectually from European precedents, and develope itself more and more, according to the vital principles of our political existence.

The discharge of the debt brought with it, of necessity, a great reduction of the public burdens, and brought, of necessity, into view, the question, how far America should follow, of choice, the old restrictive system of high duties, under which Europe had oppressed America; or how far she should rely on her own freedom and enterprise and power, defying the competition, and seeking the markets, and receiving the products of the world.

The mind of Jackson, on this subject, reasoned clearly, and without passion. In the abuses of the system of revenue by excessive imposts, he saw evils which the public mind would remedy; and, inclining with the whole might of his energetic nature to the side of revenue duties, he made his earnest but tranquil appeal to the judgment of the people.

The portions of country that suffered most severely from a system of legislation, which, in its extreme character as it then existed, is now universally acknowledged to have been unequal and unjust, were less tranquil; and rallying on the doctrines of freedom, which made our government a limited one, they saw in the oppressive acts an assumption of power which was nugatory, because it was exercised, as they held, without authority from the people.

The contest that ensued was the most momentous in our annals. The greatest minds of America engaged in the discussion. Eloquence never achieved sublimer triumphs in the American Senate, than on those occasions. The country became deeply divided; and the antagonist elements were arrayed against each other under forms of clashing authority, menacing civil war; the freedom of the several states was invoked against the power of the United States; and under the organization of a state in convention, the reserved rights of the people were summoned to display their energy, and balance the authority and neutralize the legislation of the central government. The states were agitated with prolonged excitement; the friends of freedom throughout the world looked on with divided sympathies, praying that the union of the states might be perpetual, and also that the commerce of the world might be free.

Fortunately for the country, and fortunately for mankind, Andrew Jackson was at the helm of state, the representative of the principles that were to allay excitement, and to restore the hopes of peace and freedom. By nature, by impulse, by education, by conviction, a friend to personal freedom—by education, political

sympathies, and the fixed habit of his mind, a friend to the rights of the states—unwilling that the liberty of the states should be trampled under foot—unwilling that the constitution should lose its vigour or be impaired, he rallied for the constitution: and in its name he published to the world, "THE UNION: IT MUST BE PRESERVED." The words were a spell to hush evil passion, and to remove oppression. Under his guiding influence, the favoured interests, which had struggled to perpetuate unjust legislation, yielded to the voice of moderation and reform; and every mind that had for a moment contemplated a rupture of the states, discarded it for ever. The whole influence of the past was invoked in favour of the constitution; from the council chambers of the fathers who moulded our institutions—from the hall where American independence was declared, the clear, loud cry was uttered—"The Union: it must be preserved." From every battle-field of the Revolution—from Lexington and Bunker-Hill—from Saratoga and Yorktown—from the fields of Eutaw—from the cane-brakes that sheltered the men of Marion—the repeated, long-prolonged echoes came up—"The Union: it must be preserved." From every valley in our land—from every cabin on the pleasant mountain sides—from the ships at our wharves—from the tents of the hunter in our western-most prairies—from the living minds of the living millions of American freemen—from the thickly coming glories of futurity—the shout went up like the sound of many waters, "The Union: it must be preserved." The friends of the protective system, and they who had denounced the protective system—the statesmen of the north, that had wounded the constitution in their love of centralism—the statesmen of the south, whose minds had carried to its extreme the theory of state rights—all conspired together; all breathed prayers for the perpetuity of the Union. Under the prudent firmness of Jackson—under the mixture of justice and general regard for all interests, the greatest danger to our institutions was turned aside, and mankind was encouraged to believe that our Union, like our freedom, is imperishable.

The moral of the great events of those days is this: that the people can discern right, and will make their way to a knowledge of right; that the whole human mind, and therefore with it the mind of the nation, has a continuous, ever improving existence; that the appeal from the unjust legislation of to-day must be made quietly, earnestly, perseveringly, to the more enlightened collective reason of to-morrow; that submission is due to the popular will, in the confidence that the people, when in error, will amend their doings; that in a popular government, injustice is neither to be established by force, nor to be resisted by force; in a word, that the Union, which was constituted by consent, must be preserved by love.

It rarely falls to the happy lot of a statesman to receive such unanimous applause from the heart of a nation. Duty to the dead demands that, on this occasion, the course of measures should not pass unnoticed, in the progress of which, his vigour of character most clearly appeared, and his conflict with opposing parties was most violent and protracted.

From his home in Tennessee, Jackson came to the presidency resolved to lift American legislation out of the forms of English legislation, and to place our laws on the currency in harmony with the principles of our government. He came to the presidency of the United States resolved to deliver the government from the Bank of the United States, and to restore the regulation of exchanges to the rightful depository of that power—the commerce of the country. He had designed to declare his views on this subject in his inaugural address, but was persuaded to relinquish that purpose, on the ground that it belonged rather to a legislative message. When the period for addressing Congress drew near, it was still urged that to attack the bank would forfeit his popularity and secure his future defeat. "It is not," he answered, "it is not for myself that I care." It was urged that haste was unnecessary, as the bank had still six unexpended years of chartered existence. "I may die," he replied, "before another Congress comes together, and I could not rest quietly in my grave, if I failed to do what I hold so essential to the liberty of my country." And his first annual message announced to the country that the bank was neither constitutional nor expedient. In this he was in advance of the friends about him, in advance of Congress, and in advance of his party. This is no time for the analysis of measures, or the discussion of questions of political economy: on the present occasion, we have to contemplate the character of the man.

Never, from the first moment of his administration to the last, was there a calm in the strife of parties on the subject of the currency; and never, during the whole period, did he recede or falter. Always in advance of his party—always having near him friends who cowered before the hardihood of his courage, he himself, throughout all the contest, was unmoved, from the first suggestion of the unconstitutionality of the bank, to the moment when he himself, first of all, reasoning from the certain tendency of its policy, with singular sagacity predicted to unbelieving friends, the coming insolvency of the institution.

The storm throughout the country rose with unexampled vehemence: his opponents were not satisfied with addressing the public or Congress, or his cabinet; they threw their whole force personally on him. From all parts men pressed around him, urging him, entreating him to bend. Congress was flexible; many of his personal friends faltered; the impetuous swelling wave rolled on, with-

out one sufficient obstacle, till it reached his presence; but, as it dashed in its highest fury at his feet, it broke before his firmness. The commanding majesty of his will appalled his opponents and revived his friends. He, himself, had a proud consciousness that his will was indomitable. Standing over the rocks of the Rip Raps, and looking out upon the ocean, "Providence," said he to a friend, "Providence may change my determination; but man no more can do it, than he can remove these Rip Raps, which have resisted the rolling ocean from the beginning of time." And though a panic was spreading through the land, and the whole credit system, as it then existed, was crumbling to pieces and crashing around him, he stood erect, like a massive column, which the heaps of falling ruins could not break, nor bend, nor sway from its fixed foundation.

[At this point Mr. Bancroft turned to address the Mayor of the city of Washington; but, finding him not present, he proceeded.]

People of the District of Columbia,—I should fail of a duty on this occasion, if I did not give utterance to your sentiment of gratitude which followed General Jackson into retirement. Dwelling amongst you, he desired your prosperity. This beautiful city, surrounded by heights the most attractive, watered by a river so magnificent, the home of the gentle and the cultivated, not less than the seat of political power—this city, whose site Washington had selected, was dear to his affections; and if he won your grateful attachment by adorning it with monuments of useful architecture, by establishing its credit, and relieving its burdens, he regretted only that he had not the opportunity to have connected himself still more intimately with your prosperity.

As he prepared to take his final leave of the district, the mass of the population of this city, and the masses that had gathered from around, followed his carriage in crowds. All in silence stood near him, to wish him adieu; and as the cars started, and he displayed his gray hairs, as he lifted his hat in token of farewell, you stood around with heads uncovered, too full of emotion to speak, in solemn silence gazing on him as he departed, never more to be seen in your midst.

Behold the warrior and statesman, his work well done, retired to the Hermitage, to hold converse with his forests, to cultivate his farm, to gather around him hospitably his friends! Who was like HIM? He was still the loadstar of the American people. His fervid thoughts, frankly uttered, still spread the flame of patriotism through the American breast; his counsels were still listened to with reverence; and, almost alone among statesmen, he in his retirement was in harmony with every onward movement of his time. His prevailing influence assisted to sway a neighbouring nation to desire to share our institutions, his ear heard the footsteps

of the coming millions that are to gladden our western shores; and his eye discerned in the dim distance the whitening sails that are to enliven the waters of the Pacific with the social sounds of our successful commerce.

Age had whitened his locks, and dimmed his eye, and spread around him the infirmities and venerable emblems of many years of toilsome service; but his heart beat as warmly as in his youth, and his courage was as firm as it had ever been in the day of battle. But while his affections were still for his friends and his country, his thoughts were already in a better world. That exalted mind, which in active life had always had unity of perception and will, which in action had never faltered from doubt, and which in council had always reverted to first principles and general laws, now gave itself up to communing with the Infinite. He was a believer: from feeling, from experience, from conviction. Not a shadow of scepticism ever dimmed the lustre of his mind. Proud philosopher! will you smile to know that Andrew Jackson perused reverently his Psalter and Prayer-book and Bible? Know that Andrew Jackson had faith in the eternity of truth, in the imperishable power of popular freedom, in the destinies of humanity, in the virtues and capacity of the people, in his country's institutions, in the being and overruling providence of a merciful and ever-living God.

The last moment of his life on earth is at hand. It is the Sabbath of the Lord: the brightness and beauty of summer clothe the fields around him: nature is in her glory; but the sublimest spectacle on that day, on earth, was the victory of his unblenching spirit over death itself.

When he first felt the hand of death upon him, "May my enemies," he cried, "find peace; may the liberties of my country endure for ever!"

When his exhausted system, under the excess of pain, sunk, for a moment, from debility, "Do not weep," said he to his adopted daughter; "my sufferings are less than those of Christ upon the cross;" for he, too, as a disciple of the cross, could have devoted himself, in sorrow, for mankind. Feeling his end near, he would see all his family once more; and he spoke to them, one by one, in words of tenderness and affection. His two little grandchildren were absent at Sunday-school. He asked for them; and as they came, he prayed for them, and kissed them, and blessed them. His servants were then admitted: they gathered, some in his room, and some on the outside of the house, clinging to the windows, that they might gaze and hear. And that dying man, thus surrounded, in a gush of fervid eloquence, spoke with inspiration of God, of the Redeemer, of salvation through the atonement, of immortality, of heaven. For he ever thought that pure and undefiled religion was the foundation of private happiness, and the bulwark of republican

institutions. Having spoken of immortality in perfect consciousness of his own approaching end, he bade them all farewell. "Dear children," such were his final words, "dear children, servants and friends, I trust to meet you all in heaven, both white and black—all, both white and black." And having borne his testimony to immortality, he bowed his mighty head, and, without a groan, the spirit of the greatest man of his age escaped to the bosom of his God.

In life, his career had been like the blaze of the sun in the fierceness of its noon-day glory; his death was lovely as the mildest sunset of a summer's evening, when the sun goes down in tranquil beauty without a cloud. To the majestic energy of an indomitable will, he joined a heart capable of the purest and most devoted love, rich in the tenderest affections. On the bloody battle-field of Tohopeka, he saved an infant that clung to the breast of its dying mother: in the stormiest moment of his presidency, at the imminent moment of decision, he paused in his way to give good counsel to a poor suppliant that had come up to him for succour. Of the strifes in which he was engaged in his earlier life, not one sprung from himself, but in every case he became involved by standing forth as the champion of the weak, the poor, and the defenceless, to shelter the gentle against oppression, to protect the emigrant against the avarice of the speculator. His generous soul revolted at the barbarous practice of duels, and by no man in the land have so many been prevented.

The sorrows of those that were near to him went deeply into his soul; and at the anguish of the wife whom he loved, the orphans whom he adopted, he would melt into tears, and weep and sob like a child.

No man in private life so possessed the hearts of all around him: no public man of this century ever returned to private life with such an abiding mastery over the affections of the people. No man with truer instinct received American ideas: no man expressed them so completely, or so boldly, or so sincerely. He was as sincere a man as ever lived. He was wholly, always, and altogether sincere and true.

Up to the last, he dared do anything that it was right to do. He united personal courage and moral courage beyond any man of whom history keeps the record. Before the nation, before the world, before coming ages, he stands forth the representative, for his generation, of the American mind. And the secret of his greatness is this: By intuitive conception, he shared and possessed all the creative ideas of his country and his time. He expressed them with dauntless intrepidity; he enforced them with an immoveable will; he executed them with an electric power that attracted and swayed the American people. The nation, in his time, had not

one great thought, of which he was not the boldest and clearest expositor.

History does not describe the man that equalled him in firmness of nerve. Not danger, not an army in battle array, not wounds, not wide-spread clamour, not age, not the anguish of disease, could impair in the least degree the vigour of his steadfast mind. The heroes of antiquity would have contemplated with awe the unmatched hardihood of his character; and Napoleon, had he possessed his disinterested will, could never have been vanquished. Jackson never was vanquished. He was always fortunate. He conquered the wilderness; he conquered the savage; he conquered the bravest veterans trained in the battle-fields of Europe; he conquered everywhere in statesmanship; and, when death came to get the mastery over him, he turned that last enemy aside as tranquilly as he had done the feeblest of his adversaries, and escaped from earth in the triumphant consciousness of immortality.

His body has its fit resting-place in the great central valley of the Mississippi; his spirit rests upon our whole territory; it hovers over the vales of Oregon, and guards, in advance, the frontier of the Del Norte. The fires of party spirit are quenched at his grave. His faults and frailties have perished. Whatever of good he has done, lives, and will live for ever.

EULOGY

DELIVERED AT PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 26, 1845,

BY

GEORGE M. DALLAS,

VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

Fellow-Citizens and Friends—The sorrows of a nation, on the loss of a great and good man, are alike confirmed and assuaged by recurring to the virtues and services which endeared him. While funeral solemnities, such as are now in progress, attest the pervading regrets of communities, and swelling tears betray the anguish of individual friendship; while the muffled drum, the shrouded ensign, and the silent march of mingled processions of citizens and soldiery, address their impressive force to the hearts of all, it is well to seek solace in remembrances which must brighten for ever the annals of our country, and which add more to the list of names whose mere utterance exalts the pride and strengthens the foundations of patriotism.

At the epoch when, in September, 1774, the delegates of eleven colonies assembled at our Carpenters' Hall, before the first gun was fired at Lexington, in the cause of western liberty, or Washington was yet hailed as "General and Commander-in-Chief," there could be seen in the wilds of the Waxhaw settlement in South Carolina, on a farm in a dangerous proximity to Indian tribes, and clustering with two elder brothers around a widowed mother, a boy about eight years of age, in whose veins coursed the same gallant blood that shortly after gushed from the wounds of Montgomery into the trenches of Quebec: that boy, moulded in the spirit of those stern times, clinging with his whole soul to the American people, ripened into athletic manhood, enfeebled by toil, by disease, and by age—*is just now dead;* and you have invited me to pronounce over his yet loose grave the tribute of your affectionate gratitude and veneration; to soothe you by reminding you of the attributes and exploits of one who lived through all your heroic history, and was himself an inseparable part of it—who was born on your soil when, in fact, it was a mere margin of eastern coast, and had sunk

into it, when a continent—who knew you when but two millions of scattered, weak, dependent, and disquieted provincialists, and yet saw you, ere he ceased to know you, an immense, united, powerful and peaceful nation! It is impossible, on the present occasion, and with short notice, to do justice to a task so protracted, complicate and ennobling; but there are incidents and sentiments connected with the character and career of *Andrew Jackson*, with which his countrymen unanimously sympathize, and which his public obsequies seem as appropriately as irresistibly to call into expression.

The stripling orphan, while mourning over the loss of kindred, smarting under wounds and imprisonment, and hourly witnessing some new cruelty committed upon friends and neighbours, imbibed, during the storms of our Revolution, a deep, uncompromising, almost fierce love of country, that never lost its way over his actions. It became to him an impulse as instinctive and irrepressible as breathing, and cannot but be regarded by those who trace his eventful existence as the master passion of his nature. He passed through the war of 1776, in all but *that*, too youthful for his trials; nor was there ever a moment in his after-being when this devotion can be said to have waned or slumbered in his breast. Such a trait, so pure, so ardent, so unvarying—as fresh three weeks ago as seventy years before—as prompt and eager amid the frosts of age, as when in the spring of life it first kindled at the voice of Washington—invokes, now that the door of his sepulchre is closed, undissembled and undissenting praise. It is this quality of moral excellence which forms the basis of his fame, as it was the stimulant to every achievement. From his fight, under Davie, with Bryan's regiment of tories, in 1780, when scarcely thirteen years of age, down to the close of his remarkable campaign in Florida, when fifty-two, and thenceforward through all his diplomatic conflicts with foreign powers, it shone with steady intensity.

The peace of 1783 found him the only survivor of his family; left as it were alone, to face the snares of the world uneducated and still a boy. His small patrimony melted away before he could check the reckless and prodigal habits to which he had been trained by eight years of wild and desperate strife. There was no one to counsel or to guide him; no one to inculcate lessons of prudence; no one to lead him into the paths of useful industry and of restored tranquillity—but Jackson wanted no one. At this, perhaps the most critical period of his life, the "*iron will*" subsequently attributed to his treatment of others, was nobly exercised in governing himself. Energetically entering upon the study of the law, the native force of his intellect enabled him, soon after attaining his majority, not merely to preserve his personal independence, but to carve his way to recognised distinction. The

sphere of his professional practice, the western district of North Carolina, now the state of Tennessee, exacted labours and teemed with dangers such only as a resolution like his could encounter and surmount. Infested with enraged Cherokees and Choctaws, its wilderness of two hundred miles, crossed and recrossed by the undaunted public solicitor more than twenty times, inured him to fatigue, to the sense of life constantly in peril, and to attacks and artifices of savage enemies whom he was destined signally to subdue and disperse. It cannot be necessary to pursue these details further: no doubt it will recollected that after aiding to form a constitution for the state he has illustrated, General Jackson, at the age of thirty, became her first and only representative in Congress—was almost immediately transferred, in November, 1797, to the Senate of the United States, and, unwilling to prolong his legislative services, became a judge of the Supreme Court of Tennessee. In all these elevated stations, and especially in the last, his sagacious mind, directed by motives at once pure and lofty, and sustained by a spirit of unconquerable firmness, has left monuments of practical wisdom and usefulness, in maintaining the rights and ameliorating the condition of his countrymen, which time cannot efface.

When the prolonged aggressions of Great Britain upon the maritime rights, commerce, and honour of America, prompted, in 1812, a declaration of hostilities, our hero, though watchful of events and keenly alive to their bearing, had retired from public activity, and was engaged in the calm pursuits of agricultural life. That signal sounded with welcome, in his seclusion, and summoned him to a deathless renown. It came to his quick ear like a long wished-for permit to avenge the wrongs and re-establish the sullied name of those for whom he was ever ready to sacrifice, without stint, his repose, his fortune, and his blood. The war-cry of his country scarcely vibrated on the breeze ere he echoed it back as a music with which every chord of his soul was in unison. In less than a week, leaving his plough in its yet opening furrow, and his ripe harvest drooping for the sickle, he stood equipped and eager, in front of two thousand five hundred volunteers, awaiting orders from the chief executive.

I must not, I dare not, quit the singleness of my subject, to indulge in reminiscences but partially connected with it, however alluring. Yet had the great and generous champion whom we lament, a host of associates, competitors with him in the proud struggle of which would risk most, suffer most, and achieve most, in exemplifying the prowess, securing the safety, and exalting the reputation of their country. That, indeed, may be considered as in itself an ample eulogium upon human merit which depicts him as in the van of a roll emblazoned by such names as Scott, Harri-

son, Brown, Shelby, Johnson, Gaines, Ripley, Hull, Decatur, Perry, and McDonough. Most of these have gone to graves over which are blooming, in unfading verdure, the laurels our gratitude planted—none of them can present to posterity a title to immortal honour more conclusive than that involved in their having shared with Jackson the glories of 1812.

There are some fields of public service from which ordinary patriotism not unusually recoils, and of this kind is military action against the comparatively weak, yet fierce and wily tribes of savages still occupying parts of their original domain on our continent. Unregulated by the principles of civilized warfare, Indian campaigns and conflicts are accompanied by constant scenes of revolting and unnecessary cruelty. Neither age nor sex, nor condition is spared; havoc and destruction are the only ends at which the tomahawk, once brandished, can be stayed. In exact proportion, however, to the horrors of such a system, is the necessity of protecting those of our people exposed to it by the most prompt and decisive resorts. When, in the midst of the great struggle with an European monarchy, the frontiers of Georgia and Tennessee were suddenly assailed by ferocious Creeks, all eyes turned, appealing with confidence for security, to him who was known to the foe themselves by the descriptive designations of "Long Arrow" and "Sharp Knife." No one, indeed, exhibited in higher perfection the two qualities essential to such a contest—sagacity and courage.

The *sagacity* of General Jackson was the admiration of the sophist, and the wonder of the savage; it unravelled the meshes of both, without the slightest seeming effort. Piercing through every subtlety or stratagem, it attained the truth with electrical rapidity. It detected at a glance the toils of an adversary, and discerned the mode by which these toils could best be baffled. His *courage* was equally finished and faultless—quick, but cool—easily aroused, but never boisterous—concentrated, enduring, and manly. No enemy could intimidate, no dangers fright him; no surprise shook his presence of mind, as no emergency transcended his self-control. The red braves of the wilderness confessed that in these, their highest virtues, General Jackson equalled the most celebrated of their chiefs. Invoked to the rescue, he roused from a bed of suffering and debility, among the terrified fugitives, addressing them with brief but animating exhortation: "Your frontier is threatened with invasion by the savage foe. Already are they marching to your borders with their scalping-knives unsheathed to butcher your women and children. Time is not to be lost. We must hasten to the frontier, or we shall find it drenched with the blood of our citizens. The health of your general is restored;—he will command in person."

It was in the progress of this exhibition, in regions at once deso-

lated and unproductive, that this patient and persevering fortitude overcame obstacles of appalling magnitude;—and here it was that, with touching kindness, when suffering the cravings of famine, he offered to divide with one of his own soldiers the handful of acorns he had secretly hoarded! The three victories of Talledega, Emuckfaw, and Enotochopco, purchased with incredible fatigue, exposure, and loss of life, are not only to be valued in reference to the population and territory they pacified and redeemed, but as having disclosed, just in time for the crisis of the main war, the transcendent ability and fitness of him who was destined to stamp its close with an exploit of unrivalled heroism and consummate generalship.

Shall I abruptly recall the battle of New Orleans?—*recall*, did I say? Is it ever absent from the memory of an American? Mingled indissolubly with the thought of country, it springs to mind as Thermopylæ or Marathon, when Greece is named. He who gave that battle, with all its splendid preliminaries and results, to our chronicles of national valour, may cease to be mortal, but can never cease to be renowned. He may have a grave, but, like the Father of his Country, he can want no monument but posterity.

The judgment of the world has been irreversibly passed upon that extraordinary achievement of our republican soldier. Analyzed in all its plans, its means, its motives, and its execution—the genius that conceived, the patriotism that impelled, the boldness that never backed, nor paused, nor counted; the skill which trebled every resource, the activity that was everywhere, the end that accomplished everything. It was a master-piece of work which Cæsar, William Tell, Napoleon, and Washington, could unite in applauding. Even the vanquished, soothed by the magnanimity of their victor, have since laid the tribute of their admiration at his feet. For that battle, in itself and alone, as now passed into the imperishable records of history, an exhaustless fund of moral property, our descendants in distant ages will teach their children, as they imbibe heroism from illustration and example, to murmur their blessings.

I have dwelt, fellow-citizens, with perhaps unnecessary length, upon the martial merits of the deceased. I have done so, because these merits are incontestable, and form, apart from every other consideration, an overwhelming claim to the veneration and gratitude we are now displaying. To me, personally, as you all know, it would be alike consistent and natural to go much farther; but, entertaining a real deference for the sentiments of others, I should be unable to pardon myself if, on an occasion so peculiarly solemn, a single word fell from my lips which did not chime with the tone of every bosom present. The time has not come, and among a free, fearless, and frank people, such as you are, it may possibly never come, when the civic characteristics of Jackson, during his

chief magistracy of eight years, can be other than topics of sincere differences of opinion.

Springing, however, directly from what I have considered as the great root of his public services, is at least one branch of his executive policy and action that need not be avoided. If, as a Revolutionary lad, he clung to the cause of the colonists;—if, as a soldier, he knew no shrinking from his flag;—as a president of these states, he stood, without budging, on the rock of their UNION. It seemed as if, to him, *that* was hallowed ground, ungenial to the weeds of party, identical indeed with country. Count the cost of this confederacy, and he was scornfully silent; speak of disregarding her laws, and his remonstrances were vehement; move but a hair's breadth to end the compact, and he was in arms! On this vast concern, involving, directly or remotely, all the precious objects of American civilization, his zeal was as uncompromising, perhaps as unrefining and undiscriminating, as his convictions were profound. The extent of our obligation to him in regard to it cannot well be exaggerated. Possessing in his high office the opportunity, he gave to his purpose an impetus and an emphasis, that will keep for ever ringing in the ears of his successors—"THE UNION *must and shall be preserved!*"

Such was the hero we mourn! With a constitution undermined by privations incident to his military labours, and a frame shattered by diseases, he had retired to the seclusion of the Hermitage, long and patiently awaiting the only and final relief from suffering. It came to him on the evening of the 8th instant, in the centre of his home's affectionate circle, while his great mind was calm and unclouded, and when his heart was prepared to welcome its dilatory messenger. Yes! yes! he on whom for half a century his country gazed as upon a tower of strength—on whom she never called for succour against the desolating savage, without being answered by a rushing shout of, "*Onward, to the rescue!*"—who anticipated her invading foes by destroying them ere their footprints on her soil were cold—he, the iron warrior, the reproachless patriot, has ceased to be mortal, has willingly made his single surrender—the surrender—the surrender of his soul to its Almighty claimant!

It may almost be said that General Jackson was constituted of two natures, so admirably and so distinctly were his qualities adapted to their respective spheres of action. I have portrayed hurriedly and crudely his public character—let us for an instant see him, on one or two points at least, in the other aspect, and perhaps we may thence catch the secret of his sublime and beautiful death. The rugged exterior which rough wars in our early western settlements would naturally impart, was smoothed and polished in him by a spirit of benevolence deeply seated in his temperament. In social intercourse, though always earnest, rapid, impressive,

and upright, his friendship was marked by boundless confidence and generosity; while in domestic life a winning gentleness seemed to spread from the recesses of his heart over the whole man, filling the scenes around him with smiles of serenity and joy. No husband loved more ardently, more faithfully, more unchangeably—no parent could surpass the self-sacrificing kindness with which he reared and cherished his adopted children—no master could be more certain of reciprocated fondness than he was, when, as expiring, he breathed the hope of hereafter meeting in the heaven to which he was hastening, the servants of his household, "*as well black as white.*" The truthfulness of this picture is attested by all who were admitted to the sanctuary of his home—precincts too sacred, even on an occasion equally sacred, for more than this brief intrusion.

But there was a crowning characteristic, from adverting to which I must not shrink, though in the presence in which I stand. General Jackson was fervently, unaffectedly, and submissively pious! Wherever he might be, and whatever his absorbing pursuit—wading heavily through the swamps of Florida, on the track of Hillishago; speeding with the swoop of an eagle, to grapple the invader, Packenham; careering, at the head of his victorious legions, through throngs of admiring countrymen; in the halls of the executive mansion; or at his hearth in the Hermitage; there, and then, everywhere and always, though not ostensible, and never obtrusive, his faith was with him. But it was most closely and conspicuously with him as dissolution approached—it was with him to brighten the rays of his mind, to cheer the throbs of his heart, to take the sting from his latest pang, and to give melody to his last farewell! The dying hour of Jackson bears triumphant testimony to the Christian's hope

> Such was THE HERO; such was the
> MAN we mourn!

Come, then, my countrymen! let us, as it were, gather round the depository of his remains! From those who knew him, as it has been my lot to know him, the frequent tear of cherished and proud remembrance must fall. To all of us it will be some relief to join in the simple and sacred sentiment of public gratitude.

> How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
> By all their country's honours blest!
> When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
> Returns to seek their hallowed mould,
> She there shall dress a sweeter sod
> Than Fancy's feet have ever trod;
> By fairy forms their dirge is sung—
> By hands unseen their knell is rung;—
> There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
> To bless the turf that wraps their clay:
> And Freedom shall awhile repair
> To dwell a weeping hermit there!

EULOGY

DELIVERED AT NEW YORK CITY, JUNE 24, 1845,

BY

B. F. BUTLER,

LATE ATTORNEY-GENERAL OF THE UNITED STATES.

Mournful but pleasant, friends and fellow-citizens, is the service in which we are engaged. Andrew Jackson, upon whose bed of sickness and suffering have been so intently fixed the filial and solicitous regards of the millions of America, is no more. His great soul has ascended to its Author; his venerable form has sunk into the grave. To that grave, with swelling hearts and tearful eyes, and sad funeral rites, a nation is repairing. We have come to it to-day. While we linger within its sacred precincts, the praises of the hero we reverence, the magistrate we honoured, and the man we loved, rise instinctively to our lips. To their free utterance, affection prompts, duty enjoins, nature compels us. It is fitting, it is right, that such tributes should be paid to those who, in council or in camp, have advanced the glory of their country and the welfare of their kind. The homage thus bestowed is at least disinterested. For the dead who are its objects, insensible alike to praise and to blame, can make no return to the living who proffer it. It exerts a humanizing influence on the universal heart; it promotes the formation of a true national character; it softens the asperities of party; it incites to a virtuous emulation. Next, in purity and meetness, to the thanksgiving which we owe the God who gave, and guided, and sustained them, is the feeling of grateful reverence we should ever cherish towards those who are the instruments of His goodness. To the claims of our great men, of every age and time, of every sect and party, let us, then, be faithful. Let history transmit to other generations the story of their lives; let the canvass and the marble perpetuate the image of their forms; let poetry and music breathe forth their names in hymns and harmonies; let the united voice of their countrymen echo their praises to the remotest shores—so that, wherever an American footstep shall tread, or the lover of American liberty be found, there, too,

the memory of their greatness shall abide—a beauty and an excellence—the joy of all the earth! The facts and incidents which belong to the romantic and eventful life of Andrew Jackson, are too numerous to allow me, on the present occasion, to attempt any extended biographical sketch. After a brief notice of his early life, I shall, therefore, confine myself to a general view of such portions of his more active career as seem to me best calculated to illustrate the prominent features of his character, and his more important services to his country. He was the son of respectable parents, belonging to the most hardy, virtuous, and useful of all orders of society—the great middle class. His parents, as is well known, were natives of Ireland, though some of their ancestors were originally from Scotland. They emigrated to South Carolina in 1765. He was born at the Waxhaw settlement, in that state, on the 15th of March, 1767. He died on Sunday, the 8th day of the present month, having been spared to the good old age of more than seventy-eight years; retaining to the last, in a remarkable degree, his extraordinary intellectual powers, his ardent affections, and his deep interest in the happiness of his friends and the welfare of his country. The peculiarities of his character are in harmony with his extraction. The martyr blood of Scotland blended with that of the Emerald Isle, and modified by the residence of his ancestors in her genial clime, coursed in his veins; and no man, probably, ever lived, who united, in a higher degree, the firmness and perseverance of the one race with the quick and ardent temperament of the other. Deprived, soon after his birth, of his father, his eldest brother slain during the war of the Revolution, by British troops, himself compelled, by the approach of the enemy, to abandon, at the age of fourteen, the academy at which he had been placed; freely offering himself, with his sole surviving brother, to the military service of his country; both soon after captured by the enemy; both assaulted and wounded, because scorning to submit to personal indignity; the other of the two brothers dying of the wound thus received; his mother soon after pressed by fatigue and grief into an untimely grave; was ever an ardent and susceptible youth placed in circumstances more likely to make a deep and lasting impression on his character? "The child," to use the words of a great poet of our own times, "the child is father of the man." And when we consider the baptism of blood by which Andrew Jackson, in the spring-time of his youth, was dedicated to the service of his country, can we wonder at the undying faithfulness, or the burning zeal, with which, from youth to age, he presented himself a living sacrifice at her altar?

Passing over the intermediate space, we find him, at the age of twenty-one, established in the practice of the law, in what was then one of the back settlements of North Carolina. It was a re-

gion of restless activity, of stirring interest, of wild adventure. The scanty population, thinly scattered over an extensive territory, was constantly exposed to the inroads of powerful tribes of Indians, still the occupants of its primeval forests. They had been subjugated, during the war of the Revolution, by the American arms, but were ever ready, when occasion tempted, to surprise the incautious traveller, and to cut off the unprotected family. In the border conflicts which grew out of this condition of the territory, Jackson renewed the instructions in the drill and muster which he received in boyhood, and added to them lessons in the warfare of the Indians, both destined to be afterwards employed on a wider theatre and for infinitely greater ends. Intestine feuds also distracted the inhabitants; many of their number were rude in manners, and some of them reckless in character; the collection of debts, by force of law, was a task of difficulty and of danger, and the lawyer who undertook it needed activity of body as well as of intellect, firmness of nerve as well as of purpose, vigour of arm as well as of understanding.

Jackson, bringing with him an unsullied reputation, was immediately employed in cases of this sort; and he entered on the discharge of his professional duties with the same promptitude and energy, so often displayed by him in matters of higher and more extended interest. In these, and other professional efforts of the like nature, he is beset by opposition, and embroiled in collisions, which might have proved fatal to one less honest and courageous; but his manly bearing and his inflexible pursuit of justice, in despite of every impediment, establish his reputation; and professional success is the necessary consequence. Another result is, that he becomes universally known as one of the first citizens, in point of character and influence, of the young community, now rapidly increasing in numbers, and about to be organized, with the consent and by the cession of North Carolina, as a territory of the United States. This event takes place in 1790, and Andrew Jackson receives from George Washington, then president of the United States, his first appointment to office—that of attorney of the United States for the new territory.

In the short space of six years the territorial government is superseded by the admission into the Union of the state of Tennessee. Jackson is a member of the convention which forms the constitution, and he takes an active part in the preparation of that instrument. It contains some peculiar provisions which deserve a moment's notice. The members of the legislature are chosen for two years, and meet only biennially, except when called together on extraordinary occasions. This arrangement is founded on the idea, that while annual meetings of the legislative body are indispensable in countries having a hereditary executive, the like necessity

does not exist where the executive is chosen by, and responsible to, the people; and that the people themselves are the best conservators of their rights. The bill of rights in this constitution is one of the most liberal and comprehensive adopted by any of our states. It asserts, in the strongest terms, the inherent and uncontrollable sovereignty of the people, and their right to instruct, as well as to petition, their representatives; it denounces perpetuities and monopolies as contrary to the genius of a free state; and it forbids the grant of any hereditary emoluments, privileges, or honours. From the subsequent life of Jackson, it is easy to see that he must have assented, with a warm heart, to all these provisions.

Immediately on the admission of the new state into the Union, Jackson is chosen one of her delegates in the House of Representatives; and the next year he is appointed one of her senators in Congress. He serves in this distinguished body, over which Thomas Jefferson was then the presiding officer, until 1799, and thus enjoys opportunities of forming a personal friendship with a statesman and political philosopher, with whose sentiments his own entirely concur, and for whose genius he cherishes the highest admiration. In 1799, he retires by voluntary resignation from the honourable post Most unexpectedly to himself, he is immediately appointed a judge of the Supreme Court of his state, a station which he accepts with reluctance, and from which he withdraws at an early day. He does so with the design, which he then supposes he may be permitted to accomplish, of spending the residue of his days in the quiet retreat of a country life. Little does he dream of the brilliant destiny that awaits him. In the mean time, as another preparation for that destiny, the field officers of one of the divisions of the Tennessee militia, no strangers to his lofty patriotism, or his martial spirit, had chosen him without consultation with, or notice to him, their major-general. This commission he retained until 1814, when he received the like appointment in the army of the United States.

We are now to contemplate Andrew Jackson in the new and conspicuous theatre in which he attracted the regards not only of America, but of the world. Rallying to his standard at the first moment when the action of the government enabled him to do so, the gallant spirits of his division, he dedicates their persons and his own to the service of the nation. From November, 1812, to the cessation of hostilities, he is constantly employed in creating and leading the armies, fighting the battles, and vanquishing the enemies of his country. It is not my purpose to enter into the details of his military exploits. Of all and of each it may be said, that in each and in all he acquitted himself as no other man but Andrew Jackson could have done. With his first touch of the marshal's truncheon, the hand of one born to command

at will the energies of his troops, to infuse into them his own daring spirit, and successfully to cope in any and every field with the most skilful and courageous of his enemies, is evidently seen. Throughout his whole military career he exhibits in felicitous combination all the great qualities of a great commander—comprehensiveness and accuracy of view, genius to devise, skill and courage to execute, coolness and self-possession in every emergency, perfect command of his resources, sagacity to discover and ability to defeat the plans of his opponent. In his campaign against the Creeks, so formidable by their numbers, their obstinate bravery, and their proficiency in all the arts of savage warfare, he adds to the hardihood, the patience, and the self-denial of a Hannibal—the vigour, the celerity, the success of a Cæsar. When he plants, upon his own responsibility, the American eagle on the forts of Pensacola, statesmen see that the instincts of a heart and will devoted to the public weal, can anticipate the rules of public law; and the nation recognise and honour the clearness of his judgment not less than the promptitude and energy of his conduct.

In his command at New Orleans, from his arrival at the beleaguered city until his departure from it, we seem to follow some heaven-appointed and heaven-assisted warrior of the ancient dispensation, rather than a chieftain of modern times. Such superhuman activity—such assumption and exercise of power—such chivalrous daring and consummate address in striking the first blow in the unequal conflict—such cautious preparations for the final struggle—such perfect success in its triumphant issue—such frightful havoc in the troops of the enemy, and such almost miraculous preservation of his own—who, in these things, does not see the hand of God, the agency of an instrument ordained, prepared, and guided by Himself? I must content myself with the briefest possible reference to the war with the Seminoles, in 1817–18. If the exploits of Jackson in this campaign had constituted his whole title to military renown, they would have been amply sufficient to place him high on the roll of fame. How does it enhance the estimate of his former achievements, when it is considered that the Seminole war is scarcely thought of in the comparison; and that Jackson is seldom named in connexion with it, except by those who refer to it for the purpose of denouncing him for the execution of Ambrister and Arbuthnot! Having named this incident, I feel it right to state my entire conviction, that in this, as in every other act of his public life, he proceeded under a deep sense of what he believed to be the injunction of duty; and duty was ever to him as the voice of heaven. "My God would not have smiled on me" (was his characteristic remark, when speaking of this affair to him who addresses you), "had I punished only the poor, ignorant savages, and spared the white men who set them on."

The hour has at length come when Jackson believed he may a second time retire to rural occupations, without danger of any further call to engage in the service of the Union. The nation is at peace with all the world; the Indian tribes have been reduced to submission; peace reigns in all our borders, and tranquillity throughout the land. He resigns his commission in the army; refuses the appointment of minister to Mexico, conferred on him by President Monroe, not only because he desires no office of emolument or honour, but because he will not countenance, by his presence at the court of Iturbide, the substitution of a monarchy in place of a republic, nor the means by which it has been effected. Other reasons concur, to enforce the step he has taken. Incessant toil in the various duties of his command—exposure to the hardships of military service in the warm climates of the South, and especially in the swamps and morasses of Florida—have undermined his constitution; and retirement seems as needful to the preservation of his own life, as it is to the happiness of those who have so long been denied the pleasure of his society. He does not deem it inconsistent with this feeling, to accept the office of senator in Congress, again conferred on him by his beloved Tennessee; for this honourable and comparatively easy service will still leave him, the greater portion of the year, an inmate of the Hermitage. But his mission is not yet ended.

> "Peace hath her victories,
> No less renowned than war."

And many such victories he is yet to win. By spontaneous uprisings of the people, in his own and other states, he is presented to the nation as a candidate for the highest trust. Though not at first invested with this dignity, his three competitors, each long and honourably identified with the civic service of the Union, are left behind him in the race.

In due course of time another contest ensues. He is raised to the chief magistracy by more than two to one of the electoral votes. In surveying, from this high eminence, the field of duty to which he has been called, he perceives that with many foreign states we have unsettled subjects of dispute, growing out of claims to justice long deferred, for spoliations of our commerce, during that reign of lawless violence which, in the beginning of this century, disgraced and barbarized the maritime wars of Europe. He sees that, unless speedily adjusted, they will expose us to the alternative either of sacrificing our national honour or of vindicating by the sword our unquestionable rights. He resolves that this state of things shall not continue; that no needless delay, no evasive subterfuge shall be allowed; that he will proceed, with all possible despatch, in the prosecution of his duty, "asking nothing

that is not right, and submitting to nothing that is wrong;" and he believes that if this course be steadily and wisely pursued, peace will be preserved, and justice be obtained.

The result shows the sagacity of his conclusions. One after another, treaties are made and ratified, by which these subjects of irritation, so grave and so dangerous, are all, at length, happily disposed of. In one case only is there any serious delay; but this is the most important of them all; for it is our ancient ally, the beautiful, the brilliant France of our own La Fayette, that neglects the performance of her duty. Jackson does not hesitate or waver in his course. He deals with the greatest and most honoured as he would have dealt with the weakest and most humble: he sees to it that while the respectful courtesies due to so distinguished a delinquent are sedulously observed, no jot or tittle of the national honour is lost or compromised. In the end, justice is secured; the faith of treaties vindicated; the peace of empires preserved; and France herself, on a fuller understanding of his course, does honour, with a characteristic chivalry and grace, to the "*tete de fer*"—the iron will of the stern old man.

> "His name through Europe rings,
> Filling each mouth with envy or with praise,
> And all her jealous monarchs with amaze,
> And rumours loud that daunt remotest kings."

And by his energy and renown our national character is raised to a height of glory never before attained by the American Republic.

In the meantime, Jackson has been involved at home, in conflicts protracted and severe. Fired with the love of democratic liberty, and filled with zeal for the constitution, he pursues systems of policy, and adopts a course of measures which bring on violent collisions with the interests, passions, and prejudices of men in different quarters of the Union. In the midst of the outbursts of party, produced by these collisions, he is re-elected by a vote of three to one over all the other candidates, although the state of his nativity, formerly foremost in his support, withholds her approving voice. Opposition to him is followed, on her part, by resistance to the laws; the integrity of the Union is threatened; and the nation is exposed to the dangers of a civil war. Now it is that Andrew Jackson, superior to the danger and equal to the remedy it requires, by his fidelity, his firmness, and his wisdom, achieves the most splendid and most enduring of his victories; averting from his country the stain and curse of fraternal blood; and giving to his memorable pledge, "OUR FEDERAL UNION—IT MUST BE PRESERVED," the strength of a fixed resolve, and the majesty of a perpetual truth. While the plaudits which now rise from every quarter of the Union are yet sounding in his ears; when by mere inaction in respect to other sources of political convulsion, he could have

secured for the remainder of his official term a larger degree of personal repose and general approbation than was ever enjoyed by any of his predecessors, he is again compelled, as he believes, to a clear and inexorable duty, whose execution he well knows will revive anew the animosity of party, involve in bitter and painful conflict the remnant of his public life, and bring upon himself perhaps the censures of many whom he loves, and with whose good opinions he would not lightly part.

Inferior minds would have shrunk from this new trial. So did not Jackson. What efforts were made to drive him from his purpose—with what inflexible resolution he adhered to his position, and how the people sustained him in this conflict also, is it not written in the history of the times, and fresh in the recollections of all who hear me? In reference to this, as well as to every other debateable portion of his public life, I purposely refrain, lest I should transgress the just bounds of this occasion, from any attempt to vindicate their expediency or their rightfulness. Only one claim in his behalf do I now think it needful or becoming to assert; that if, in any of his official acts he erred, his errors were of the understanding, not of the heart; and that, in them all, he acted from honest, disinterested, and patriotic motives. On this point he thus speaks, in the lofty tone of conscious integrity, in one of his recorded vindications:—

"In vain do I bear upon my person enduring memorials of that contest in which American liberty was purchased—in vain have I since perilled property, fame, and life, in defence of the rights and privileges so dearly bought, * * * if any serious doubts can be entertained as to the purity of my purposes and motives. * * * In the history of conquerors and usurpers, never, in the fire of youth nor the vigour of manhood, could I find an attraction to lure me from the path of duty, and now I shall scarcely find an inducement to commence their career of ambition, when gray hairs and a decaying frame, instead of inviting to toil and battle, call me to the contemplation of other worlds, where conquerors cease to be honoured, and usurpers expiate their crimes. The only ambition I can feel, is to acquit myself to Him to whom I must soon render an account of my stewardship, to serve my fellow-men, and live respected and honoured in the history of my country. No—the ambition which leads me on, is an anxious desire and a fixed determination to return to the people unimpaired the sacred trust they have confided to my charge, * * * to persuade my countrymen, so far as I may, that it is not in a splendid government, supported by powerful monopolies and aristocratical establishments, that they will find happiness, or their liberties protection; but in a plain system, void of pomp—protecting all, and granting favours to none—dispensing its blessings, like the dews of Heaven, unseen

and unfelt, save in the freshness and beauty they contribute to produce. It is such a government that the genius of our people requires—such an one only under which our states may remain for ages to come, united, prosperous, and free. If the Almighty Being, who has hitherto sustained and protected me, will but vouchsafe to make my feeble powers instrumental to such a result, I shall anticipate, with pleasure, the place to be assigned me in the history of my country, and die contented, with the belief that I have contributed, in some small degree, to increase the value and prolong the duration of American liberty."

Andrew Jackson has now retired to the sequestered shades of private life, with the benedictions of a grateful people and the respect and admiration of the world. He enters his loved and peaceful Hermitage, at the appointed limit of human existence, with an enfeebled frame; the victim of complicated and incurable maladies, which leave him little respite from pain, and no strength or relish for the pleasures of active life. Yet has this been, in many respects, the happiest and not the least useful portion of his mortal career.

Feeling that he has fulfilled with fidelity and zeal the course of public service to which Providence had called him; conscious of the singleness and purity of his motives, and happy in the belief that the great mass of his political opponents do him justice in this respect; thrice happy in the knowledge, that the principles by which he has been guided are warmly cherished by a great majority of the people; receiving continually, and in a thousand forms, proofs of affection and esteem from all classes of his countrymen; full of faith in the vitality and perpetuity of our system of government, state and federal; anticipating, with delight, the advancing glories of his country, and surrounded by a family he loves, and by each member of which he is held in the profoundest veneration; the retirement of Andrew Jackson, notwithstanding his bodily infirmities, is all that wisdom or patriotism can desire, and such as few statesmen and heroes in the history of mankind have been permitted to enjoy. For more than eight years he is spared to our affections, and though for the last three of them he seldom quits his dwelling, except to bow himself in the house of God, his mental faculties remain unimpaired; nor are they idle for a day. His correspondence, whether of friendship, or of private or public business, is kept up with steadiness and activity. Alive to everything that concerns his beloved country, and taking daily note of her affairs, he sounds from his lone watch-tower the voice of counsel or of warning, according to the vision which he sees, and to the message which has been given him. And though at times a dull ear is turned to his prophesyings, yet, in most cases,

and especially in the latest, his words have been clothed with their ancient power over the minds and the actions of his fellows.

If there be any to whom these utterances seem futile or needless, they will yet allow that each of them breathes the language of the heart, and is instinct with zeal for the happiness and glory of America. But it is not to the public cause that all his thoughts are given. Weighty and instant as are the duties of the citizen to his country, Andrew Jackson remembers that he owes to his Maker higher and more solemn responsibility. This sentiment had been implanted in his youthful breast by a mother's lessons and a mother's love. It had been nourished by the example of a wife—one of the excellent of the earth: by providential deliverances and favours; by the perusal of the Book of God, and by the instructions of the pulpit. Under the circumstances in which he is now placed, these influences acquire new, and, by Divine blessing, decisive force. They lead him to the Garden and the Cross; he seeks and he obtains the forgiveness of his sins; he avows before the world the hopes he has received, and publicly enlists in the army of the faithful. Henceforward he addicts himself, with a child-like docility, to the duties and privileges of the Christian life. He finds in them his chief enjoyment, and they produce in him their appropriate effects—peace with God, fortitude in suffering, patience and resignation in the midst of pain, serenity and hope in the prospect of his departure. And when at length the final hour has come, how does it illustrate the humility of his character, the warmth of his benevolence, the sincerity, the vigour of his faith! With prayers for his household, his friends, his country; with the words of instruction and of love to all around him; with entire reliance on the merits of his Redeemer, he commits, without a murmur or a sigh, his immortal spirit to the God of his salvation, his perishing body to the dust from which it came!

Such, fellow-citizens, were the last moments of Andrew Jackson. How unlike those usually assigned by poetry and romance to their fabled heroes? And yet, in the sober judgment of enlightened reason, not less sublime and heroic than if passed on the field of battle, and in the chariot of victory. The greatest of all triumphs, is that which is achieved over the last enemy; and this, through the faith that is in Jesus, Jackson was enabled to achieve. The fires of the last day shall consume the laurel wreaths of earth; most of them, indeed, will have withered ere it comes; and all ever worn or won, in the tide of time, would furnish no compensation for the loss of a single soul. But the chaplet awarded to the faithful soldier of the Cross, shall be a crown of glory "that fadeth not away." How poor, in comparison, the death scenes enacted by the most illustrious warriors of the heathen world! Jackson was a Christian, and he died the Christian's death. In view of this

fact, and of its blessed issues, how rich, how unfailing our sources of consolation! In notes as melodious and sublime as those which wafted to the skies, by the aid of Milton's immortal genius, the departing spirit of the Hebrew martyr, the chorus of American sympathy sends up from our Jackson's bed of death its pæan of mournful exultation—

> "Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail,
> Or knock the breast; no weakness, no contempt,
> Dispraise or blame; nothing but well and fair,
> And what may quiet us in a death so noble."

The valley of the Mississippi, the theatre of his youthful valour and his meridian renown—the sanctuary of his declining age—folds within her bosom the ashes of her hero. In the centre of that young but vigorous state, whose destinies, once his anxious care, were long the objects of his satisfied regard; on the sunny banks of the Cumberland, where the strong verdure of the West begins reluctantly to yield to the luxuriant beauty of the South; embosomed in a sacred solitude, stands the tomb of the Hermitage, —henceforth to divide with Mount Vernon the respect, the admiration, and the reverence of mankind. The simplicity of his life, the calm dignity of his death, are exemplified by the humility of his grave. You remember how he rejected the imperial honour that was proffered to his bones. "I cannot permit my remains to be the first in these United States to be deposited in a sarcophagus made for an emperor or king. I have prepared an humble depository for my mortal body beside that wherein lies my beloved wife; where, without any pomp or parade, I have requested, when my God calls me to sleep with my fathers, to be laid; for both of us there to remain until the last trumpet sounds to call the dead to judgment, when we, I hope, shall rise together, clothed with that heavenly body promised to all who believe in our glorious Redeemer, who died for us that we might live, and by whose atonement I hope for a blessed immortality." This was the answer of Christian meekness, of republican simplicity, of American patriotism. Catching the strain from the lips of the dying hero, we may echo its lofty inspiration. More than this, we may give it to-day a new and sublimer significance. Sleep sweetly, aged soldier, statesman, sage, in the grave of kindred and affection. It matters little where *his* body is laid, whose memory is enshrined in all our hearts; the monument of whose fame is the country that he served; the inscription of whose greatness are the praises of the world. But if there be any solace in memory; if any virtue in the contemplation of heroic deeds; any purity in the lessons of sublime example; to the sepulchre of JACKSON let the pilgrimage of humanity be made—in the ardour of a generous enthusiasm, the sympathy of a fraternal love, the consolation of a Christian faith.

EULOGY

DELIVERED AT PORTSMOUTH, NEW HAMPSHIRE, JULY 2, 1845,

BY THE

Hon. LEVI WOODBURY.

My Fellow-Citizens:—This is no ordinary occasion, when a whole nation is in mourning. The solemn toll of the bell—the funeral dirge—the shroud—the crape—and the minute-gun—all, over every hill and valley of our wide republic, bespeak some great public loss as well as public grief. We come together this evening to express in language, still stronger, if possible, than these melancholy tokens, our own deep sense of the bereavement the country has sustained in the death of one of the noblest of her children.

It is no overstrained eulogy to add, that so many testimonials of respect and real love from a whole people would be offered, at this time, to the memory of but a single man on the western continent. That man, the history of all around tells us, was the hero of New Orleans. He is no more. The victor *in a hundred battles* has at last fallen. The pilot, *who weathered the storm* in the fiercest hurricanes of political strife, looks no longer to the compass or the clouds to guide us; and the Christian as well as sage and patriot of the Hermitage—who still prayed for his country, after the power to do aught else had ceased—has gone to his great and glorious reward, while we linger a little longer to offer, it is hoped, some deserved tribute to his memory, and try to profit by his bright example.

How can we do this best, in the few mournful moments now allotted to that object?

Most of the incidents in a life so distinguished as that of General Jackson, are too familiar to make a repetition of them either necessary or useful.

We all—from lisping childhood to palsied age—know that he was one of the survivors of those who bled in our glorious Revolution, and that his character was one of that strong cast—run in that

iron mould formed amidst its trials and dangers. We have all heard, when not seen, of the hardy habits, and almost heroic powers, which belonged to that great struggle, and which, so strikingly embodied in the majestic form of our patriot chief, lived to bless a later age, and aid our country in other trials of the cabinet as well as the camp. Statuary and painting and history, no less than the school-room, the humble fireside, the village husting, and every anniversary of the independence he helped to win and defend, have all vied in making us acquainted with the principal outlines of his figure, his mind, and those signal victories both in peace and war, that have enrolled him so high among the warriors and statesmen of the era he adorned.

We all know, also, that, retiring from the public stage, covered with the plaudits and honours of a grateful people, he has for years pursued the peaceful employment of a planter, shedding a benign influence by his example on all around him; and though not mingling in the turmoil of politics, still lending an anxious eye and heart to advance his country's greatness—till the lamp of life at last burnt out in its socket; and in sight of the grave of her he loved best, his spirit departed to join hers, as he hoped, in a happier and a holier abode. Thus did the patriarch sink to his last rest.

But, after the close of such a life, all is not over with it, even here. Though the cold clay sleeps as insensible to our praise and grief as the veteran's sword in its scabbard—though

> "He knows not—he heeds not"—and
> "No sound can awake him to glory again"—

yet such a life is still powerful; it continues to speak to the world. And a fit, a grateful, and a beneficial inquiry is, what does it speak? What lessons do its thrilling trials teach? What were its great characteristics, tendencies, and example? What do we derive from it of good, and what are the private and public obligations to its memory, both of ourselves and our posterity?

Whether we look to his early years, or to their meridian splendour or their beautiful close, they seem to me equally full of instruction. Without the wealth or powerful connexions, which even in republics are sometimes passports to fame, he first appeared on the theatre of public action as an orphan. However inauspicious this may have seemed for that brilliant destiny which afterwards awaited him, he soon displayed an energy and perseverance in laying the foundations of an education, which are full of encouragement to the most lowly and unfriended. How much was his condition at that time emblematic of his country's—both surrounded by privations and perils—and both, by the exercise of those vigorous efforts which deserve success, soon enabled to emerge,

and, through many adverse gales of fortune, advance to those high honours and greatness which have since crowded their career?

After a hurried preparation for the bar, he soon becomes launched into the breakers and storms of professional life.

Only a few years, spent in the agitating scenes of business, were necessary to develope his integrity and genius in such bold relief, as to attract that general confidence which paved the path to so many responsible trusts.

His companions at that time have mostly gone before him to a better world; but I have frequently heard the late Judge Anderson describe the early appearance at the bar of the future hero and president.

Prominent among his characteristics, were the same inflexible fidelity to the interests intrusted to his care, as since—the same watchful preparation and modest courage, which marked him in the discharge of all duties till the close of his eventful career.

But the teachings of his meridian life were more conspicuous. As the conqueror of the Creeks, the defender of the Mississippi valley, the chief magistrate of a great people, the sun of his fame ere long lighted the whole horizon. New scenes constantly developed new traits of character; new trials elevated him still higher in popular favour; new victories, in the cabinet as well as the field, crowned him with new laurels from Europe no less than America; and, if any man, left among us till the present age, can be said to possess a European reputation as a warrior or executive officer, it is he who, with raw militia, vanquished veterans flushed by foreign triumphs, and who piloted the ship of state safely through political storms, that made the stoutest hearts quail.

These tests of his maturer years were useful, if not necessary, to fix his character for patriotism above all suspicion. And the labours performed in these—often so Herculean—and all the sacrifices made, and tribulations endured, evinced such devotedness in duty, and were accompanied by such tried honesty of purpose, that many of every party and sect over our wide republic now hasten to bestow grateful commendation for those high qualities, however differing from him while alive on many points of public policy or private belief. How beautifully, in some cases, did the chequered scenes of his middle age ripen what were only natural impulses in youth, and mature them into settled principles of action, and impart to them a modified, softened, and moral tone, calculated to render them useful guides to future generations, and leave a deep impress behind on our national character and national institutions!

But, in some respects, still more attractive were the features in the last period of his career. The closing scenes of the drama show (office and pomp voluntarily relinquished) domestic pleasures and

deeds of humble usefulness sought for; all the tender charities of life and neighbourly friendship cherished; religion illustrated in his daily walk, as well as professed at the altar; his country still near and dear, and her welfare watched over with parental solicitude; acknowledgments and memorials of respect for benefits conferred, a daily solace in his retirement; and troops of friends spared to the end, to soften the pillow of declining health: and all brightened still higher in his departing moments, by the richest hopes beyond the grave.

What a beautiful progress in improvement and usefulness in true glory, from the dawn of life to its close! What a happy destiny and example! And how admirably does the grave, thus closed, bury in its bosom most of the enmities and jealousies of a turbid life, and tend to harmonize his countrymen in paying just tributes to his memory, and in feeling a pride in those high qualities which have reflected no less honour on the land of his birth than on himself!

But there are other aspects of his character very impressive.

Viewed in some prominent capacities or pursuits, rather than in the different stages of life, his destiny has been no less interesting, and is more familiar to the minds of most of us. Some have been accustomed to contemplate him as a soldier, others as a statesman, and a few as a man, without regard to station. Though little is usually said of private character in connexion with public benefactors, I have no doubt, from a long acquaintance with General Jackson, that he felt much more solicitude as to his independence, worth, and standing as a man, than for all the honours ever lavished on him by a grateful people. Yet such is the structure of society —such the eclipsing tendency of public life, that he has long been known over most of the globe as a successful soldier, and appreciated highly by millions as a statesman, without much inquiry as to those great principles which he had nourished in retirement, and which fitted him so ably for public usefulness. But it was those principles, and the habits formed by those—and not, as many suppose, accident or fortune—which afterwards insured to him victories in the field, and wreathed his brow with civic laurels. Hence his example is so much more to be venerated and transmitted to coming generations for emulation and encouragement. Starting in life with a few strong natural endowments, everything beside was, with him, self-made. It was he himself that improved what God had bestowed or placed near him. It was his practical sense that seized on all the opportunities which occurred for instruction, however few and fleeting, and made the most of the agitating circumstances amidst which his lot in life was cast. It was his idea of moral obligation, that made him patiently study his duties, till inspired with confidence in himself; and then be so firm in their

performance, as to inspire confidence in others; and, in short, after being indefatigable to ascertain what was right, to feel no less bound to *enforce* it, and "*dare do all which may become a* MAN," whether for himself, his friends, or his country. A character thus formed, is of course subject to human frailties, and, in some respects, more so than one nurtured in early life amidst superior advantages from education and associates, who had also enjoyed and improved such advantages. I say this, because indiscriminate eulogy is not worth the breath that utters it. But, at the same time, a man, when reared like him, amidst the agitation and perils of a revolution, sooner learns to buffet well the tempests of life, and, like a tree blown upon by violent winds, strikes root deeper, and is better braced to encounter responsibility and danger of every kind, and his opinions are stronger, as well as adhered to with greater tenacity.

Another trait in his private character, not unusual in vigorous intellects, though apparently so opposite to the current of their ordinary feelings, was respect and attachment to female worth. This was doubtless increased in him, from early dependence on a widowed mother, and from endearing associations connected with her watchfulness and devotion to the improvement of his youth. This watchfulness is a most salutary restraint, often substituted by Providence in the place of a father's hardier power; and, when it is not always successful in preventing excesses or errors amidst the numerous temptations of early life, it often excites remorseful remembrances, and wins back to duty an erring child.

His wife, while dead as well as living, he regarded almost as a guardian angel. Her miniature was worn near his heart in health, and reposed with his Bible by his sick couch. Well do I remember, while walking with him once among the tombs of the distinguished dead in the congressional burying-ground, whither we had gone to pay the last obsequies to another of their number, he said: "One solemn request I now urge on you: should I die in this city, remove my ashes to Tennessee, and let them sleep beside my beloved wife."

Thank God! his fond wishes on this subject have been realized: and they do sleep together under the shades of the Hermitage, as they hoped to rise together at the resurrection of the just.

His tenderness of sentiment extended to her relatives, and, being without children to absorb a portion of it, all his friends came in for a larger share. When once satisfied of their worth, he clung to them with an iron grasp; and it became almost a passion of his life to reward their attachment. If at times he was thus betrayed into kindness unmerited, the disposition on his part was always noble—not only seeking to repay obligations with his purse and

pen, but earnest, on any fit emergency, even to lay down his life for his friends.

In performing that, or any other supposed duty, it would be too feeble to say he was brave. *He was the bravest of the brave.* Whether in the horrors of Indian warfare, to which he was in some degree inured from childhood, or in conflict with the disciplined troops of Europe, or in personal jeopardy from the assassin's ball, or in scenes of civil strife, the same dauntless intrepidity marked his course, often accompanied by what is more rare on such occasions —coolness of judgment and great self-possession.

I stood once by his side when his life was assailed; and scarce a pulse would beat after the attack was perceived, before he rushed on his foe, alike regardless of danger, and mindful of the means best suited to punish the aggressor.

With whatever correctness he may, at times, have been charged with rashness, under the feverish impulses of youth, it is certain that his judgment seldom forsook the helm in advanced life, and under the highest provocation; *in the very tempest of his passion*, he was remarkably wary and watchful. And, however ardent, or even vehement, in what he deemed a good cause, his faculties were usually collected, and his bearing firm. Mingled with this true courage, he possessed, at the same moment, rare modesty and sensibility. Singular as the combination may seem, yet it is not new in history.

When existing, it shows, in a more elevated light, that strong conviction of duty which is able to impel men, even of retired habits and delicate feelings, to overcome them all, and hazard life itself in defence of what is considered right. One illustration occurs to me, which, at the time, astonished some of the less observing, as to the mysterious workings of our common nature. When Congress caused swords to be presented to several officers, who had signally distinguished themselves in the last war with England, some received them with coolness, and replied to the addresses made on the occasion without emotion. But the great captain, who had saved a city from being sacked, and its daughters from pollution, and who had never blenched nor trembled before an enemy, shook like an aspen leaf, though surrounded by friends, and could with difficulty give utterance to his gratitude. We all remember also, that in the heat and bitterness of party strife, reproaches were sometimes cast on him for a supposed want of proper sympathies for the rest of mankind. But, in truth, few men possessed more humane feelings. In the privations of war, he divided with the famishing soldier his last loaf; the decrepid beggar never left his roof hungry; his domestics shared his attention in sickness and health, weeping loudest around his bier; and he was always found a neighbour to the needy, and a succour to the oppressed.

The elements were all kindly mingled in his breast, and the scenes he most longed for, and enjoyed with the highest relish, were those of quiet and well-ordered industry among attached friends in rural employment, and amidst deeds of humble usefulness and unostentatious benevolence. How often, when surrounded by all the splendid honours of public life, have I heard him sigh for the Hermitage, and plan improvements and enjoyments to be carried out amidst its tranquil scenes!

I am aware, likewise, that both friends and foes have bestowed on him another characteristic—of being a man of iron will. When this is meant to imply hardness of heart, nothing could be further from the truth; since no child, at the sight of suffering, overflowed quicker with the milk of human kindness than the stern-visaged warrior. But when it means that his sense of duty was strong, and stronger even than his feelings, the term may not have been misapplied.

His iron will was mere firmness or inflexibility in the cause he deemed right. It was an indomitable resolution to carry out what conscience dictated. Judgment and the fruits of it, opinion and corresponding conduct, it seemed to him, ought to be inseparable. He knew of no compromise or tampering, or half-way measures, with what was wrong. This high moral tone—the very highest in the annals of reformers and martyrs the world over—though often imputed to him as a fault, was, in fact, the crowning glory of his character, whether as a man, or a warrior, or a politician. So far from its having proved inconsistent with seeking full advice, and weighing contradictory reasons, and adopting measures of conciliation, where justifiable and wise, it was generally preceded by the amplest inquiries and the most careful deliberation. But a conclusion having been once formed in this manner, the whole powers of his mind and heart were flung into its execution with almost resistless energy; and then, in fortitude to resist opposition, and in courage to brave all difficulties, and inflexible perseverance to carry out measures deemed right, he may well have been called a man of iron—a man of destiny, or the hero of the iron will. Nor did this habit, as some have imagined, make him implacable or unforgiving. For, though like others of a warm temperament, making good haters, as well as good lovers and friends, he often forgave his bitterest enemies, and reconciled differences by many deemed insuperable. His custom of assuming responsibility in doubtful cases, has been another topic of criticism, but was only a branch of this energetic trait of character. Blessed with clear perceptions, and careful habits of research, he came to more decisive conclusions, and in less time than most other men; and hence it became his duty, under these stronger convictions, to follow them out, and, with a manly daring in behalf of what seemed to him right, to act

for that right, and act with energy and without fear, whoever else might falter. This, instead of being culpable, seemed at times, amidst fainting and doubting hearts around him, heroic; and if evil was ever connected with it, such a result usually sprung from a defect in forming some opinion, and not in exhibiting the courage and want of hypocrisy to stand by it chivalrously to the last, when not conscious of error.

His whole walk in private life having been grounded upon principles and habits like these, it is not strange that, in obedience to his country's summons, entering on the great theatre of public action, he should carry with him what had chiefly qualified him for public usefulness. There, to many previously not familiar with him, those principles and habits became first unfolded; and as he was there, ere long, "the observed of all observers"—there let us follow the further developement and application of them during the few moments that remain to dwell on his virtues and glories.

His first public duty in behalf of his country was as a youthful soldier—unknown to fame—to defend her liberties in the field. His last one was to lay down her highest honours, and withdraw to the shades of private life, with the blessings of millions for his toils and sacrifices. His earliest efforts took a military direction—probably more from the necessities and perils of the times, than from any taste for it, which then inspired him. Continuing after peace to live somewhat exposed in a frontier life to Indian hostilities, military habits were formed, and traits of character developed, in feats of arms which, in other conditions of society, might have appeared only in conquering professional difficulties, or a stubborn soil. The qualities of mind to insure success in either may be much the same; and yet accident or necessity may make one possessed of them merely a successful farmer, and another a military chieftain. But at no period of his life was General Jackson a soldier of fortune, or trained in the regular schools of war. Hence, in the busiest portions of his service in the field, he was still, at heart and in grain, the citizen, the planter, the lawyer, bred in courts rather than camps, fond of agriculture and politics, and never considered a life in arms either as a profession or a choice. Whatever gorgons, then, jealousy or rivalship may ever have conjured up, as to the danger of his becoming a military despot, and turning his sword, like Cæsar, or Cromwell, or Napoleon, against the liberties of his country, there was no foundation in his education or tastes for fears like these. The instruments which he had been accustomed to employ were also alike unfit to accomplish such perfidy. So far from being disciplined legions, whose trade was war, or mere pretorian bands, to sell the people to the highest bidder, they also were citizen soldiers. They were farmers and mechanics, with their sons, fresh from the plough and the work-

shop—accustomed to the rifle chiefly as hunters, and taught to wield them to defend, not destroy, liberty; and, as an armed people, to punish, rather than encourage, usurpation. Another consequence, bordering almost on the marvellous, results from these circumstances. Considering his original pursuits to have been in civil life- -considering his want of scientific education in military affairs—considering he never made arms a profession, and that his troops consisted usually of militia, his skill and success as a soldier seem to have been much the more remarkable and more productive of the general admiration he excited. At the Horseshoe Bend, he forced breastworks as intrepidly as Charles the Twelfth or Suwarow. In several other Indian campaigns, he surmounted obstacles, endured privations, and fed on acorns with his men, as patiently as Hannibal.

Afterwards, little as had been his experience with disciplined armies or the science of war, he defended New Orleans with skill beyond the ablest engineers, and in all his campaigns exhibited vigilance equal to his bravery; and was as tireless as vigilant, and never hesitated at what the public safety seemed to demand, on account of any risk or danger to himself, however great. His private fortune was more than once pledged to raise public supplies, and he faced both imprisonment and fines rather than leave any opening, in the absence of martial law, for an enemy still lingering on our shores, to succeed either by perfidy or surprise.

It was a most grateful solace in his declining years to receive back from the government of his country the penalty then extorted from him. And the more so, as, like a good citizen, he had paid it peacefully in compliance with judicial forms, though surrounded by a victorious army and thousands of munificent and faithful friends. But the danger being over, and the time past for the laws to be silent among arms—*leges silent inter arma*—instead of crossing the Rubicon against his country like Cæsar, or instead of driving out, like Cromwell and Napoleon, the members of the halls of legislation at the point of the bayonet, he soothed popular excitement, exhorted to obedience, and himself stood forward, foremost, to preserve the reign of order and law. The pencil and the canvass are yet to do justice to that great scene. If less brilliant than the victories which preceded it, nothing in his whole splendid career transcends it in true grandeur or salutary influence.

In a hurried allusion to some of his military excellencies, we ought not to overlook the rapidity and suddenness, no less than the boldness of his movements. I have often heard him say that the unexpected attack made on the 23d of December, contributed greatly to the triumph of the glorious 8th of January.

In the former, as in some of his forced marches on the Indians, he fell among the enemy almost literally as the thunderbolt of

war; and if a complete panic was not the result, there were fearful disheartening, confused councils, fatal procrastination, and a foreboding of disaster, that helped much to produce what it dreaded.

Again: his vigilance, and care, and industry in preparing for action, were unequalled, and did much to command the success which they so richly deserved. He acted as if nothing was done, while anything useful remained undone. He not only directed everything, but, if possible, watched its execution. His physician, when we were once together examining the battle-field near New Orleans, observed that the general, though labouring under disease on the night before the 8th, and a fit subject for the hospital, refused medicine, and visited almost every portion of the line in person, to insure the most perfect preparation for the coming conflict.

Thus, while many supposed that mere animal courage won his victories, or that personal bravery did all to turn the scales, it will be seen that conduct as much as courage—that preparation, foresight, care, were, under Providence, his constant reliance; and that, without these, he never confided in mere impulses or naked force.

He was also fertile in resources, and his breastworks of cotton-bags will be as durable in history as the rocks of the Alps scaled by the bold Carthaginian.

But, in all these observations, it will be seen that I dwell more on the capabilities he discovered to become a great military chieftain, than on acquirements he never claimed, or acts he never aspired to.

A long training in the art of war—like Wellington, for instance—he had not enjoyed, nor many thousands, like Frederick the Great, seen slaughtered in numerous pitched battles; nor sieges of walled cities, frequently prosecuted till sacked, like Constantinople, or buried in their ruins, like Tyre. He himself wished to wear no laurels but those he won.

In wearing those, he wore enough to satisfy the true ambition of any one. He wore, the world over, the renown of defeating British veterans with raw militia. He wore, from home, the gratitude of thousands of frontier settlers, for the cradles of their children rescued from the scalping-knife. He wore the heartfelt blessings of millions west of the Alleghanies, secured from ruthless foreign invasion by his energy, and skill, and indomitable courage. He wore, in fine, the richest rewards of a whole country saved from disgrace, and a whole country elevated and honoured by his heroism and glory. Who that recalls the vivid scenes of those days gone by, near a third of a century ago, when millions of aching eyes with aching hearts looked in almost breathless silence for the next advices from New Orleans, but must feel with renovated force, since his de-

cease, all we then felt at the first joyful tidings of his great victory? Patriotic age then shed tears of exultation, as when American liberties were sealed and secured by the surrender at Yorktown, to the great chieftain of the Revolution. Youth, ardent and impulsive, then cheered his name as a second Washington, a second saviour of their country; and female thankfulness, under almost every roof, however lowly, invoked blessings on his head, or, like the nuns of St. Ursula, moved in solemn procession, to offer in public a *Te Deum* for both the victory and the victor.

When, in later years, some have expressed surprise at such a strong popular feeling, as usually attended his progress through the country, and at the almost boundless empire his opinion exercised over the masses, and at the demonstration of mourning over the whole nation, exhibited since his death, showing how strongly and long he lived in the hearts of the people, they can hardly have recalled the stirring scenes of the close of the last war, and the deep, deep impress on the whole country, made by them no less than his subsequent career in political life. The tide became resistless in favour of his pure patriotism, his honesty of purpose, and more than Roman devotedness to the honour and welfare of his country.

Passing over further allusions to his military character, a few additional words in relation to that political life, and my imperfect review of his services will be closed. Some, who concede to him almost unmeasured praise as a soldier, have been loth to admit he possessed any great superiority as a statesman. Nor is this extraordinary, when the occupations of the camp in a country like this, are, or ought to be, in a great measure, disconnected with party strife, while the politician lives in that strife as one of his most exciting elements. Another reason is, that friends in such struggles are apt to be as much too lavish in commendation, as enemies are too stringent and unyielding.

But when, as now, the curtain of life has fallen on one who kept up a thrilling interest in the public mind to the last, and was considered by the great author of the Declaration of Independence to have filled the measure of his country's glory near a third of a century ago—it is time that the prejudices of party should soften. The death of so much greatness and glory, warning us with new force,

"What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue,"

should induce human charity to revise any harsh opinions formed under circumstances less auspicious.

In taking the dimensions of any statesman among us, it is to be remembered, in the outset, that we have no separate education or training for that career of public life. The equality of our means, as well as rights and institutions, tends likewise to forbid much of that signal superiority in a few individuals, which may sometimes

occur elsewhere amidst inherited rank and inherited wealth. But that any man could here start early in a profession, could be advanced to its first honours at the bar, and next, to the bench itself, could ere long represent his district in the halls of Congress, and next, the growing state itself, which knew his worth best—that such a man could finally be promoted to the very highest station in the gift of a great people, and, after one trial, again be elected almost by acclamation, can hardly be reconciled with the idea of his not possessing some of the very best materials which exist here to form a useful statesman. But, in saying this, who of his discreet admirers ever wished to claim for him—what he himself was the last man to tolerate as deserved—any deep researches into the writings of political economists, or that wide range of historical reading which sometimes instructs, no less than it adorns. Could his dust speak from the grave to the thousands now engaged in drawing the leading traits of his character, his sturdy honesty would say, as Cromwell did to Lely, the artist: "Paint me as I am; leave not out the scars or the wrinkles."

Looking, then, to his real worth in political life, and bringing him to the standard which will ever prevail in a government like ours, all must admit that he ranks high, independent of the trappings of office, and was in many qualities among the very foremost. And why should he not have been? What was there in his genius or habits which unfitted him for usefulness in the public councils? He had been endowed, by nature, with a strong intellect. Active habits were formed on this early in life. He began his career when all the great principles of government and human rights were the theme of every tongue, and the subject of much thought and study, as well as discussion. He entered the arena, not only as a citizen, ardent in the cause of securing those principles and rights, but ere long as an officer, to expound, and aid in the administration of, the very government he had fought to defend.

He helped to develope all the great questions then in controversy, and establish necessary guards in forming and adopting some of the new constitutions. Rapidly he is advanced, and enters on a more enlarged sphere, to witness and participate in some of the struggles of principle, under the elder Adams, in which were involved several of the most difficult questions of power and construction that ever arose between a free people and their representatives, and between sovereign states and their own confederacy.

Indeed, his whole life may be considered as spent in a practical school of politics; the intervals devoted to arms being brief and rare, and often mingled somewhat with the political agitations of the day. Beyond all this experience in such matters, aided by some current reading on the questions involved, he was a man of most observing habits, not skimming the surface, but probing every-

thing around him to the bottom, and, with an eagle-gaze, looking quite through the deeds of men. He was also a patient listener till his opinions were formed. Counsel was invited from all proper quarters; and, instead of acting in difficulties *headlong*, or without reflection, he gave many hours to retired thought, when the crisis would permit, and was sagacious in detecting fallacies, shrewd in respect to consequences, and familiar with the bearing of most measures on the real affairs of life. Added to this, he was a most thorough and constant reader of our great political bible—the constitution of the Union. It was his faithful companion by night and by day.

But, surpassing many of these excellencies for usefulness in the chair of state, he possessed, beyond most other men that ever graced high stations, decision of character. In the multitude of doubts and questions which must be adjudged in such a position, and the difficult selection of agents, obliged to be made to execute the laws, vacillation and indecision are often fatal. Besides this controlling quality, his long intercourse with men in active life had enabled him to discriminate and judge exceedingly well of character; and though at times misled by too great confidence in his friends, he never failed to correct mistakes when discovered, however painful to his sensibilities, and however it might rupture the attachments cherished for many years. Indeed, in the chair of state, under the solemnities of his official oath, and the instructions of the people and the states, through the constitution, he felt bound to let the public interests ride over every other consideration. He carried also with him, into that high post, the same sleepless vigilance he had practised in the camp—the same stirring assiduity in preparation in every emergency.

In addition to this, he had an abhorrence of all fraud and hypocrisy. It seemed in him instinctive and unconquerable. All was manly, aboveboard, straightforward, as well in his negotiations abroad as in the domestic dissensions he encountered at home, and this disposition, cultivated and practised long in private life, was found to be no less honourable to himself and his country, through his long public career. This it was that won for him so much respect and such remarkable success in his foreign intercourse—aided, to be sure, by a knowledge of his high decision of character and great fearlessness in the discharge of every duty. The indemnities he thus obtained—under a resolution neither to take nor do wrong—not only poured many millions of wealth into the country, of which it had long been pillaged, but strengthened the government, and inspired forbearance abroad in future. The most signal instance of the force of these qualities at home, and the devotedness of all of them to the welfare of his country, was that great occasion when all his energies were summoned to execute the laws, under anticipated

resistance, even against his native state and the most devoted friends of his maturer life. But he no more hesitated in that crisis to tread what seemed to him the path of duty, than did the Roman Brutus in respect to his own son.

The country became more and more confiding, under such trials, in his high moral sense of duty, no less than his patriotism and courage; and the success with which he encountered and defeated difficulties in the cabinet, scarcely less than what he had exhibited in the field, gave one of the best assurances that he possessed, in an eminent degree, some of the highest qualities of a statesman. His labours and triumphs in civil contests seemed almost equal, in arduousness and number, to some we read of in classical mythology. But, instead of being dismayed by their thickening force, he gathered new strength and confidence from the people at large, under every struggle. But the people no more strongly placed their trust in him than he in them. And it was often a maxim on his lips, no less than a guide to his administration, that, under our system of government, no abiding trust could be placed except in the people. If they had not virtue and intelligence and firmness enough to meet any emergency, nothing was safe; but if they, being the source of all political power, justified and stood by him, all was safe; and, when thus supported, he carried through vetoes triumphantly, against the interests and opinions of many friends, no less than foes: he sustained force-bills against the voices of states most devoted to his election; he strangled formidable coalitions, and foiled, or crushed, with unsurpassed firmness, the worst political panics and the most monopolizing combinations.

In all these struggles of civil life, a much higher species of courage is necessary than on the battle-field, as no trumpet, drum, or cannon stirs the blood, no standard floats in the breeze to animate the drooping spirit; but it is a moral firmness, a martyr's devotion to duty, which must usually sustain, encourage, and triumph. Besides that, he had another ally in every crisis. It seemed almost peculiar to his physical as well as intellectual organization, that excitement became one of its elements, and exertion often appeared to invigorate rather than weary.

A mind like his frequently serves to wear out the body, or, like a canker, to eat into the heart, and cause premature decay. But with him it seemed a necessary stimulant to preserve the body, to rouse its enfeebled or fatigued forces, and keep up action enough to continue life. He hardly appeared even to desire any more than need relaxation. Though not insensible to the calls and charms of social intercourse, he could scarcely be said to indulge in any pleasures. And it is a remarkable fact that, while on his northern tour, in the summer of 1833, when festivities, and joy, and triumphal processions, waited on his progress over half the Union, he spent many

laborious hours, stolen from company, and sleep, and sickness, in some of the most complex and difficult business that ever engrossed his public attention. It will readily be seen that no station, near such a man, was a sinecure. He justly held that a public servant owed all his time, as well as energies, to the public. He tolerated, as to this, no plausible excuses or compromises, or metaphysical distinctions. While anything useful remained to be done, his motto was—onward—onward—work—work—work.

Though it was no holiday affair to fill office as he filled it, whether looking to himself or those around him—though requiring, as well as practising, all the watchfulness of an Indian ambuscade, all the vigour, at times, of a forced march to surprise an enemy, all the zeal of a missionary of the Cross, yet his active temperament or military training, apparently so inconvenient to others, was mixed up with a courtesy of manner and kindly consideration of what was due to real infirmity; so that in nothing was he more striking than in all the feelings of a gentleman. He had been formed in that Revolutionary school of politics which added the politeness of the French to the solidity of the English, or the manner of the La Fayettes and Rochambeaus to the strength and intelligence of the Burgoynes and Cornwallises. He exacted nothing which he did not reciprocate; he respected in others all that he asked for himself; and every candid observer soon felt that, however severe his course may at times have seemed at first, yet, in the end, he carried out only that Chesterfieldian as well as Christian injunction, *to do to others as you would be done by.*

Such was his ease in general society, and so delicate his attentions to female excellence, that many, who never met him elsewhere, concluded at once he was more of a courtier, or man of the world, than suited for the conflicts of camps, and parties, and affairs of state. But nothing was farther from truth. The moment over, that had been demanded by social usages or the forms of fashion, his whole soul was in his business; and nothing personal or amusing could ever tempt him into the slightest neglect or abandonment of public duty. Never was he bigoted or exclusive in anything. He was public-spirited in all; nor did any Vandal spirit, however imputed, ever mark his opinions or deeds, even in the fiercest ravages of war or the bitterest excitements of politics; and however the great exigencies of public life may have forced him at times into action and responsibility when others doubted or halted, all his risks were for his country; all the dangers braved were intended to protect the people and the public safety.

That he should have been infallible in all this, none pretend; but that he meant well, and, in the main, did well, and as a whole performed noble service to his country, none can deny. If to err is human, then, if the light of the sun itself be not without some

shades intermingled—can we, taking him all in all, be otherwise than proud of his rank as a man, a soldier, and a statesman? Whether on the Thames or the Ganges—under the tent of the Arab or in marble palaces, it is a distinction to be known as one of his countrymen. Compared with the renowned of other ages and other continents, all America may justly boast of him as a production creditable to the New World. Humanity itself becomes dignified, when man lives up to the height of his powers and his destiny. Though some have regarded him as only a meteor in our horizon, yet so far from that, he will live as a fixed star in history—one of the master minds of the age, carefully formed and practical in his efforts, and worthy the pages of future Plutarchs for many generations to come. The justice of this conclusion will strike us more forcibly, if we notice the contrast between his course and that of many inscribed high on the rolls of past ages; his whole life devoted to defend the liberties of his country, rather than like others to break them down; the passion of his heart to uphold rather than to overturn its constitution and laws, friends and power risked to preserve unimpaired the sacred ties of its union, the sceptre of state relinquished, and, like the humblest citizen, retiring to his farm, instead of striving, like many, to usurp authority, or prolong the pomp and pageantry of office.

In fine, he neither enriched himself by plunder or peculation, nor engrossed office for his family, nor waged a moment's war for ambition or conquest; nor exercised a single new power, nor betrayed an old one, nor filled station an hour but from the will of the people, or in conformity to the charter of their liberties. What to such a man, in sterling worth, are the Cæsars and Napoleons and Santa Anas of history? and what is the value of their bad example, contrasted with the fidelity and patriotism of his, to guide the youth of all coming ages in the cause of public liberty and public virtue? How admirably were his qualities suited to render him a fit statesman for the stormy and responsible dangers of a republic! and how the instinct of our people detected, and appreciated, and honoured such qualities while living, and lament them when departed! Who can say that such a man was not raised up by a kind Providence for our national security in peace, no less than war? And while a nation bedews with tears the green turf where he sleeps, it is not sorrow without hope; for who can doubt that the same guardian power which has shielded us heretofore through the Washingtons and Jacksons, the Jeffersons and Franklins, that crowd the bright galaxy of our history, will raise up other worthies, and train them suitably to meet every peril which may menace us?

Whatever may be the combinations of civil thrones abroad, or whatever the jealousy and injustice sometimes excited at home against those who are true to the cause of popular rights and free

governments, as opposed to despotisms and monopolies and arbitrary dominion of all kinds—the past is full of hope for the future, and inspires the same confidence concerning the salvation of the republic, as was felt by him about his own in the shades of the Hermitage, when his purified spirit bade his countrymen its last farewell. When, in that solemn hour, all his trophies were laid lowly at the foot of the Cross, how joyful, even more than solemn, was such a close to the great drama of his existence on earth! Hallowed by what lofty consolations! Animated by what near reunions to all he had loved most in life! Sustained by what trusts on high! Grateful to what millions, for what confidence and honours below! Charmed by what prospects of enlarged and enlarging greatness to the country that gave him birth, and glory, and rest to his ashes! His last words were said to have been—

"I have finished my destiny on the earth; and it is better that this worn-out frame should go to rest, and my spirit take up its abode with my Redeemer."

If a good close of life be its crowning excellence, his was one of the most fortunate that has fallen to the lot of humanity. Long will the memory of such a man be cherished by an admiring world; and long, very long, may it live in the hearts of his countrymen, and shed a genial influence over their character and institutions. Age and youth, in grateful crowds, till the evening of time, will gather around his tomb, recount his patriotism and glories with tearful eyes, venerate his virtues, and grow wiser and better by the salutary lessons his life inculcates.

EULOGY

DELIVERED AT BALTIMORE, JULY 1, 1845,

BY

GEN. BENJ. C. HOWARD.

FELLOW-CITIZENS:—Penetrated with a most profound sense of the unusual importance of the present occasion, of the solemnity and universality of the public feeling which has given birth to this vast and imposing assemblage, and impressed with a deep conviction of the magnitude of the services rendered to his country by the illustrious man whose death we deplore, and whose memory we honour, I proceed to address you. In no instance in my life have I ever felt such innate shrinking from the performance of a public duty. When a nation mourns, the emblems of its grief address themselves to the imagination of the beholder, and the task of combining and concentrating in words the vivid emotions of an intelligent multitude may be considered hopeless. Everything around us is shrouded in the habiliments of woe. The strains of melancholy music fall upon the ear in plaintive sounds, and around me are the men most conspicuous for excellence in virtue, for honourable stations in society, for talents and character, and all which can dignify human nature. Surrounded by all these incentives to stimulate imagination, how poor is language when it attempts to catch, and embody, and express the feelings which are thus powerfully roused into action! If the speaker were to be actuated by a cold selfishness, he would abandon his duty in despair. But the occasion calls forth the kind and gentle feelings of our nature, and he may well throw himself upon the forbearance of an audience predisposed, from all these circumstances, to the indulgence of the generous, instead of the stern, emotions of the heart.

In assembling, as we have done, to place upon the records of our history, this solemn tribute of respect to the memory of departed worth, we find ourselves in an attitude as novel as it is interesting. Here are men of all political parties, gathering under the flag of

the stars and stripes, to lay aside for a short time all differences of opinion, and in the name of their common country, for the benefit of those who now live, and those who are to come after us, to pay a token of respect to the memory of the patriot and soldier, Andrew Jackson. It is delightful to witness this union. It is refreshing to the contemplative mind, to look at one of these epochs when American citizens can meet around the holy altar of their country, laying aside every feeling which could detract from the solemnity of the occasion. We are around the bier of one of the dead Fathers of the Republic. Though his mortal remains are not actually present, the symbol is here. The funeral car, and the pall-bearers, and all the insignia of mourning, are present to the senses; and the feelings which press upon me as I contemplate these indications of respectful grief, induce me to exclaim, as it was once said upon an occasion infinitely more solemn even than this: "Put off the shoes from thy feet, for the ground on which thou standest is holy." Yes—it is holy ground. Nothing should be felt or said that does not partake of a feeling of awe. Nothing should be felt or said which is not calculated to make us purer patriots and better men. We are told that in the early history of Europe, in the eleventh century, during the seasons of Advent and Lent, there was a cessation of all private warfare from the evening of Thursday to the evening of Sunday in every week. No matter how imbittered were the feuds which prevailed—no matter with what fierceness private injuries were sought to be redressed at the point of the spear and the sword, the warriors of chivalry lowered their pennons when the time came for the "truce of God" to prevail. It was a beautiful institution, established by religious authority to mitigate the ferocity of the age. So it is with us on this day. Under the dispensation of Providence, whose infinite wisdom has suffered no unmitigated evil to afflict those creatures who are the constant recipients of his bounty, even the calamity which the nation mourns, is not without some compensatory good. We are under the "truce of God!" All the banners of political warfare are laid aside; all differences of opinion are merged in the sentiment which fills the bosoms of us all, that he whose life was devoted to a nation's service is entitled to a nation's gratitude. It is the perfume of the gathered flower.

At the foot of this stately column, surmounted by the statue of the only human being whose birthday continued to be celebrated after his death, where a pure and classical taste has written an appropriate eulogium by the simple inscription—

"TO WASHINGTON,"

we can properly assemble to pay respect to the memory of another of those men who belonged to what has been beautifully termed

the "heroic age," and offer our united testimony of respect to Jackson.

"To George Washington" is upon the column in letters as durable as the marble itself. "To Jackson" is upon the hearts of all around in letters equally as lasting, because they are upon the page of history, to remain until the marble shall crumble into dust. The swords of these two men were drawn to oppose the same enemy, and may God, in his protecting Providence, grant that whenever the drum and trumpet shall again summon to arms the now sleeping chivalry of the land, there may be found a third worthy to be associated with Washington and Jackson.

When I look around me and reflect where it is that I am standing, that I am within a few yards of the spot where the gifted author of the "Star-Spangled Banner" drew his last breath, I am tempted to invoke his genius, and say in his language, as my eye rests upon this monument and this celebration,

> Thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
> Between their loved homes and the war's desolation."

The response in every heart will doubtless be, such ever shall be the rewards which a generous people will extend to their patriotic defenders.

The early days of Jackson were passed amongst the scenes of the Revolution, where the mature powers of Washington were incessantly employed; as if, in the highest ranks of patriotism, it was necessary for the youthful aspirant after fame to inhale a pure spirit from his living predecessor; as if nature, fearful lest the race of such men might perish, had directed them to exist in continued and unbroken succession. It seems as if the nation had stood ready, like a sponsor at the font, with one of its own children, offering him as a noviciate, to be trained up in the school of virtue, whilst the ripe and finished patriot was yet in the meridian of his usefulness.

In the camps of the South the youthful Jackson learned that his country was to be served through peril and privation of every kind. It is not surprising that our nation has turned to the men of the Revolution with trust and confidence, for it was solely the impulse of a lofty spirit which carried them to the field. They gave everything to their country; their country had nothing to give them except its approbation, for it was "steeped in poverty to the very lips." The man who has struggled through difficulty, and attained a station in society, where power, and wealth, and patronage have become his own, instinctively turns to the friends of his boyhood for an attachment which he knows to be disinterested; and the nation, with the same instinctive feeling, looks back to the days of its feebleness and poverty, under an intuitive conviction that the

active friends of the penniless boy are sincere in their attachment to the opulent man. But the Revolutionary stock is nearly exhausted. Only a few hoary-headed lingering remnants are found, who, we hope, are awaiting their final summons with the same philosophic and religious composure which shed its mild radiance over the last hours of Andrew Jackson.

We must no more expect to place the doctrines of the nation in the hands of the same men who rocked it in its cradle. Their hands are impotent for every purpose, except that of being raised to Heaven to invoke blessings upon their country. A place of honour has been assigned in this procession to the officers and soldiers of the Revolution; but how few have availed themselves of it! According to the figure of the poet, we see them

> "Walk thoughtful on the solemn, silent shore,
> Of that vast ocean they must sail so soon."

And one by one they go forth in their solitary skiff and disappear from our sight. But their examples, their precepts, their characters remain; and although these are becoming more dim as we recede from them in the progress of time, yet they are also becoming more and more hallowed in the affections of the people. There was a hardihood in the characters of the men of the Revolution, which we do not see exhibited in those of our day; but it is only because circumstances have not drawn it forth. When Andrew Jackson was a youth, he saw his country ravaged by a powerful foe, against whom the intrepid Greene, with his inferior force, was scarcely able to stand. The condition of the southern states was such as to task to the uttermost the strength of the nerve of every one of the inhabitants. There was the daily exhibition of courage in its rarest form; patient, enduring courage, compelled to bide its time for a more active display, and wait, amidst hardships and sufferings, until an approach to an equality in numbers could justify an appeal to combat. Surrounded by such men, and living at such a period, the spirit of the youth acquired that unbending firmness which characterized him in all his after life, in whatever situation he was placed. It is not my purpose to utter a biography of General Jackson. There are few or none present who are not familiar with the leading events of his life—and at all events this is not a fit opportunity for it. All that I can do will be to touch incidentally upon those parts of it which contributed to form or strengthen a character of rare excellence. In the fountains of the Revolution he bathed his youthful spirit, and came into active life invigorated by their healthy influence; and in the wilds of the West he acquired that practical turn of thought which led him to look to results and to what was to be done, rather than to matters of speculation.

The settlers of the western country were compelled to call into activity as much thought for the purpose of building up their political institutions, as physical energy to subdue the wilderness. When the savages were conquered and the woods felled, or even before this was done, they had to construct a government from the foundation stone. It is interesting to contrast the result of their labours with the constitutions of the Atlantic states, formed amidst the din of arms, with less advantages of study and experience, and to see how, in the interval, men's minds had been employed in watching the working of political machines. Throughout the entire western country, there is evidenced a familiarity with abstract principles, which our people, when they framed our constitution, either did not possess or could not carry out. For example, in our own Maryland, prejudices were so little controlled by the natural principles of justice, and were so enduring in the public mind, that it was not until a comparatively recent day that the Hebrew was allowed to mingle with his fellow-citizens upon terms of perfect equality. The union of church and state had been so perfect for half a century before the Revolution, that the builders were afraid entirely to remove that pillar of the old edifice, but contented themselves with throwing open the avenue of office to all Christians of every denomination. But in the West there were no old pillars to be removed. Their statesmen imbibed together the healthy air of the forest, and the pure principles of liberty, as they trod the pathless woods. In their own free hearts they found the latent feeling which carried them straight forward in the path of building up their sacred institutions. Here it is that we find in the character of Andrew Jackson, as well as in many other statesmen of the West, a vigour and boldness of thought inclining him habitually to look to the fundamental principles of the social compact. It is eminently true of all Americans, that they deal practically and familiarly with abstract principles which European philosophers can do little more than meditate upon in the recesses of their closets. But it is, perhaps, more eminently true of the western statesmen who have seen society grow up from the green, traced it through all its gradations, until the healthy plant has shot forth both luxuriant flowers and fruits. The hut in the primitive forest was the seed; a republican government the fruit. These men are accustomed to aim at what is practically useful. In the character of Jackson, this was a leading trait. No artificial refinements obscured his clear perception of what was proper to be done, but his natural sagacity carried him at once to those conclusions which other men work out by a long process of reasoning. His military career strikingly illustrates this. When the British troops landed near New Orleans, it is probable that the nicest calculations of strategy would have dictated an attack upon them on the 23d of De-

cember; but a less firm heart would have hesitated before making a night attack upon disciplined troops, with some regulars, but the greatest part militia. No one can read the history of that period without being convinced that the safety of New Orleans was owing to this masterly and decisive movement. It taught caution to his enemy, and gained time for himself. But it required the highest order of genius to resolve upon it, and the sternest courage to execute it.. And yet so little sensible was he of the hazard of defeat in this really perilous but necessary adventure, that he coolly wrote to the secretary, three days afterwards, "As the safety of the city will depend upon this army, it must not be incautiously exposed." The battle of the 8th of January must for ever stand in military history as a wonder. Well do I remember the universal impression which prevailed in our city, when the tidings of it first reached us, that some strange error had crept into the account, with respect to the disparity of loss on both sides. And even now it is a subject of astonishment. They were the same British troops who had stormed Badajos and St. Sebastian's, making their way over fosses filled with the dead, over piles of loose stones, through what they called a practicable breach of the rampart, and in the face of a disciplined foe. And yet a few cotton bales and a slight ditch was found to be an impassable barrier. What was the cause? It was the cool head, the steady arm, the practised aim of the marksmen of the woods, whose aim was unerring, and who had caught some of the indomitable spirit of their gallant leader. You, my fellow-citizens, those of you who were old enough to participate in the events of the day, felt an intense and peculiar interest in this brilliant achievement.

At least four of the regiments on the side of the invaders were the same which you had yourselves met a few short months before, and who, retiring from your city in a sullen spirit of vengeance, had been recruiting their strength for a more desperate assault upon what they thought to be a more defenceless place. It was a singular coincidence that, with all these unusual causes of deep anxiety for the fate of New Orleans, together with the vivid recollection of the existing scenes exhibited in an invaded city, it was at Baltimore that the news of peace coming from the north, and of victory coming from the south, met each other; and the splendid illumination of the 15th of February was a practical demonstration that the war had closed in a blaze of glory. But who can speak of the 8th of January, 1815, with any hope of suiting his language to the swelling theme. It has long since taken its place among the very few in the American calendar worthy of a national celebration. We have but four: the 22d of February, the 4th of July, the 12th of September, and the 8th of January. They are now consecrated by the universal voice, and he who can add a fifth to the

illustrious roll will stamp his own name also for ever upon the record of his country's fame.

The repulse of the British from New Orleans has always, in my view, assumed additional importance from an opinion which I have entertained and do not see why I should forbear to express. It is, that in case of conquest the British government did not intend to surrender the city under the first article of the treaty of Ghent, providing for a mutual restoration of captured places; but that the ready pliancy of the government of Spain would have easily been persuaded to interpose a protest, and set up a claim founded upon a compulsory cession of Louisiana to France. The reasons for this opinion it is not necessary to state. But it may not be amiss to refer to an extraordinary passage in the letter of the British to the American Commissioners at Ghent, under date of October 8th, 1814, in which they say, "His Catholic Majesty was not a party to the treaty by which the cession (of Louisiana) was made, and if any sanction has been subsequently obtained from him, it must have been, like other contemporaneous acts of that monarch, involuntary, and as such cannot alter the character of the transaction. The Marquis of Yrujo, the Minister of His Catholic Majesty at Washington, in a letter addressed to the President of the United States, formally protested against the cession and the right of France to make it."

He who thinks that this declaration, so strangely introduced into the correspondence, was without a specific object, entertains a different opinion from myself.

If my conjecture is right, from what a multitude of embarrassments did the victory of Jackson free our government? We should have had a repetition of the delay in surrendering posts which had nearly plunged us into a war with England in the second term of Washington, and the peace would have been short-lived.

But it is useless to pursue this subject further.

Of the subsequent life of General Jackson and his connexion with the civil affairs of the country, it is difficult for me to speak in this presence. Not one word will I voluntarily utter which may jar upon the feelings of a single man in this assembly. Conceding to that numerous and respectable part of the nation who opposed the measures of his administration, an anxious desire to promote the welfare of our common country, I feel that I have a right to claim equal honesty of purpose for those who sustained those measures. That part of our history has yet to be written. We are too near the stirring and exciting scenes through which we have passed to divest ourselves of the pride of opinion which belongs to us all, and without laying this aside, an impartial judgment cannot be formed. Turning our eyes away, therefore, from every point of controversy,

let us look upon those subjects where there is no difference of sentiment. There are two portions of the administration of President Jackson into which he threw all the vigour of his general character, to the honour and good of his country. I refer to his attachment to the union of these states, and the preservation of a lofty dignity in his intercourse with foreign nations. Upon these two points he has left the traces of his footsteps in as indelible impressions as those where geologists discover the marks of living animals even in antediluvian rocks. No future president can disregard these landmarks without losing the respect of the American nation just in proportion as he swerves from the visible line; and I will venture to say, that since the origin of the maxim inculcated by Washington, "In peace, prepare for war," a maxim too little regarded, there has been no sentiment uttered so congenial to the spirit and temper of our people as that "whilst we should ask nothing but what is right, so we should submit to nothing that is wrong." It has already passed into a popular saying, and is engraven in letters of fire upon the hearts of the people. Let our rulers take care to ask nothing that is not clearly right; and if they fail in obtaining this, the people, with an unanimous voice, will bear them out when they refuse to submit to what is wrong. Popular governments are essentially pacific, and we may trace the continuance of peace for the last thirty years in Europe, more to the influence which popular rights and principles have acquired, than to any other cause. The age has long since passed away when nations could be plunged into the horrors of war in order that a king might aggrandize his family by placing his grandson on a foreign throne. But just in proportion as a popular government is disinclined to war, is it powerful when its resources are brought out. Let me make a passing remark upon this subject. If it should be our destiny to be again involved in war, as I suppose it must be sooner or later, let your confidence be bestowed upon those legislators only who will effectually call forth the dormant energies of the nation. Two examples are before us of the dangers which flow from insufficient preparation.

Washington and Jackson had to exert all their mighty powers to avoid being overwhelmed; and if you will not believe these two, you would not believe, though one rose from the dead.

The last few years of the life of Jackson were marked by the only useful example which a man can show forth after the work of life is done. Always intense in his feelings, he threw into his devotional character the same fervour which had marked his chequered career, and awaited his final summons with Christian hope and resignation. As the twilight closed in around him, the evening star of his religious faith shed more and more brilliancy upon the darkening scene, until the Christian patriot sunk to sleep.

There is but one more trumpet that can rouse the soldier from his slumber. May we not hope, when we reflect upon his long life spent in the service of his country, that he will appear with his five talents in his hand, saying, "Behold, I have gained other five over and above;" and that the response will be, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

The impression which Andrew Jackson made upon the time in which he lived, is agreed by all to have been deep, and its importance to be great. But how immeasurably is this importance enhanced by the reflection, that numerous and powerful as the American people are, we are still in our infancy. There are those within the sound of my voice whose eyes will witness the close of this century; and in the year 1900, before they taste of death, what will be the spectacle exhibited to their gaze? I know that we are reproached with living always in anticipation, and boasting of the greatness which is yet to come. But if we do allow ourselves to raise the curtain of futurity, and gaze upon the distant prospect, it is only to impress more thoroughly upon our minds the conviction that the destiny of unborn millions depends upon us and our actions. The course of public events in our day, casts its shadow or its brightness down the long vista of time, and every important step of the government will draw after it a long train of consequences which cannot be avoided.

I could have wished to have said something of the effects which the life and character of Jackson are likely to produce upon future generations; but time will not permit. And perhaps, too, the speculation would be unsuited to the present purpose. What we desire to accomplish by the ceremonies of this day, is that we may all return to our pursuits in life, with our love of country increased, and our admiration of excellence stimulated. We have met under the conviction that our country belongs to us all, as our common property, in the preservation of whose honour every man feels a personal interest. It is said that in the peninsular war, individuals of the hostile armies met, during the interval of a brief truce, upon the banks of a small stream ensanguined by their recent conflict, and exchanged friendly greetings while they sought to slake their thirst. After the celebration of this day shall be over, and we return to the cares and occupations of the busy world, with all its differences of opinion, let us not forget that we are bound up in a common destiny, whether it be for good or for evil; that there is much, very much, in our public concerns, upon which we have only the feeling which belongs to American citizens; and that whenever the occasion shall arise for the children of the family to reassemble around the domestic altar, we shall be found ready, heart and hand, to sustain our country's cause, and to swear upon that altar, "The Union must and shall be preserved."

EULOGY

DELIVERED AT ALBANY, JUNE 30, 1845,

BY

JOHN VAN BUREN,

ATTORNEY-GENERAL OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

FELLOW-CITIZENS:—This country for the last two weeks has presented a picture which every philosopher and patriot should love to contemplate. On Sunday, the 8th of this month, an event occurred in a far distant section of the Union, the announcement of which, as it passed from quarter to quarter, with the celerity of communication now so extraordinary, caused a deep and mournful sensation in the popular heart, the intensity of which was certainly never exceeded in the present century. Courts of justice, legislative and municipal bodies in session, or specially assembled for the occasion, as the tidings came, gave expression to their grief, and immediately adjourned. The chief magistrate of the Union, by public proclamation, directed the business of government to be suspended. City followed city in manifestations of sorrow. The emporium of our state, unequalled in our young republic for its extent, its activity, its enterprise, and its continued strife, bustle, confusion of trade, bowed down in sadness and was hushed in silence. All ordinary avocations were suspended, and tens of thousands of her citizens marched through her majestic streets in a funeral procession unexampled in its numbers and in its solemnity. Public and private buildings were clad in mourning. Eloquent and touching eulogiums were delivered, and everything betokened that deep affliction had befallen that city. The melancholy intelligence reaches the capital of our state. The public authorities of the state and city exhibit the same feelings of distress, and it is accompanied by similar marks of respect and mourning. The military and civic societies—our citizens without distinction of party—all ages, sexes, and conditions, assembled to commemorate the event by appropriate ceremonies. Universal grief is depicted on the

face of the people of the United States—profound sorrow penetrates the popular heart.

Why are these things so? What event is heralded that causes this wide-spread movement? What mean these funeral ceremonies, that we have just performed? What these trappings of woe, that meet our eyes at every glance? Why is the music that we have just heard, and which is so capable of moving joy and mirth, now so plaintive and so sad? Why am I here, amid many whom I am unaccustomed to meet on public occasions, addressing you in a strain so unusual, if not unnatural? What universal, pervading, crushing affliction has befallen this country?—what calamity has befallen this people? It is, my friends—I see, and feel, and know that it is—*a national mourning for a nation's loss.* Andrew Jackson, who has, in an unsurpassed degree, engrossed the public attention for the last thirty years—a soldier, whose brilliant military exploits are the pride and glory, as they were the noble defence, of his country—a statesman, who, through a long, useful, and eventful public life, was fully sustained by a large majority of the American people—and a man who had, above all others, the merit of attaching to him the warmest regard, and, as some think, idolatrous devotion—of an honesty that all must respect, and a simplicity that a child might love,—Andrew Jackson is dead! and a void is left in the public mind and public heart that we, probably, shall never live to see filled. We are only beginning to realize this truth. Startled, stunned, bewildered, by the melancholy intelligence, sufficient time has not elapsed to ascertain the length and breadth of the loss we have sustained; but the public appreciation of it may be gathered from the circumstances to which I have already alluded. A stranger to our institutions, and to the character of Andrew Jackson, in view of a scene such as I have faintly described, on sight of the assemblage here present to-day, would naturally inquire, What high title did the illustrious person hold whom you have assembled to honour? Or, as in your country titles are unknown, what high station did he occupy at the time of his decease? None, sir, none: he was, and had been for eight years, a private citizen. Then, perhaps, he was a neighbour? No, sir: his residence was distant thousands of miles. But probably he was a frequent visiter at your city, and personally well known to the inhabitants? No, sir: I believe he never was in Albany; and probably not a tenth of the persons present ever saw him. Was his death sudden? No, sir: every mail for months had been feared as freighted with the tidings of his decease. Then he must have had relations dwelling among you, and a long line of the bereaved and sorrowing swell this crowd, or suggested this demonstration? Alas! no, sir: he had not a single blood relation in the world. Confounded by the peculiarity of these circumstances, he might then

suggest that some law had been passed, or some proclamation or order issued by some superior power, directing this assemblage and ceremony. Still the answer would be, No, sir, no! this is a spontaneous gathering of the people themselves, to do honour to a private citizen who was a public benefactor! And you, fellow-citizens, do right thus to honour the illustrious dead. It is peculiarly an American duty. Other countries lavish titles and estates upon successful public men, which are transmitted to their descendants; pensions are liberally bestowed upon them and their families; splendid monuments are erected to their memories. But, with us, the highest title a soldier or statesman can earn, or should wish, is that of being his country's benefactor—his richest pension, the people's gratitude—his proudest and most durable monument, to be enshrined in their hearts; and witnessing, as we do daily, when individuals of high standing and character are taken from us by death, how rapidly the progress of our several avocations, or the occurrence of more recent and startling events, crowd him from the public recollection, we can appreciate the wisdom and patriotism of arresting, even for a day, this current which sweeps the things of the present into the oblivion of the past; of marking the day by memorable observances, and dedicating it to mournful reflection.

By your partiality, fellow-citizens, I have been invited to participate in your proceedings this day. If an elaborate eulogium upon the character and virtues of General Jackson had been expected, I am sure a speaker would have been selected who had cultivated more carefully the grace of oratory. If a minute narration of even the stirring events of his extraordinary career had been desired, I should have been obliged to ask you to excuse me, from want of time for preparation. But such is not my impression of either your feelings or expectations. Andrew Jackson needs no eulogy. The greatness of character necessarily impresses itself upon the age in which it exists. No storied urn, or sculptured shaft, or eloquent recital is necessary to fix in the public mind the memory of virtues strongly marked. So, too, the deeds of a statesman and patriot constitute the history of the country; they are found in elementary books of instruction; they are studied in youth, and reperused in mature age, and form a part of the ordinary information of our citizens; or, if too recent to be thus written, their boldness and brilliancy arrest and retain the public attention.

Nor is this the time or the occasion for anything like a minute narrative of the military and civil career of Andrew Jackson. It is natural, however, in dwelling upon his memory, to recall his appearance and some of the prominent features of his character; and, in connexion with these, the mind necessarily reverts to a few of the incidents of his life. I do not hope, in doing this, to bring to your attention any novel or unfamiliar facts. It is the

pride and boast of his admirers, that the great events of Andrew Jackson's life are widely, almost universally known; and in reverting to some of them to-day, I should be more properly regarded as one of you, sharing in your reflections, and thinking aloud, than, as a public speaker, aiming to instruct or enlighten.

The most striking feature of Gen. Andrew Jackson's character was an irresistible energy. No man could be associated, or even acquainted with him, without feeling its influence. It pervaded even his personal appearance, and made itself felt by his simple presence. Above the ordinary height, and spare in person, his frame seemed incapable of enduring even slight fatigue; but his erect carriage, firm stride, deep and brilliant eye, emphatic gesture, and nervous, sententious mode of speech, denoted a spirit within, that no obstacle could repress, no danger appal. His health was ever feeble; and it may safely be said that, from the commencement of his public services, in 1812, till the day of his death, was never twenty-four hours free from pain. But no suffering of his body could depress, or even embarrass, the spirit that inhabited it. His campaign in 1813–14, against the Creek Indians, furnishes a happy illustration of his character. The order that summoned him to the Creek war, found him on a bed of sickness. It was received on the 24th of September, 1813. The next day he ordered his troops to rendezvous at Fayetteville on the 4th of October.

On the 7th, he took command in person, and on the 3d of November opened the campaign with the fatal blow struck at Talluskahatchee, where 186 Creeks were left dead upon the field. On the 7th of November, he met and vanquished over 1,000 Creek warriors at Talladega, leaving them to mourn the loss of 300 slain.

It was then, and ever after, the firm and well-founded belief of Gen. Jackson, that he would have gloriously terminated the war in one month, if he had been sustained with men, and supplied as he had every reason to expect; but, abandoned by a portion of his men, and reinforcements failing, the campaign was protracted. The brilliant resistance at Emuckfaw—the gallant and bloody passage at Enotochopco—took place in the month of January, and the campaign was closed in a blaze of glory, on the 27th of March, by the total rout at Tohopeka, or the Horseshoe, where an entrenched camp, defended by 1,000 chosen warriors, was carried by storm, 550 chiefs stretched upon the earth, and 300 prisoners taken. The Indians then sued for peace; and, on the 10th of July, an advantageous treaty was concluded with them, by the brave chieftain who had carried terror and destruction through their borders.

This campaign against the Creeks illustrates most forcibly the native vigour of his character, and the fertility of his resources. It was undertaken with most limited means—the greater portion of the time his troops had not five days' rations at command. It was

prosecuted in a distant and savage country, with raw levies of militia, against the most warlike of the Indian tribes, in the face of mutiny, want, desertion, and panic, by a major-general of militia, who had never served in a subordinate rank, and never before commanded in battle. If anything were wanting to exhibit in bold relief the splendour of this achievement, it is abundantly furnished by the history of subsequent Indian wars. In this history may be found many contrasts, but no parallel.

I shall allude to but one other event in his military career. His gallant and successful conduct drew towards him universal attention; and President Madison but conformed to the general expectation, by tendering to him, as he did, on the resignation of General Hampton, the post of brigadier-general in the army. The resignation of General Harrison, shortly after, enabled the president to offer him the post of major-general; and the two commissions were received simultaneously, and the latter accepted.

On the 22d November, 1814, General Jackson left Mobile for New Orleans, where he arrived on the 1st December. It was known that a large British force was on its way to New Orleans. The importance of defending that city could not be overrated. The troops that were to invade it were flushed with the victories of Bladensburg and Washington. Citizens who should have defended it were strongly suspected of disaffection. Whilst a hostile army of tried veterans, strong in numbers, exact in discipline, confident of success, were advancing in front, the ill-regulated levies of militia who were to oppose them were surrounded by the timid, the doubtful, and the treacherous. No commander was ever environed with greater difficulties—none ever met them with greater spirit and success. His wonderful power of inspiring confidence in those around him, and the vigour and skill of his movements for the defence of the city, soon changed the aspect of affairs. When he reached New Orleans, few thought it capable of being defended; in two days after, none thought it susceptible of being taken.

But it was obvious to General Jackson that success depended on a prompt defensive movement—an attack must be made on the invading army the instant they landed. In answer to an express from General Carroll, whose division had been delayed on its way to New Orleans, he said, "I am resolved, feeble as my force is, to assail the enemy on his first landing, and perish sooner than he shall reach the city." The determination, thus nobly expressed, was promptly executed. The British landed on the 23d, fifteen miles below New Orleans. The intelligence was communicated to Jackson at one o'clock in the afternoon, and the same evening he attacked them with his whole disposable force.

For a most interesting account of this desperate and bloody engagement, I refer you to the narration of an English officer who

was engaged in it, in a work entitled "Campaigns in America, by a Subaltern." I well remember his description of the confusion, dismay, and death of that eventful night. Commodore Patterson commanded a schooner which dropped down the Mississippi, abreast of the British line, and anchored. When hailed by their sentinels a third time, he said, "Give them this, boys! for the honour of America," accompanied by a shower of grape and canister.

This battle saved New Orleans. It checked the treacherous, confirmed the wavering, inspired the true. It was, too, in the judgment of the military men, a masterly movement. The enemy till then had been unmolested; they had reason to expect a friendly reception; the next day they would have advanced on New Orleans. The night assault on the 23d checked and drove them back —it taught them respect for the American arms, and led them to over-estimate the number of our forces. It came upon them at night, in a strange land, unexpected, and when but a part of their forces were landed. It carried confusion and panic into their ranks, and dispelled the terror of their invincibility; and although the brilliant victory of the 1st of January, and the total and memorable rout of the 8th, finally expelled the invaders, they but completed and perfected what the master-stroke of the 23d had so well begun. The forces of the British vastly exceeded those of the attacking party; and this fact strongly illustrates the natural and intuitive skill of General Jackson in the art of war. It was the maxim of Napoleon, the great master of this science, that an inferior force should never wait to be attacked; for, by advancing, they either fall with all their strength on a single point when they are not expected, or meet the opposing columns on the advance, when bravery gives the victory—or, in his own nervous language, "*C'est une affaire de têtes de colonnes où la bravoure seule décide tout.*"

There were many points of resemblance between Napoleon and Jackson. Both were remarkable for impetuosity; both acted on the offensive; both, in emergencies, hazarded much, if not all, on the celerity and success of their assaults; both carried a war into the heart of an enemy's country; both were celebrated for rapidity and exactness of combination; both startled their adversaries by sudden and unlooked-for attacks. There was a similarity even in the impassioned, sententious, and sanguine appeals of both to their respective armies; and both attained signal and brilliant success. But, fortunately for our country, and for him whose fame we cherish, the points of difference are equally striking. Napoleon aimed at the conquest of a world, and would have established a sole monarchy, if not despotism; his restless ambition knew no goal short of universal dominion; and, after overrunning, with his successful armies, a great part of the globe, he was driven from his

kingdom and his throne, confined in a solitary and remote island, and his uncontrollable spirit fretted itself out against the bars of the prison. Jackson drew his sword only at his country's call; it was never wielded but in defence of her soil, her rights, and liberties; he sheathed it but to return to the bosom of his family and the pleasure of domestic life; he was attended always by the grateful plaudits of a people whose liberties he had defended, and, after receiving the highest honours of the republic, his last days were cheered with the sight of a country's prosperity, to whose service his life had been devoted, and he is followed to the grave by a nation of mourners.

Fellow-citizens: I have thus far spoken exclusively of the martial conduct of the illustrious deceased. A few of the marked events of his life have been referred to as illustrating it. He had other traits of character, which drew to him a large share of the public attention and regard; and, in referring to them, I may incidentally advert, in some degree, to portions of his public and private life, which have been the subject of angry discussion. I do so in no spirit of party. I shall even seek to forget that his great name was ever connected with party divisions. If a sense of ordinary propriety did not induce me to this course, the scene now around me, and the circumstances which have led to it, admonish me to abstain. Here, in the city of Albany, where party conflicts run highest and hottest, where the annual assemblage of the legislature freshens and renews political divisions—here, in our streets which have resounded for ten years with the slogan of Jackson's name, and on the very spot from which his praise and his censures have been so freely spoken—our citizens, under the lead of the common council, without distinction of party, are assembled to do honour to the memory of a great democratic leader, forgetting in his grave all but his patriotism and his valour. I shall endeavour to imitate this honourable magnanimity, by wholly omitting a specific reference to those acts of his civil life which, in my sincere and humble judgment, would constitute the brightest flower in his chaplet of fame.

But it will be no departure from this rule to claim for this illustrious man the meed of true patriotism. A life devoted to the service of his country, a frame enfeebled in its defence, and an ardent, generous popular attachment, are witnesses not to be resisted. His earliest strength was given to our defence—his latest prayers were for our prosperity. And there were two occasions in his presidential career, when the spirit of party was hushed, and the country, with almost one accord, rallied to his support. The first was the bold and manly stand that he took with our ancient ally, France; and the second, the vigorous enforcement of the laws in his native

state of South Carolina. His earnest sincerity and stern resolution on both these occasions were crowned with emphatic success.

Popular liberty, in its largest sense, had no more thorough devotee than Andrew Jackson. Inheriting from his father a hatred of Great Britain; taken prisoner in childhood by the British forces in the Revolution, and exposed to cruel indignities; a mother and brothers sinking into the grave under British barbarity; engaged for a large portion of his military life in desperate conflicts with savages incited by British emissaries, and sickening at the atrocities they committed; and, finally, a leader in those great victories over the British troops which have immortalized his name,—every sentiment of his nature, and every aspiration of his heart, was imbued with jealousy of British influence, aversion to the British form of government, and horror of British tyranny. This predominant idea coloured every action of his public life. It was earliest in his mind, most present with him through life, and one of the last to leave him in death. Whenever invasion or encroachment was threatened from that quarter, all his sensibilities were awakened, all his indignation aroused. Whenever he thought he saw a disposition to warp our simple, free, and equal government into an aristocratic direction, he opposed a stern but honest, uncalculating but always successful resistance. In some instances, he may have misjudged; but his impulses were always honest, and sustained by public approbation. And it is a singular tribute to inflexible honesty, as well as splendid genius, that, although such were his feelings and his conduct towards Great Britain, no American stood higher in the estimation of the British public, as I have had frequent personal opportunities of knowing; and although his mode of presenting our claims on France interrupted, for a time, the diplomatic relations of the two countries, and involved, in some degree, a personal issue with its king, the last portrait of his venerable form was taken for, and at the solicitation of, Louis Philippe.

His personal attachments were strong and immoveable—he never forsook a friend. Open, frank, and ingenuous in his nature, he heeded no misrepresentations of those he loved, and cherished no suspicion; and this trusting, truthful attachment, was fully returned by his friends; his popularity was unbounded—the personal devotion to him almost romantic.

His habits in life were simple in the extreme. Frugal in his diet, the luxuries of the presidential mansion passed by him untouched; modest and unostentatious, quiet and unpretending, no man seemed less to covet the notoriety which for the last thirty years of his life it was impossible to avoid; distinguished for the natural ease and elegance of his manners, with a brilliant reputation and sufficient fortune, he would have received unwonted honours in any foreign land. Yet he never left the United States:

and never expressed a desire to do so, unless it might be to march into Canada during the last war. Wedded to the endearments of domestic and private life, he manifested the sincerity of his attachment to them, by resigning the successive offices of United States senator, judge of the Supreme Court, and others which he held, and declining several that were tendered to him, and devoting himself to his profession and family.

He never seemed conscious of personal danger. By this, I do not mean that he experienced no fear—or still less, that he was possessed of courage. These are qualities that may be, and frequently are, found in the worst of our species. Education, habit, accident, may invest any one with courage; animals possess it. But General Jackson had something more. His whole life is studded with examples of this. I refer to a few, which are selected as most unnatural, and most likely to have disturbed his composure. When a young man felt called upon to attempt an indignity upon him, stricken in years, and president of the United States, his cane was instantly raised to chastise him, and he was with difficulty restrained. When an exasperated mob surrounded the President's House, and threatened his life, the marshal offered him a score of constables; the military and naval officers volunteered to him a guard; the members of his cabinet, and other friends, desired to watch with him in his house: he resolutely declined all these offers. Towards evening he procured two or three guns, and, with only his nephew and a servant in the house, went to sleep as quietly as an infant in his cradle. When an assassin set upon him in the capitol, with a double-barrelled pistol loaded, as he was making his way out from a funeral, after one barrel had been snapped within ten feet of his face, and the other was pointed at him, he advanced upon the madman with uplifted cane, and would have struck him to the earth, but for the interference of friends. He was never taken by surprise—counted no odds—required no notice. I doubt if ever a man lived of such immoveable nerve, who was so entirely unconscious of personal danger—so wholly forgetful of himself and his perils.

His attention to young men was of the most kind and attentive character. He had no children, and, as has been so beautifully said of General Washington, Providence denied him children, that he might be the father of his country. He entered into all the feelings of youth, sympathized with its amusements and pleasures, forgave its frailties, was always ready with advice and assistance for those who asked either, and manifested a sincere and warm interest in the conduct and fortunes of his young acquaintances. How this added to his fascination, may well be judged.

In 1794, he was married to his late wife, Rachel Donelson, who had previously been divorced from her husband, Mr. Robards. She

is described as having been remarkable for beauty, affability, and sweetness of temper; and nothing could exceed the tenderness and touching devotion of General Jackson to her kindred. Perhaps I do wrong to expose so tender and delicate a relation as a husband's love to the rude gaze of the public; but those who knew the lamented deceased would hardly recognise his character if this distinguished feature were absent. During her life, she had not a wish ungratified, not a want unanticipated. Her remotest kindred became as her nearest and dearest relatives—her ordinary acquaintances as his most attached friends. After her death, which occurred just previous to his assuming the presidency, her image was ever at his side, thoughts of her ever in his mind. He declined the honour of an imperial sarcophagus, and only sought a tomb by her side. His dying moments were cheered, at his request, by bringing her portrait in his sight; and his last breath wafted to heaven a prayer that he might join her! He was a truly good man. Not that he passed his days in deeds of ostentatious benevolence—not that he sought out splendid altars at which to worship—not that he attached himself, in early life, to a particular sect, or adopted particular tenets, and considered all who differed from him as irretrievably lost. His was not a religion of clime or a country, or a sect or a persuasion; but he illustrated, in his daily walk and conduct, by acts of private benevolence, kind regard for all around him, universal charity and love—that true piety of the heart that worships God everywhere and any way, that cannot be feigned, and invites no false imitation; and when he came to die, he manifested the courage of a true believer. Death comes in many shapes where it may be met unmoved. In the rage of battle, amid the din of arms, in the confusion and shock of contest, the cheer of the victors, and the groans of the vanquished, I am told, and can well imagine, all sense that life is in jeopardy is banished. So, too, where a strong man, in the vigour of his health and intellect, in the full possession of his faculties, is summoned to yield to the king of terrors, his constancy may not forsake him. But to sit for weeks bowed down with bodily anguish, the eye and the ear gradually growing dull, the faculties failing; to watch the sands of life surely and palpably wasting away—if I may so speak—thus prostrated and enfeebled, to stare death in the face, and describe his approaches in writing to your friends; to summon one's family to the bedside, and calmly take leave of each member of it; to calmly await his fatal stroke without inviting or avoiding it; he who does this, must rise above and beyond the allurements, the vexations, and the pains of this world, and feel an assured hope of a glorious immortality.

So died Andrew Jackson! at peace with God and man, forgiving

his enemies, and invoking blessings on his country. May it be said of those who are now looking into his new grave to cavil and censure, that their last end was like his!

Fellow-citizens, I have thus faintly and feebly sketched the character of him whose memory we honour. I have committed my remarks to paper, because, otherwise, I could not be certain what I should say, and I wished carefully to avoid giving any offence. I know I have imperfectly discharged the duty assigned to me. I have made nothing that deserves the name of preparation, nor should I wish to do so; death gives no note of preparation, and he who follows his shafts, and mounts over the desolation they cause, should require no preparation. Grief vents itself in simple and unstudied language. Elaborate eulogies may be impressive or the reverse, not according to the merit of the subject, but to the skill of the performer.

The appearance of mourners here to-day is most suitable. The Masonic fraternity lament the loss of a high officer; these splendid volunteer companies do right to honour one who won his earliest honours in the ranks of the militia, and reflected glory on the citizen soldiery. The officers and privates of the army most fitly pay respects to one who, with a single bound, sprang to their front ranks, and in a twelvemonth's career immortalized the skill and valour of the American arms. Benevolent societies! you should be here, for benevolence has lost a patron. Executive, legislative, judicial officers, Jackson was the associate of some, the predecessor of others, the compeer of all of you. Few and lingering survivors of those who achieved our independence, a comrade has preceded you, who shed his most youthful blood at your side; you do well to gather and to grieve round his tomb. Ladies! you are honouring one, the most gallant of mankind—one who repelled the invaders of our country, pressing forward under the brutal watchword of "beauty and booty"—one whose whole heart was bound up in an individual of your sex, whom he loved in life, and whose death he continually mourned; but through whom, and in whom, and for whom, he respected and honoured all the rest of the sex.

Citizens all! your presence here is natural and necessary. The United States have lost a defender, humanity a friend, the world a benefactor.

Fellow-citizens! a word at parting. Fifty years from to-day, and in the ordinary course of human events, he who addresses you, and all those within reach of his voice, will slumber in the grave. These forms, now so vigorous, voices so full, eyes so bright, will have passed away; probably the party divisions of the day will be effaced; perhaps the government itself may be changed. But the

fame of him we now honour will be perpetuated in song and in story—history will record his great deeds—poetry will illustrate his many virtues—the canvass and the marble will hand down his lineaments to posterity; and whatever personal or party feeling may now suggest, it will then be no mean praise to say of us, "He was the one who joined in a tribute of respect and gratitude to the patriot Jackson."

EULOGY

DELIVERED AT PITTSBURGH, JULY 17, 1845,

BY THE

Hon. WILSON McCANDLESS.

"The Lord of Hosts has taken away the mighty man, and the man of war," the accomplished civilian and the great captain of the age.

The people praise him—the nation mourns him: he has gone down to an humble and unpretending tomb, there to await the summons of the archangel to the resurrection of the just.

What a spectacle is here presented to the eye of the civilized world! This is no tribute to power, no suppliancy to wealth; no bowing of the knee to congregated authority. It is the voluntary offering of a free and generous constituency to one linked to them by ties that nature holds indissoluble. Like the silver cord of pure affection, which connects us with beings of the spiritual world, these ties cannot be severed by the convulsions of personal and party warfare. In one mind and one spirit, and as brethren of the same household, you have come up to this place in sadness to perform a melancholy but patriotic duty.

The bells have tolled—the funeral song is sung—the muffled drum has revealed its mournful tale—the proud emblem of our national sovereignty is shrouded in sable—the trumpet to the cannon speaks throughout the land, that one of her gifted sons has fulfilled his destiny, and surrendered his spirit to God who gave it.

And, fellow-countrymen, in commemorating the virtues of departed worth; in celebrating a name full of interest and love of country, let us not forget that this Hero, like his great prototype of the Revolution, relied not on his own arm, but upon that Omnipotence which controls the operations of republics and kingdoms, and who also sheds upon us His tender mercies, with all the renovating influence of the early and the latter rain.

Emulating this illustrious example, derived from high authority, let us not worship false gods in the hour of our extremity.

Potent as may be our means of attack and defence, proud as we may be of our prowess and valour, and animated with a consciousness of the rectitude of our cause, we must look to the Source of all power for that assistance which commands success.

Jackson's nativity was amid the happy hills, the pleasant shades, and refreshing gales of the Palmetto State—that state which he regarded with filial love, but whose truant spirit he was compelled to rebuke, when in after years she manifested a rebel disposition towards the government which in justice and wisdom he administered.

He cherished that state. With touching sensibility he remembered the play-grounds of his early days; and when in the stern reality of mature life, he was called, by the responsibility of his political position, to correct the errors and defections of her statesmen, he did so as one honouring his parentage, but resolved to execute his high commission.

Nursed in the lap of a mother who fled from the oppression of a foreign land to seek refuge in this, he imbibed those sentiments of patriotism which prompted him, when a stripling, to battle against a sovereign who arrogated to himself the name of the Lord's anointed.

That mother offered up her whole family, except her last-born son, upon the altar of her country; and, like Abraham, she would have sacrificed him too, had not her hand been stayed by an invisible Power.

That same spirit which animated the mothers of New England, prior to the contest of Lexington, actuated her to resist foreign aggression, although at the expense of domestic immolation,—and as son after son shouldered his musket, and departed to participate in the danger and glory of the great struggle for republican liberty, that mother forgot the natural yearnings for her offspring, in her deep-seated love for the land of her adoption. She knew not, at that early period, the reward that was in store for her favoured and favourite child. Her imagination had not pictured a new empire springing into existence, which would rival the Colossus of the Old World—one that would humble his strength, and dry up the sources of his power—and she could not see in the youthful Carolinian the successful general or the popular president of a new republic, predestinated to revolutionize the workings of the social system. But if it is permitted to those called hence, to witness, from their lofty sphere, the changes and chances of this life, to partake of our joys and sorrows, with what maternal exultation must she have pursued his brilliant career, and gazed with fondness upon its happy termination.

Education, profound or polite, was not to be acquired during the stirring scenes of the Revolutionary war. The schoolmaster was there, but his superiority was superseded by a higher authority. Even the sanctity of the "Meeting House," where the Rev. Mr. Humphries instructed Jackson in the dead languages, was invaded, and the pedagogue and his pupils were placed upon an equality in preparing for the common defence. Books were turned into wadding. The ferule was supplanted by the sword, and the fool's-cap by the helmet. The hunting-shirt took the place of the roundabout, and the rifle and the powder-horn that of the satchel. The juvenile ramparts thrown up at mid-day were deserted, and protection was sought for in the forts and block-houses of the early pioneers.

In the midst of all this excitement, Jackson acquired the rudiments of an education, which, riveted upon his strong faculties, enabled him to surmount difficulties in his subsequent acquisitions of knowledge, which were illustrated in the military and intellectual achievements of his maturer years.

His mother died when, with Christian zeal, she was in the fulfilment of an errand of mercy to the prison-ships at Charleston.

Isolated, stript of the endearments of home and consanguinity, and in the possession of a trifling patrimony, he entered upon those studies that were to fit him for the world's criticisms and the world's charity.

Waxhaw had no more charms for him; the last link that connected him with that spot was broken. Beneath the broad elm in the rural church-yard, was deposited the mortal remains of her to whom he looked for advice and consolation. The old thatched roof, which protected him in infancy, was only associated with death and desolation. The spring, at his father's door, where he allayed his thirst ofter the pastime of a summer day, had no longer refreshment for him. His companions were all gone—they had been sacrificed to the vengeance of a ruthless tyranny. But he goes, leaving the scenes of his youth and his early associations, and enters upon the study of the law.

Notwithstanding the perplexities incident to this pursuit, and greatly aggravated by an imperfect education, he triumphed here, as in the field of battle; and his indomitable courage and love of adventure prompted him to explore a scene of future action, suited to the bravery and independence of his character.

Boon and his companions had been monarchs of all they surveyed. They had contended for supremacy upon the dark and bloody ground, where many a battle was lost and won with an intrepidity that commanded, as it deserved, the admiration of succeeding generations.

Wild and uncivilized as was this territory at the period now re-

ferred to, the Anglo-Saxon blood could not be restrained within its limits, but bursting the bounds of semi-civilized society, sought a more extensive field upon which to develope its love of forest life, its excitements and toils.

Tennessee opened a new area for the youthful ardour of the country. Rich in valleys and plains, teeming with the rare verdure of an untilled soil, and interspersed with barren hills which yield no products

"But man and steel, the soldier and his sword;"

many a young man wandered there, to test the strength of his constitution, and to carve his way to glory and to fame—

Thence went Andrew Jackson.

The incursions and the depredations of the savages soon afforded him an opportunity to display those military qualities, which subsequently raised him to posts of the highest distinction. His bravery excited fear from his enemies, and commanded their admiration. The red warrior who fired the cabin and scalped the unprotected mother and children, received his recompense in the deadly aim of our hero's fire-arms—confidence was excited in the ability of the white man to hold at bay, and finally subdue this formidable antagonist, and although the crack of the rifle, and the yell of the Indian, yet assailed the ear of the people, they assembled in solemn council, to form a constitution for their mutual government and safety.

To that covention Jackson was elected a delegate; and he there exhibited the same skill and discernment in laying the foundations of a state, that he exhibited in other grave enterprises, civil and military. Stout hearts and strong minds were present at that convocation; and among them, pre-eminent in judgment and debate, was the subject of this eulogy. They modelled a constitution, republican and conservative in its character, and were admitted into

"The immortal league of love that binds
Our fair broad empire, state with state."

Talents of the high order manifested by him were not permitted to slumber in the seclusion of obscurity. Honoured with the approbation of a constituency whom he prized and loved, he was sent by acclamation to represent the people of the new-born state in the Congress of the Union. Thence he was transmitted to that august body, the Senate of the United States, there to be associated with some of the founders and fathers of the republic, in maturing a system of laws in conformity to the great fundamental instrument of our national creation.

Although he was neither "the cunning artificer, nor the eloquent orator," he was gifted by Heaven with those masculine powers of mind which rendered him a valuable adjunct to the senators by whom he was surrounded. The principal measure to which he devoted his attention, during his legislative career, was the repeal of the alien law, that odious enactment so repugnant to the spirit of our inimitable institutions.

Anxious for that retirement so often sought for, and seldom attained by the eminent and the good, he abandoned the stage of political collision, before the expiration of his constitutional term, and took up his abode on the sunny banks of the Cumberland river.

Like the noble old Roman, he was not permitted to repose long under his own vine and fig-tree, until popular sentiment called him to the exercise of the highest judicial functions of the state.

Distrustful of his legal attainments, and his ability to spread the broad platform on which was to rest the jurisprudence of Tennessee in all future time, he accepted and exercised the duties of his high vocation only for a limited period.

Clear and discriminating, he looked more to the essence than to the bodily form of the subject. Justice, equity, a sense of right, prevailed over mere legal technicality; and when his decree *was* made, it was as unalterable as the laws of the Medes and the Persians. More—when the ministerial authority was set at defiance by the turbulent spirits of the day, he was the first to inculcate, by his presence and courage, unconditional submission to the laws. In this he illustrates the force and beauty of our political system.

When the whole popular momentum is brought to bear, by the exigency of a single writ, upon an insubordinate member of society, the bench, the workshop, and the pulpit may be impressed into the civil police, to restore order, or compel a compliance with the judgments of the constitutional courts of the country. The offended or defeated party may appeal to Cæsar, but he must respect the edicts of the lesser tribunal. Upon this is dependent the proper administration of justice to all classes of the community.

Jackson found many, during his brief judicial career, who regarded animal force as paramount to legal obligation, and he checked the revolutionary spirit by a ready and resolute compliance, on his own part, with the requisitions of the proper office, enjoined to execute the mandates of the law.

Once more in retirement, surrounded by ardent friends and generous neighbours, and in the enjoyment of that recreation necessary for the restoration of a debilitated constitution, the judge was merged in the farmer, and he so continued until his country called him to the protection of our southern frontier, from the attacks of a bloody and relentless adversary.

With alacrity he obeyed the call. To his standard flocked hun-

dreds of his countrymen, eager as himself for the fight. The close of the campaign showed that the valour attributed to each was not counterfeit or misplaced.

To the Creek war we may refer with pride and satisfaction, as rivalling in glory the achievements of the youthful Corsican upon the plains of Italy.

Encompassed everywhere with the apprehension of disease, and the reality of famine, victory succeeded victory, until the machinations of Tecumseh, the divinations of his brother the Prophet, and the "savage" diplomacy of Great Britain, were overwhelmed by the bravery of the commander and his men.

The battle of Talushatchee, under the direction of the unsubdued and unconquerable Coffee, was a prelude to the rout at Talladega. But at Talladega, astounded, scattered, dismayed, these heretofore invincible warriors fled before the valiant men under Jackson's command, until night intervened and arrested the pursuit.

This battle, the first successful blow at Creek sovereignty on the soil of Alabama, animated the hopes and raised the languishing spirits of the gallant Tennesseeans. They fought as men never fought before—mutiny was absorbed in discipline, and love of home in love of country. Admonished by the advice of WASHINGTON to Braddock, on the shores of our own Monongahela, they encountered deep ravines and a clandestine foe, with an energy that confounded, surprised, and put to rout their enemies.

From Emuckfaw to Tohopeka, their march was a succession of brilliant achievements; and extermination would have been the fate of these infatuated tribes, had they not sued for quarter and despatched the calumet of peace to their intrepid conqueror.

After this last great contest with the Creeks, Jackson addressed his soldiers in the following words, that blaze and burn with the patriotic feelings of the nation's champion.

"You have entitled yourselves to the gratitude of your general and your country. You have opened your way to the Tallapoosa, and destroyed a confederacy of the enemy, ferocious by nature, and grown insolent from impunity. The fiends will no longer murder our women and children, or disturb the quiet of our borders. Their midnight flambeaux will no longer illumine their council-house, or shine upon the victim of their infernal orgies. In their places, a new generation will arise—the weapons of warfare will be exchanged for the utensils of husbandry; and the wilderness, which now withers in sterility, and mourns the desolation which overspreads her, will blossom as the rose, and become the nursery of the arts. It is lamentable that the path of peace should lead through blood, and over the bodies of the slain: but to inflict partial evils that good may come, is a dispensation of Divine Providence."

The prophecy was fulfilled long before the undaunted general had completed his earthly career.

These heroic deeds attracted the attention of the general government; and when that crisis came, that was to exhibit to an impartial world that our ancient enemy, jealous of our rapid progress to glory and empire, trampled upon the rights and prerogatives of freemen, Jackson was honoured by the executive with the appointment of major-general in the regular army.

This was in May, 1814. After treating with the enemy he had subdued, he marched in the autumn of that year to the south, to counteract the operations of the British and Indians who had made a hostile demonstration in that quarter. As Spain, a neutral nation, harboured them, while they were harassing our border, he exercised the right of a belligerent, acting upon the principles of self-preservation, and reduced her forts, and planted the American eagle on the walls of Pensacola.

A lowering cloud hung over Louisiana. Threatened with the arrival of a well-appointed and disciplined army, unprepared with men or the munitions of war, fear and despondency shook the faith and paralyzed the arm of her motley population. Dread and dismay was depicted in every countenance, until the invincible general, with stern aspect and indomitable resolution, declared in tones of thunder that the enemy should never reach the city.

He gathered his limited means of defence. He fortified every vulnerable point. Sleepless, active, vigilant himself, he animated the people by his bold and courageous deportment. He told them they were contending for all that could render life desirable, "For your property and lives; for that which is dearer than all, your wives and your children, for liberty; without which, country, life, and property are not worth possessing. Even the embraces of wives and children are a reproach to the wretch who would deprive them by his cowardice of those inestimable blessings.

"Natives of the United States! the enemy you have to contend with, are the oppressors of your youthful political existence—they are the oppressors your fathers fought and conquered—descendants of Frenchmen! natives of France! they are English, the hereditary and eternal enemies of your ancient country, the invaders of that you have adopted! Spaniards! remember the conduct of your allies at St. Sebastian, and recently Pensacola, and rejoice that you have an opportunity of avenging the brutal injuries of men who dishonour the human race. Louisianians! your general rejoices to witness the spirit that animates you, not only for your honour, but your safety. Your enemy is near, his sail already covers the lakes; but the brave are united, and if he finds us contending among ourselves, it will be for the prize of valour, and fame, its noblest reward."

Such was the eloquent appeal of this illustrious patriot, to the raw and undisciplined army under his control. The deepest solicitude filled his heart, panic and peril surrounded him. The unredressed rights and wrongs of the American people were concentrated upon him; a nation's hope and a nation's glory rested upon his lone arm. Peace, happiness, and contentment, the unsullied honour of our flag, and the brilliant or mortifying termination of a disastrous war, depended upon bravery and discretion, and nobly did he redeem his pledge for the public security.

But in his midst were traitors and miscreants, who would have sold New Orleans for an equivalent—men who, like the fox, "barked not until they could steal the lamb."

To stifle in embryo this infidelity to the country, and under the solemn conviction that the forms of the constitution should be suspended to protect the rights of the citizens, he declared martial law, and superseded the functions of civil authority.

News arrived at meridian on the 23d December, that the main body of the enemy had landed. Electric as was the shock to those who surrounded him, to the general it was the signal for immediate action. He was aware of the necessity of a repulse, to stimulate the despondent, and prepare for the great contest that was to bring disgrace or glory on our arms. His decision was prompt. He resolved to meet them that night. When the sun had gone down —when his parting rays shed a faint glimmering in the west, and all nature sought repose amid the shadows of the evening, Jackson was preparing for conflict with an ardour and an energy premonitory of eminent success.

At midnight, with scarcely a solitary star to illumine his path, but directed by a ray of light such as guided the shepherds "on the plains of Babylon," he approached the enemy, drove him from his position of fancied security, and like Gideon in pursuit of Zebah and Zalmunna, princes of Midian, he returned from battle "before the sun was up."

The events of that night were pregnant with the most important results. New life was infused into the army. No longer appalled and disheartened by the reputation and numbers of their transatlantic foe, and proud of their general and his staff, they reached the city flushed with the confident expectation that once more to the breach and the struggle would be ended.

That struggle came, and their anticipations were realized.

The memorable 8th of January, 1815, dawned amid the din and preparation of the contending armies. Great as was the disparity in numbers, the presiding genius roused the valour of his troops and prepared them for battle—they fought, fought with the energy of veterans, and fell like the bravest of the brave—amid bombs, and balls, and congreve rockets, they poured a deadly fire on the ad-

vancing columns, and illuminated the heavens with the unremitting flash of their artillery.

But I am inadequate to the office of description, and shall not detain you with the details of that gallant strife. They are as familiar as household words, and must be impressed indelibly upon the memory of American citizens.

The triumphant decision of that day you know. It came upon the country like a clap of thunder in the clear azure vault of the firmament, and travelled with electro-magnetic velocity, throughout the confines of the land.

To the victor was awarded a nation's blessing, to his men a nation's gratitude—and anthems, and prayers, and praises were offered up in sincerity and truth, in the temples of the living God, for His gracious protection to our political institutions, through the instrumentality of his illustrious servant.

The measure of Jackson's glory was not full. He had vanquished tribes of cruel and barbarous Indians. He had conquered a haughty and insolent foe. He had established the second independence of his country, but to the constitution of that country he rendered a tribute, that will stamp him with an undying name.

Idolized by the people whose city he had saved; cheered by the huzzas of the multitude wherever he went; surrounded by a victorious soldiery, and armed with all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war, he was arraigned for contempt before the judicial authority of the government.

Did he resist? No! A thousand sabres would have leaped from their scabbards for his security, if he had indicated such a wish. He forebore—he submitted, however unjust the decree, to the legally constituted tribunal, and paid his fine like an enlightened citizen of a free republic.

The acts of his presidency are so recent, they have been the theme of so much approbation and disapprobation by the people of both hemispheres—so great has been the diversity of sentiment as to their policy and wisdom, and coinciding as I do in their justice and political efficacy, it does not become me to speak of them, on the occasion of this solemn and interesting ceremony.

One merit you will all accord to him—a stern honesty of purpose, and inexorable virtue in performing what he believed to be his promise and duty, and for the public good.

The Union never had a warmer or more attached friend. In this his bitterest enemy could not accuse him of the semblance of hypocrisy. He never clothed his words in colours differing from his thoughts; and his breast, like the crystal, revealed the truth of what emanated from his heart.

To the perpetuity of that Union he devoted his most active

energy, and for its preservation he would have sacrificed his best friend, or died beneath the columns of the Capitol.

And now, my countrymen, let us follow him to the Hermitage, around which he had garnered his hope, for a Christian and peaceful termination of his days.

Disrobed of official dignity; destitute of power and place; an eminent private citizen, the acclamations of the people followed him there, and filled him with gladness and joy.

His ambition was satisfied. His country had conferred upon him her gratitude and her distinguished honours. He saw her at peace with all the world, and her proud domain smiling in beauty, as on the morning of the Creation.

With an humble and contrite heart, he prepared to meet his God. He died!—died in the full confidence of mingling with the spirits of the just made perfect, and in singing hallelujahs in thanksgiving to his Maker.

The fallen brave is enshrined in the bosom of his mother earth. His tranquil grave could not be dignified by sarcophagus or pyramids, fit for the ephemeral greatness of kings and emperors.

He rests in sepulchral communion with his "true and honourable wife," who was as dear to him

> ——" as the ruddy drops,
> That visited his sad heart,"

at the period of their earthly separation.

EULOGY

DELIVERED AT SAVANNAH, JULY 8, 1845,

BY THE

Hon. MATTHEW HALL McALLISTER.

There is a strong desire inherent in our nature to link the past with the present, and thus perpetuate the relics of time. This feeling, which impels us to rescue from oblivion the events and personages of by-gone days, has manifested itself in ways as various as the genius of man. "It was a custom," we are told, "among the primitive Romans to preserve in their houses the images of all the illustrious men whom their families had produced." In the infancy of art, these were of the rudest materials and form. But at each successive funeral they were borne in procession, and served, rude as they were, to gratify this feeling, and to incite the survivors to emulate the deeds of the departed great. When the pencil and the chisel had imparted life to the canvass, and form to the marble, art was made subservient to the craving of man to redeem the memories of the past. "The storied urn, the animated bust," the lofty column, the magnificent mausoleum, became the mute interpreters of the dead. At a later period that puny instrument, the pen, more potent than the engines of Archimedes, traced the events of fleeting time, fixed them on the glowing page, and man's desire was gratified to an extent beyond what had been achieved by the canvass, the marble, or any mere physical symbol. How much stronger is this feeling when stimulated by the impulses of gratitude? It is in obedience to this universal dictate of our nature, strengthened by the most powerful motive which can operate upon generous hearts, that we are this day assembled. Another link which bound us to the past is broken. The last great relic of the Revolution is no more. The sage of the Hermitage—the venerated chief magistrate—the victorious general—the boy-hero of the Revolution, dwells no longer among men. Ours is the pleasing though melancholy task to brighten the chain which memory

forges—to connect him with the Present and the Future. Andrew Jackson, a name pronounced by the wild Indian in his forest home with fear, throughout the borders of our country with affection, and which has been borne across the ocean on the wings of victory, is no longer to be read in the register of living men. We have come up from the ordinary avocations of life to this sacred temple, to review his services, embalm his memory, and contemplate his character. And if from that contemplation we can catch somewhat of the spirit which once animated him, we shall retire from this consecrated building better prepared for the discharge of our duties as citizens. The ceremonies of this day will not be deemed an empty pageant, but the performance of a high and sacred duty, by the discharge of which, our love of country will become purified, elevated, and increased!

The first mention of the name of Andrew Jackson leads us to one of the most eventful periods in the war of the Revolution. Carry yourselves back in imagination to the year 1778. "Baffled in their attempts upon the northern portion of the colonies, the British essayed to conquer the more sparsely populated South." In prosecution of their plan, Savannah was taken, South Carolina invaded, and Charleston, with the whole southern army, fell into the hands of the enemy. Cornwallis, Rawdon, and Tarleton, roamed the Carolinas, and the subjugation of the South seemed at hand. Then arose a band of patriots to shed glory on the arms of their country, and fan the expiring flame of liberty in the hearts of their countrymen:—the Marions, the Sumters, the Pickens, the Davidsons, and a host of others, who continued to breast the storm, and strike for liberty against the exulting foe. Men, whose habitual companions were danger and want, whose dwelling-places were the morasses of the land, and whose hardy deeds never can be forgotten while gratitude animates the American heart! Such was the time, such the men, beneath whose influence the infant mind and character of Andrew Jackson received their first impression. *They constituted a mould in which to form a hero!* At the period to which your attention is directed, there lived, in the state of South Carolina, a comparatively obscure widow, with her three sons, Robert, Hugh, and Andrew Jackson. In the bosom of that lone widow there beat a heart worthy of a Spartan mother. Ancient story informs us of a matron of Sparta, who, when her son, about to depart for battle, complained "that his sword was too short," replied, "Lengthen it by a step, my son." Such was the mother of Andrew Jackson. With her husband and two eldest sons, she had emigrated from Ireland to escape British oppression. Alas! it reached her and hers in the far off forest home they had sought. The indomitable yet gentle spirit of this extraordinary woman, which found objects of benevolence even in that Pandemonium—a British prison-ship in

the harbour of Charleston, must have exercised no inconsiderable influence upon the characters of her sons. These last, youthful as they were, she gave to her country. The first battle-field of Andrew Jackson was one of the Revolution, fought on the 6th August, 1780. Not fourteen years of age, under Davie, attached to the command of Sumter, he made his first essay at arms, in an attack on the British post of Hanging Rock, near the banks of the Catawba, in South Carolina. We next hear of the youthful soldier in an affair which took place at the house of a Whig partisan by the name of Land. Not apprehending an attack, the inmates of the dwelling had lain upon their arms during the night, and with the exception of a British deserter, fell asleep. A detachment of Tories had determined to surprise the small party of Americans in the house of Captain Land. In the execution of their plan, they assailed it in two divisions, one advancing around the east end of the out-buildings to the east door, the other around the western end to the west door. At this critical moment, when within a few rods, their approach was discovered by the wakeful soldier, who aroused the youthful Jackson with the exclamation, "The Tories are upon us!" The young hero rushed through the east door, placed himself by a tree in front of it, hailed the advancing party, and receiving no reply, fired. A volley was returned, which killed the soldier who had followed, and was standing near him. At this instant, the other division of Tories appeared, and mistaking, in the darkness of the night, the discharge of their friends for that of a sallying party from the house, opened a brisk fire upon them. Thus, both parties were brought to a stand. Young Jackson having retired into the mansion, aided its inmates in repelling the assailants, two of whom were shot down by his side. The Tories continued the conflict until, startled by the sound of a cavalry charge in the distance, they fled to the woods. Thus, by the coolness and intrepidity of the young soldier, the whole party were saved from massacre, for quarter was seldom given in the bloody conflicts between Whig and Tory. On this occasion, qualities were exhibited which shadowed forth the hero of maturer life. "Promptitude of design and fearlessness in execution" were developed, and these "constitute the perfection of the warrior." A short time after this exploit, our young hero and his brother were thrown, by the chances of war, into the hands of the enemy. During their captivity, an incident occurred which exhibits the high spirit of these gallant youths. A British officer exacted from Andrew Jackson the performance of a menial task; he refused, claiming to be treated as a prisoner of war. Instead of admiring the manly spirit of the noble boy, the ruffian struck at his head with his sword. The intended victim, raising his arm, saved his life, but received a wound, the scar of which he carried to his grave. Turning to his brother Robert, this

disgrace to the name of a soldier, demanded of him the performance of the menial office; meeting with a like refusal, he aimed a furious blow at him, the effects of which proved fatal. Who can sufficiently admire these lads, surrounded by armed foes, exhibiting a spirit worthy of the sternest manhood? At length, by the indefatigable efforts of their mother, an exchange of prisoners was effected, and the liberation of her two sons accomplished. Alas! one of them she welcomed only to witness his death from the wound he had received—the other, worn down by the sufferings of his confinement, aggravated by disease, seemed received by the special interposition of Providence for the fulfilment of his future destiny. Before the close of the war, that exemplary woman died, a victim to the sufferings from which her sex did not exempt her in those trying times. Her two eldest sons fell, one on the field of battle, the other by the blow of an assassin, wearing the uniform of a British officer, and Andrew Jackson alone survived the horrors of the Revolution. Think you there was required of him the oath imposed on the youthful Hannibal of undying hostility to the modern Rome? No! In the bosom of that boy there was a spark which future events fanned into a flame, by the light of which Britain read in legible characters the name of Andrew Jackson!—a name endeared to Americans by the sufferings of the boy of the Revolution, consecrated in their affections by the triumphs of the man of maturer life. The Revolution was at an end. The eagle of America plumed his wing for a lofty flight! The sable banners of war were furled, and peace spread her golden wings over our exhausted but redeemed country. The boy has grown into manhood, but in the avocations to which his attention was directed, we shall find the seed, planted in his breast by the iron hand of the Revolution, matured into fruit by his own indomitable will and lofty courage.* In 1787, having been admitted to the practice of the law in the state of North Carolina, he was, at the early age of twenty-one, appointed solicitor of the Western District, embracing within its limits the present state of Tennessee. In the following year, he moved to the West, and established his residence at Jonesboro, separated by a wilderness of two hundred miles from the settlements on the Cumberland. The selection of such a home, bespeaks the adventurous spirit of the man. Surrounded by the hardships of a forest life, by savages more ferocious than the beasts that roamed around, danger became his household companion. The stirring incidents of his life which intervened between his settlement in Tennessee and her admission into the Union, are too minute and numerous to find a place in this hasty sketch. They border on the

* The incidents in the early life of Jackson are taken from Kendall's "Life of Jackson."

romantic, and serve to illustrate the aphorism, that "truth is oft times stranger than fiction." Although engaged in the practice of his profession, and at the same time the prosecuting officer for the government, he was not the man to see his neighbours butchered without discrimination of age or sex, and not strike many blows in their defence. His gallantry in various expeditions against the Indians, in which he acted as a volunteer, acquired for him among that people the names of the "Sharp Knife" and the "Pointed Arrow."

From the year 1795 is to be dated the entry of Andrew Jackson into public life, for in that year he became a member of the convention charged with the duty of preparing a constitution for the new state of Tennessee. On the 1st of June, 1796, she was admitted into the Union, and he became her first representative in the national councils. On the 22d of November, 1797, he took his seat in the Senate of the United States, to which body he had been elected, and arrayed himself in the ranks of the republican party. The Sedition act was introduced into the Senate by Mr. Lloyd of Maryland, in June, 1798, and passed into a law on the 4th of July following, during which interval General Jackson was absent at home on urgent business. His name therefore does not appear on the journals of the senate. "On the Alien law, however, he was with the minority and on the side of the republicans." He soon resigned his seat, finding little could be effected against the measures of the federalists, constituting, as they did at the time, a majority in that body. But his services were too important to be lost, and he was appointed to preside over the Supreme Court of law and equity in the state of Tennessee. An allusion to one or two incidents which marked the rough times in which he was called to the administration of the public justice, may not be inappropriate. They will give the "form and pressure" of those times, and serve to illustrate the identity of the man of thirty with the boy of the Revolution. An individual had been indicted and was for trial. He was in the immediate vicinity of the court house, but such was the strength and ferocity of the man, that the sheriff, not daring to approach him, made a return "that Russell Bean will not be taken." "He must be taken," said the judge, "and if necessary you must summon the body of the county to your aid." The officer retired, awaited the adjournment of the court, and summoned the judges themselves. Judge Jackson replied, "Yes, sir, I will attend you, and see that you do *your* duty." Learning that Bean was armed, he requested a loaded pistol which was placed in his hand. He then said to the sheriff, "Advance and arrest him, I will protect you from harm." Bean, armed with a dirk and brace of pistols, assumed an attitude of defiance and desperation. But as the judge advanced upon him, he began to retreat. "Stop and obey the law," cried the intrepid magistrate. The desperate man

paused, threw down his weapons, and exclaimed, "I will surrender to you, sir, but to no one else!"

On another occasion, in consequence of his having exposed to the general government extensive land frauds perpetrated in Tennessee, Judge Jackson had concentrated upon himself the hostility of a powerful and influential body of men implicated in those frauds. To such height had their enmity risen, that an attempt was made to mob him on his way to hold a court. Intelligence of the meditated assault had the effect simply of speeding his movements to the scene of contemplated outrage. On his arrival, labouring under severe indisposition, he sought the retirement of his chamber. A friend called, and informing him that a regiment of men, headed by a Colonel Harrison, had collected in front of the house with a view to carry their threat into execution, advised him to secure his door. Judge Jackson immediately threw it open and exclaimed, "Give my compliments to Colonel Harrison, and tell him that my door is open to receive him and his regiment when they choose to wait upon me, and I hope that the chivalry of the colonel will induce him to lead, not follow his men." It is needless to add, that the fury of the mob quailed before the intrepidity of the man.

In 1803, Judge Jackson received the commission of major-general in the militia of Tennessee. In the following year, he resigned his judicial office, and devoted himself to agricultural pursuits, in the expectation of passing the remainder of his days in the seclusion of private life. But

> "There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough-hew them how we will."

At the period when General Jackson supposed his public life at its close, its most stirring incidents remained to be developed.

We now approach the war of 1812. On the 12th of June of that year, the declaration of war was made by the United States against Great Britain. The boy-hero of the Revolution, the destined avenger of the wrongs of his ancestors in Ireland, of the injuries of his family in this country, aroused himself from his repose to respond to that country's call. On the 25th of June, thirteen days after that declaration, he tendered through the executive of Tennessee to the general government, his services with those of 2500 volunteers. On the 12th of July following, the secretary of war, in a letter of acceptance, writes—"The tender of service by General Jackson and those under his command, is received by the president with peculiar satisfaction, and in accepting their services, the president cannot withhold an expression of his admiration of the zeal and ardour by which they are animated." The governor of Tennessee, while conveying to General Jackson the acceptance of his services by the president, tenders *his* thanks to him for the

honour done his state by the prompt manner in which those services had been proffered. On the 23d of November in the same year, orders were received to rendezvous in the vicinity of Natchez, to co-operate, as it was supposed, with General Wilkinson, then at New Orleans. On the 4th of January, 1813, General Jackson writes to the secretary of war, "I have the pleasure to inform you that I am now at the head of 2,070 volunteers, the choicest of our citizens, who go at the call of their country to execute the will of the government, who have no constitutional scruples, and if the government order, will rejoice at the opportunity of placing the American eagle on the ramparts of Mobile, Pensacola and St. Augustine, thus effectually banishing from the southern coast all British influence." In obedience to orders the army commenced its march, and after accomplishing a voyage of one thousand miles, exposed to unusual hardships, owing to the inclemency of the season, arrived at the place of appointed rendezvous. The spirit of the general breathes in his official communications. To General Wilkinson he writes: "Should the safety of this lower country admit, and the government so order, I would with pleasure march to the lines of Canada, and there offer my feeble aid to the arms of our country, and endeavour to wipe off the stain on our military character occasioned by our recent disasters since the declaration of war."

Such was the noble spirit by which the commander and his men were animated, when an order was received from the secretary of war, directing the former to disband the latter, and deliver all articles of public property into the possession of Major-General Wilkinson. We pause not to inquire into the cause of this extraordinary procedure, nor to ascertain the truth of the assertion current at the time, that it arose out of a combination between the secretary of war and General Wilkinson, having for its object, the disbanding of a large body of men at a distance from their homes, under circumstances of necessity, which would compel them to enlist into the army at New Orleans. It is with the conduct of the commanding general we have exclusively to deal; and it is not to be denied, that he was placed in circumstances which would have crushed any man of ordinary nerve. The government expected compliance with its order. General Wilkinson awaited it—his own officers advised it. But what did General Jackson? A man of few words, he spoke by ACTION, for

> "Conduct hath the loudest tongue,
> ——— In the Deed,
> The unequivocal, authentic deed,
> We find sound argument, we read the heart."

He promptly determined to disobey the order. At the time it reached his camp, 150 of his men were on the sick list, and by far

the greater number unable to defray the expenses of their return. His command was composed of young men whom he had received at the hands of their parents, with the promise reiterated in public orders before his march, "that he would act the part of a father to them." He was not the man to falsify his word, and disband them a thousand miles from their homes without the means of return. He disobeyed the order, threatened with punishment a recruiting officer found hanging around his encampment—borrowed money on his private credit—marched his men to their homes, and there disbanded them. The noble daring of this act was sustained by its justice, and within a few months received the approval of the secretary of war himself. One more evidence of his determined spirit, and we have done with this portion of his life. On his return march, though keenly alive to the ungenerous treatment of the government, such was his ardour to serve his country, he wrote to the secretary of war, "Should government have any orders to execute at Malden, or its vicinity, about the 30th proximo, I shall be happy to execute them, at the head of my detachment, provided I can be informed of their wishes about the 25th instant, or before I am discharged. My force can be augmented if necessary. I have a few standards wearing the American eagle, that I should be happy to place on the ramparts of Malden."

A few months only had elapsed after the disbanding of the volunteers by General Jackson, when there burst upon the frontiers of the southern states the darkest war-cloud that had ever gathered upon their horizon. The machinations of Tecumseh and his brother, the Prophet, aided by British intrigue, had spread general dissatisfaction among the Indians. Hostile incursions mere made into the neighbouring states, and indiscriminate slaughter marked their bloody path. Then came the frightful massacre at Fort Mims, in which 300 men, women and children were butchered, under circumstances of revolting ferocity, and excited the horror, the fears, and finally the vengeance of the states. Upon General Jackson the eyes of Tennessee were turned. Again that brave warrior appealed to his volunteers, and again they responded to his call. Labouring under indisposition, he was unable to meet his army on the day appointed for rendezvous, and therefore caused an address to be read to them. The sentiments it breathes give it a claim to our attention. "Our borders," said he, "must no longer be disturbed with the war-whoop of these savages or the cries of their suffering victims. The torch that has been lighted up must be made to blaze in the heart of their own country. But how shall a war so long forborne, and so loudly called for by retributive justice, be waged? Shall we imitate the example of our enemies in the disorder of their movements and the savageness of their disposition? Is it worthy of the character of American soldiers who

take up arms to redress the wrongs of an injured country, to assume no better mode than that furnished by barbarians? No! fellow-soldiers, great as are the grievances which have called us from our homes, we must not permit disorderly passions to tarnish the reputation we will carry with us. We must and will be victorious, but we must conquer as men who owe nothing to chance; and who in the midst of victory can still be mindful of what is due to humanity."

Animated by such feelings, the general advanced with his command into the fastnesses of the Creek country. Without supplies, with an army goaded to insubordination by want, he fought the battles of Talladega, Emuckfaw, Enotochopco, and the bloody and decisive conflict of the Horseshoe. By personal intervention, he suppressed four several mutinies to which his men had been driven by famine, annihilated the power of the savages, and in a few months conquered peace for his country and safety for her frontiers. And all this was done while labouring under physical debility, which at times incapacitated him from sitting upright upon his horse. There is one within the sound of my voice, who served under General Jackson during the latter part of this expedition. He has, when speaking of its events, stated, that such was the weakness of the general, that his body was so bent at times, his head rested on the neck of his horse for support. "But," said my informer, "let the whoop of an Indian or the crack of a rifle be heard, his frame became so erect, and his eye so full of fire, that one ignorant of the fact, could not have believed that an instant before, the former had been prostrated by debility, and the latter dimmed by disease."

In allusion to this campaign, an English writer, preliminary to a narration of it, declares, "I must now desire the English reader to prepare himself for a series of actions wholly incredible, were they not attested by piles of official documents, the authenticity of which no man can doubt." * * * "In the wonderful details I am about to lay before the reader, it will be seen that not another man that we have ever heard of, was capable of performing this duty with success, and when the reader has gone through these details, and has afterwards witnessed the glorious defeat of New Orleans, he will recur to this Indian campaign as the most glorious exploit of this wonderful man." The character of Andrew Jackson, as gathered from his conduct as a military man in his war against the savages, exhibits an inflexibility of purpose which difficulties only served to develope more fully. When duty pointed out a course, he swerved neither to the right hand nor to the left. He gave

"Prayer to the winds, and caution to the waves."

Obstacles deterred him not—on the contrary his *resolution*, "like the great propelling power of the present day, was pent up within the iron of his bosom, but to carry him on with fiercer determination," and greater speed to the end desired. Up to the period of which we are speaking, General Jackson had served in the militia of his state. Having literally fought himself into the confidence of the administration and the country, in May, 1814, he was appointed a major-general in the service of the United States, and charged with the protection of the coast near the mouths of the Mississippi. His attention was first directed to Pensacola, in the then Spanish territory. From that fortress he was convinced the Indians received constant supplies of ammunition and arms, and over its governor, British influence exercised entire control. The standards of Spain and England floated side by side from its ramparts. From that post, Colonel Nichols, a British officer, had dated his inflammatory proclamation to the people of Louisiana and Kentucky. From it, a hostile expedition had been fitted out against Fort Bower, on the Mobile, and General Jackson was certain if he left Pensacola under British ascendency, incursions would be made against the settlements on the Mobile, and ultimately all intercourse between New Orleans and the interior be cut off.

Spain, a neutral power, either gave aid to our enemy, and should herself be treated as one, or she was too weak to prevent the use of her territory by our enemy, in which event she could not justly complain if the injured nation claimed to hold that territory until she possessed the power to enforce its neutrality. Under the pressure of these considerations, and the eminent peril of the time, in the absence of instructions from his government, General Jackson "took the responsibility upon himself," entered the Spanish territory, and by a visit to Pensacola, effectually arrested all hostile operations from that quarter. Having performed this service to his country, the indomitable soldier directed his steps to a new theatre of glory, and arrived on the first of December, 1814, at New Orleans, with a determination to defend the country successfully, or, in his own language to Governor Claiborne, "*to die in the last ditch!*" The period of which we speak was most eventful. The mighty struggle that had convulsed Europe was at the end. The Child of Destiny, the Terror of Legitimists had become the Exile of Elba, and the untrammelled energies, the great resources of Britain could now be concentrated for the annihilation of our country. Timid men feared, bold men wavered, and all felt that a crisis was at hand. The metropolis of the United States had been a short time before sacked, under circumstances which would have done honour to an Alaric or an Attila. The horrors of Hampton and Havre de Grace had exhibited the ruthless spirit by which the enemy was animated. On New Orleans the British government

determined the first great blow should fall. Alison, in his "History of Europe," observes: "This rising town, which then numbered 17,000 inhabitants, was not a place of warlike preparations; but it was the great emporium of the cotton trade of the southern states, and it was supposed, not without reason, that the capture of a city which commanded the whole navigation of the Mississippi, would prove the most sensible blow to the resources of the American government, as well as furnish a rich booty to the captors." To inflict that blow, and secure that booty, a powerful armament was fitted out under the command of the most accomplished leaders of Britain. With 14,000 men, the veterans of Wellington, the invincibles of the Peninsula—with every engine of destruction the art of modern warfare could invent, it hovered on the coast, prepared to launch its thunders upon the devoted city! But Andrew Jackson was the man whom the Supreme Disposer of events had interposed between his country and impending peril!

> "Such men are raised to station and command,
> When Providence means mercy to a land,
> He speaks, and they appear; to him they owe
> Skill to direct, and strength to strike the blow;
> To manage with address, to seize with power
> The crisis of a dark decisive hour."

It was not from the formidable force and vindictive spirit of the invaders that General Jackson had most to apprehend. There were circumstances which imparted perils the most imminent to the difficulties of his position. The city, whose defence was committed to his charge, contained a mixed population of French, Spaniards, and discontented Creoles. Having been recently annexed to the United States, her people had not become nationalized. The wealthy looked to their property, and thought to save it by capitulation—the masses were little attached to the new institutions, and most believed, that the soldier who had withstood the rifles of the Indians would fall before the thunders of the British ordnance! The troops of the invader came fresh from the Peninsula war, flushed with victory, and the question would rise unbidden even to the patriot's lips. "Can militia with the Indian warrior at their head, stand before the well-appointed veterans of England under the lead of her most accomplished commanders?" So rife was the spirit of disaffection, that Governor Claiborne wrote to General Jackson—"Enemies of the country may blame your prompt and energetic measures, but in the person of every patriot you will find a supporter. I think with you, our country is filled with '*traitors and spies.*'" In despite of all precautions, the general found that intelligence of his every movement was conveyed to the enemy. It was in truth "a dark decisive hour" in which he was called to strike for his country. But his ability proved equal to

the occasion, and his courage mounted with every emergency. His capacity, like the fairy tent, seemed to enlarge so as to contain all it was necessary to comprehend. His first effort was to quell treason at home. He declared martial law. His next, to break the charms of British invincibility. This he effected by his celebrated attack on the night of the 23d of December, 1814. A second battle, fought on the 28th of the same month, gave assurance to hope, and animated anew the courage of his men. But it was reserved for the ever memorable 8th of January, to fill the measure of Jackson's honour, and his country's glory. Nine thousand veterans with the appalling battle-cry of "Beauty and Booty," advanced upon the American lines! The story of that day is known to the world. The sun which dawned upon it shed its setting rays on a city saved from plunder—rescued from pollution! The "Historic Muse," proud of the deeds and name of the patriot defender, "guarding and immortalizing her treasure" shall march down the course of time, imparting it to generations yet unborn!

We pass over the campaign of General Jackson in 1817–18 against the Seminoles, enough having been said to enable us to form some estimate of the debt of gratitude due for his services in the field, and at the same time evince the genius and character of the man. The salient points in his character are numerous. In the brief analysis we propose to give of it, we shall direct your attention to three of the most commanding. The events of his military career develope—enthusiasm, promptitude in action, and inflexibility of purpose. The ardour with which, within thirteen days after the declaration of war, he sought to serve his country—the alacrity with which he responded to the call of his state when the rifle and tomahawk had desolated the frontiers of the South—the zeal with which he repeatedly proffered his services, and the eagerness he manifested to march at the head of his detachment from the banks of the Mississippi to those of the Detroit, to plant the American standard on the ramparts of Malden—the indomitable spirit which animated him in his Indian campaigns, though prostrated by physical debility, all attest the enthusiasm of the soldier, the inextinguishable ardour of the man!

Promptitude in action was no less developed in his military conduct. Whether we view in him the boy of the Revolution, aroused from his midnight slumber, rushing to the post of danger, challenging and firing upon the advancing foe—whether we accompany him in his Indian expedition, quelling mutinies, following the savages through an inhospitable wilderness, with conflict after conflict, until their power was annihilated in the decisive battle of the Horseshoe—or, whether we see him at New Orleans adopting those "prompt and energetic measures," as they were termed by Governor Claiborne, which quelled treason at home, and beat back

the invaders from abroad, we find a promptitude and decision in action unsurpassed in military annals. But it is the inflexibility of purpose, the indomitable will, which beings out in bold relief the character of this wonderful man. Courage of the loftiest kind was his. We speak not of that mere insensibility to danger which belongs to the brute as well as the man, and is the result of mere physical organization; but of that noble faculty of the mind which, poising itself on the emergency of the moment, fearless of consequences, uninfluenced by clamour, moves steadily onward to the accomplishment of its purpose. This it is which places the name of Andrew Jackson high on the scroll of fame, constituting him not only the successful warrior, but entitling him to the name of great! His refusal to disband his men in obedience to the order of government, when honour, policy, and humanity forbade compliance—his invasion of the Spanish territory when his country's peril demanded he "should take the responsibility upon himself"—his declaration of martial law amid the disaffected population of New Orleans, with the certainty that success alone could still the clamour of the "fireside patriots" of his country—all proclaim him a man above his fellows, sent by heaven to save that country! Around the grave of such a warrior his countrymen will gather without distinction of party, and while they drop the tributary tear, exclaim—"Beneath this turf there sleeps a hero!"

> "Let laurels, drenched in pure Parnassian dews,
> Reward his memory, dear to every muse,
> Who, with a courage of unshaken root,
> In honour's field advancing his firm foot,
> Plants it upon the line that Justice draws,
> And will prevail, or perish in her cause."

Turn we now from the blood-stained records of national strife, to peruse the volume of civil life. The victorious general retires to his farm; but the grateful people of Tennessee again call him to the Senate of the United States. In 1824, a majority of the nation expressed a wish through the electoral colleges to elevate him to the exalted station of the presidency, a station, to use his own language, "neither to be sought nor avoided." That wish, however, was frustrated by causes to which we forbear allusion, and another was placed in the presidential chair. At the next election the people spoke in a manner not to be misunderstood, and by a vote in the colleges of 178 to 83, Andrew Jackson was called to preside over the country whose armies he had led to victory. His administration met with the approbation of the nation, and he was enthusiastically re-elected, receiving 219 out of the 261 electoral votes. His government partook of the characteristics of the man. Vigour was impressed upon its councils. France yielded her reluctant treasure to our just demands, and the attitude of our coun-

try commanded the respect of foreign nations. His policy at home seemed to have for its objects to confine the action of the federal government within the limits prescribed by the constitution, and to prevent the aggregation of the moneyed interests in the few. He knew that "Gold is the architect of power," and dreaded its influence upon the characters of his countrymen, and with it that baneful passion for gain which degrades a nation and converts freemen into speculators. His opposition to the incorporation of the moneyed power, raised up enemies more formidable than the foreign foe he had so gloriously vanquished. Amid the strife of contending parties, while many yielded and all wavered, he stood himself the bulwark of what he deemed the interests of the people against the gigantic power of MONOPOLY!

"Et cuncta terrarum subacta
Præter atrocem animum Catonis."

We desire not on an occasion like the present, to discuss parties or their measures. We would not strike one discordant note in the general dirge which proclaims a patriot gone. To say that Andrew Jackson had faults, is simply to say that he was a man. Those faults never deprived him of the confidence of the people. He retired from the helm of state followed by the affections and admiration of a vast majority of the nation. So intimately was patriotism interwoven with the whole texture of the man, that neither age nor approaching death could rend it from its fabric, and from his seclusion his voice was raised in accents of warning to his beloved country. On one great question which has recently agitated the national councils, it was heard, and as of old, impressed itself upon the hearts of the people. When our institutions shall have been extended, and the American eagle spread his pinions over a territory, on which transatlantic policy would fain have established its domination: to the patriot sage of the Hermitage will be due in part, the merit of the great political achievement.

Hitherto the conquests of this great man had been confined to the enemies of his country. In his retirement he engages a more stubborn foe, and acquires his most glorious victory.

"His warfare is within. There unfatigued
His fervent spirit labours. There he fights,
And there obtains fresh triumphs o'er himself,
And never withering wreaths, compared with which
The laurels that a Cæsar reaps are weeds."

Having by the glorious example of his life taught his countrymen how to live, it was reserved for this extraordinary man by the instructive lesson of his death, to teach them how to die. The noble Roman, when death became inevitable, drew his robe around him to die with decency—the aged patriot clothed himself in the

garment of faith to die with a Christian's hope. Fear found no place in the bosom of that stern old man. Hypocrisy was alien from his nature. This offering of himself, therefore, was the tribute of the heart paid by the creature to his Creator. That spirit which had never quailed in the presence of man, became broken and contrite before the Father of Spirits!

While the perusal of his life inculcates our duty to our country, the teachings of his dying hour appeal to us with urgent power. "Call no man happy until you know the nature of his death," was the saying of the Athenian sage. Standing by the grave of him whom we deplore, we can say, with confidence, his life was glorious, his death was happy. Such was he, the warrior, the statesman, and the patriot, who has obeyed nature's last great inexorable mandate. The ceremonies of this day—the badges of mourning by which we are surrounded—the cypress wreath we have woven to deck his tomb, attest our sorrow. But ours is but a single note in the national requiem. The whole country will cherish him dead who, living, loved her with his heart's devotion. His memory will be enshrined, and when the strifes, the passions, and the men of the present day shall have passed away, the name, services, and character of Andrew Jackson, shall be viewed by those who come after us, as land-marks in the waste of the past to connect it with their love, gratitude, and admiration!

EULOGY

DELIVERED AT INDIANAPOLIS, JUNE 28, 1845,

BY

A. F. MORRISON, Esq.

Fellow-Citizens:—An interesting and solemn event has caused this vast multitude to assemble. The unerring shaft of death, the conqueror of conquerors, has, at length, reached the heart of Andrew Jackson, and a nation mourns the loss of a cherished and favourite son. His eventful and valuable life was brought to a close at the Hermitage, near Nashville, Tennessee, on Sunday evening, the 8th day of June instant, at 6 o'clock. He expired in the full possession of his senses, surrounded by his friends, expressing the highest confidence in a happy immortality. On Tuesday evening, after appropriate funeral services were performed, his mortal remains were deposited in the vault prepared for his resting-place, by the side of the wife of his bosom, whom he most affectionately loved.

Thus has calmly and peacefully terminated the mortal existence of a great, a good, and a wonderful man. He was born in the Waxhaw settlement, in South Carolina, on the 15th day of March, 1767, and at the day of his decease was seventy-eight years, two months, and twenty-four days old.

Well might the most competent and the most learned shrink from the task of attempting to prepare a eulogy upon the life and character of "the man of the Hermitage." No new field is left to be explored, no new compliment can be framed, no new honour can, at this day, be added to the chaplet which adorns his brow. Each page of the history of his country is replete with commendations of his character, and abounds with the records of his fame. For nearly three-fourths of a century, Andrew Jackson has enacted a prominent part on the theatre of life, and for many years has stood as a connecting link between the past and the present. His mighty name has had a talismanic effect upon the feelings of his

countrymen. His mighty deeds have filled with wonder and admiration the inhabitants of America and of Europe. What new theme can now be touched which shall save from the charge of dull monotony, the effort of him who shall attempt to pass a panegyric upon the name and fame of the illustrious Jackson? While such might be the cold reflections of considerate philosophy, there is yet a motive power of action; there is a spring which never has failed, which never will fail, to pour forth its gushing fountains when the story of the renowned Jackson is repeated. That spring and fountain is in the swelling hearts and breasts of every true son of America, and of every patriot in the land. If there be one among the aged men who hear me, if there be those among the youth who surround me, who have not carefully read and reflected upon the whole history of this great man, let the old atone for such an ungrateful omission and the young speedily hasten to perform their duty, and let all who love the man and his memory, bear with my short effort to repeat some of the claims upon our consideration.

The early history of Andrew Jackson is replete with interest. Few men, in any age of the world, were more severely inducted into active life, and few ever arose to marked distinction from a more humble origin.

His father, although of Scotch descent, was an emigrant from Ireland, which country he left in consequence of the burthens and oppressions of the British government, and settled in South Carolina, about nine years previous to the commencement of the Revolutionary war, where he lived only until about the time of the birth of his son, Andrew, of whom we now speak, so that his gifted historian has well remarked of General Jackson, that he was almost born an orphan, and won his way "from the plough to the presidency."

The place of his residence was the seat of continual hostilities between the South Carolina settlers and the marauding British armies. An unmitigated border warfare distressed the country, and drew into its vortex, either as whig or tory, nearly every individual capable of bearing arms. The unwise and severe course of the British commanders, soon aroused the latent enmity of the three patriot brothers composing the whole force of the Jackson family, and they stood arrayed against all who opposed the cause of the colonies. Before young Andrew had attained his fourteenth year, we find him even at that tender age, bearing arms at the attack by Sumter upon Hanging Rock, and nobly doing duty as a soldier. His elder brother sacrificed his life in the exposure incident to the cause of the whigs: Andrew and his remaining brother were sought out and captured, and carried as British prisoners to Camden, where they were rigorously treated and abused. They were

compelled to suffer the worst of hardships and privations, such as so signally disgraced the conduct of British officers to American prisoners. It was during this captivity that General Jackson proudly refused to perform menial services for a British officer, and for which refusal he was smitten with a sword, and carried the scar to his grave. His brother, also, was required to do the same service, and refusing, the same sword inflicted a wound upon his head which subsequently caused his death. In all of the various incidents of this protracted warfare, which drew forth the abilities and patriotic devotion of Sumter, Greene, Marion, Davie, and others, on the side of the Americans, and the skill, courage, and cruelty of Cornwallis, Tarleton, and Rawdon, as British leaders, young Jackson was ever active and vigilant. His peculiar coolness and decision, when attacked at Land's house, was another instance of his indomitable courage and disregard of personal safety. There, by his individual tact and bravery, he saved his companions in arms, and astonished his confederates by his undaunted prowess. Shortly after his release from Camden, his excellent mother sickened and died, while engaged in the service of her country, in endeavouring to procure the release of some of his friends and relatives who were also subjected to British cruelty and confinement.

In a short time after these events, the war in the South was concluded, and Andrew Jackson turned his attention to the study of the law, at Salisbury, North Carolina, under the instruction of Spruce McCay, Esq., a distinguished lawyer and judge. He was then between 17 and 18 years of age. He finished his studies under Colonel Stokes, and in about two years was licensed as a practitioner. He soon afterwards, without solicitation on his part, was appointed solicitor for the Western District of North Carolina, which is the present state of Tennessee.

On his arrival at his western home he soon became the favourite of the people; not, however, without passing through severe hardships, and encountering strong and vindictive opposition; but by his unremitted industry and daring intrepidity he succeeded in all his undertakings, and was beloved by his friends. Although he was then but 21 years old, he applied himself constantly to the duties of his office, and traversed the forests of the new world, armed at all times for his defence, depending upon his own energies to protect him from the dangers of the savage, and the difficulties of an unsettled country. In this vocation he made no less than twenty-two journeys on horseback, armed, and carrying his own provisions, from the Cumberland, near where Nashville now stands, to Jonesborough, a distance of full two hundred miles, literally surrounded with hostile Indians. General Jackson shortly afterwards married and settled down, devoting himself assiduously to the practice of the law.

The people of Tennessee having determined to form a state government, a convention was called for the purpose of preparing a constitution, and Andrew Jackson was chosen a delegate to the convention. His republican sentiments were conspicuously incorporated into the provisions of the instrument, as well as into the bill of rights which prefaced it, and presented with great clearness the political opinions of his youth, which so eminently distinguished his more mature years.

The state of Tennessee was admitted into the Union on the 1st of June, 1796, and General Jackson was elected as her first representative in Congress by general acclamation of the people, and took his seat on the 5th of December, 1796, where he served only one session. He was then without his solicitation, elected a senator in Congress, and took his seat as such, on the 22d day of June, 1797. Not coinciding with the then existing administration of the government, he only served one session as senator, resigned his place, went home, and aided with all his abilities the election of Mr. Jefferson to the presidency. The legislature of Tennessee soon afterwards elected him a judge of the Supreme Court, which office he held until 1804, when, much against the wishes of the people and of his friends, he resigned the duties of that office, and again became a private citizen.

From this period, with but temporary exceptions, General Jackson remained at home, near the spot where the Hermitage stands, engaged with his own hands in the pursuits of a farmer and planter, and with diligent attention, reaped the rich rewards of his care and industry.

The state had conferred upon him her highest civil and military honours, and he then occupied the rank of major-general of militia. His undoubted personal courage, his enterprising character, and his reputation as an expert manager of Indian difficulties, all conspired to make him the favourite of the Tennesseeans, and gave him an unbounded popularity. They justly appreciated his qualities, and he nobly repaid their confidence.

After bearing for years with the audacity and assumptions of Great Britain, which were manifested by the slaughter of our citizens, insults to our flag, aggressions upon our commerce, and the impressment of more than 7000 American seamen, Congress declared war against our ancient enemy on the 18th day of June, 1812. General Jackson immediately tendered his services to his country, and by his great influence, induced 2500 citizen soldiers to place themselves at the disposal of the government under his command; which tender of services was thankfully received by the president, and Mr. Madison commissioned him a major-general in the army of the United States. On the 21st of October, an order was issued directing the governor of Tennessee to call out, organize,

and equip 1500 men to reinforce General Wilkinson, then near New Orleans. This order was promptly obeyed, and General Jackson was placed in command of the force, and on the 4th of January, 1813, embarked for Natchez, which place they reached on the 15th of February. Their services being unnecessary at this time, they were ordered to be discharged by the secretary at war, without any provision being made for their safe return to their homes. General Jackson perceived the hardship of the case, and at once determined that the men who had followed him in the discharge of their duty, should be protected until they could protect themselves. He accordingly borrowed money, supplied their wants from his own means, and returned them, in a body, to their families and friends; showing most conspicuously the magnanimity of his nature, the kindness of his heart, and the energy of his character. The government approved his conduct, and his fellow-citizens applauded his generosity.

The disgraceful tampering of the British government with the Indian tribes upon our borders and within our limits, soon displayed itself in the universal hostilities which they exhibited. The wilderness regions of the new states of Alabama and Florida were swarming with disaffected and excited savages; who were openly encouraged as the allies of England. The country was exposed to their cruelty and devastations. Fort Mims, near Mobile, was taken by them, and more than 300 whites were slaughtered. Consternation pervaded the country, and help was loudly called for. With his usual alacrity, General Jackson flew to the forests of the southwest, backed by an army of Tennessee volunteers and militia. They marched under a state requisition, and were scantily furnished with supplies and provisions. The country was unsettled, without roads, and unexplored. With all the means which were within the reach of men, a sufficient sustenance for the troops could not be procured.

Several other detachments also entered the field, and were but little better provided with articles of subsistence. The commissaries could only procure temporary and accidental supplies of forage and provisions. No precaution or prudence could obviate these difficulties. The savage foe daily became more insolent. The chafed spirit of Jackson and his brave followers became impatient of restraint, and they resolutely penetrated the depths of the dreary forests, threading their trackless wastes, and stemming the torrents of their mighty streams. One campaign succeeded another, and victory followed victory. The severe service, the poor preparation for the comfort of the troops, and the seeming neglect of the government, wore out the patience of the soldiers, rendering it impossible to repress the disposition to disorder and mutiny. The terms of service were short and uncertain, and frequently, when

their general most needed their support and the country their service, they were found asserting their right to return home, and their unwillingness to move forward. The minute history of that war can alone portray its terrible difficulties; but when that history is correctly examined, it will show the peculiar character of General Jackson in a more enviable light, than that of any other general who ever conquered a savage foe on the continent of America. The noble deeds of daring, the indefatigable toil, the unlimited suffering, and the brilliant victories over the infatuated Creeks, show a bravery, a devoted love of country, an enduring heroism, equal to the most chivalric struggles of the Athenian and Roman armies. The laurels of Hannibal or of Cæsar were never more daringly won, nor more strongly contested. *Tallushatchee*, *Talladega*, *Emuckfaw*, and *Tohopeka*, are Indian battle-fields; but no more valorous men ever met at Marathon or Thermopylæ! No more deadly conflict ensanguined the plains of Marengo, Austerlitz or Waterloo. True it is that armies were more numerous, and the return of the slain more lengthy and more renowned: but no more personal bravery, ferocious fanaticism, reckless indifference to life, or indiscriminate slaughter, ever marked the meeting of contending hosts.

These eventful campaigns, which drove from their retreats, and perfectly subdued the savages of the south-west, were scarcely completed, before the eyes of the whole nation were attracted to the demonstrations of a British fleet and army on its approach to the mouth of the Mississippi, and its intended denouement against the city of New Orleans. With all possible despatch the invincible Jackson repaired to its defence, and well was it for the safety and honour of the nation, that such a general was at the service of his country. The defence of the city of New Orleans, the means at the command of the general, the importance of the result, the astounding loss of the enemy, the almost total escape of the Americans, all conspire to make it one of the most remarkable victories in the history of the world, and have served to place the military renown of Andrew Jackson upon the pinnacle of the temple of fame. For thirty years, the glories of those days have been the theme of orators, poets and statesmen, and are familiar as household words to every ear now present. I shall, therefore, decline a rehearsal of the soul-stirring details. With this great and priceless victory ended the principal military services of the great captain of the age; and he, in more than Roman glory, retired again to the peaceful shades of the Hermitage, surrounded and greeted by the blessings of his grateful countrymen. Peace spread her angel wings over our beloved land, and prosperity soon gladdened the hearts of the American people.

His vigorous and efficient prosecution of the Seminole war which

afterwards disturbed our southern border, brought to a final conclusion his military labours, and permitted him once more to seek his peaceful home, with the hope and desire of remaining amongst his devoted and adoring friends. But so great was the confidence of the President of the United States in his peculiar fitness to discharge difficult trusts, that he was appointed governor of Florida, which position he accepted, and patriotically rendered the most signal service to his country in reducing to order and submission those discontented and refractory spirits, who had to learn by restraint and obedience to law, their first lessons of American citizenship. Again the state of Tennessee made him her Senator in Congress, and again he left the shades of retirement for the busy scenes of public life. Soon the partialities of the American people were visibly seen tending towards his selection as their candidate for president of the United States; and as he perceived this intended demonstration of their feelings, his nice sense of honour and delicacy of sentiment induced him once more to resign his office, and to take his position as a private citizen.

The intermediate state of things which elevated him to the chief magistracy of the nation on the 4th of March, 1829, are so recent, that each individual who has mature years and ordinary information, must be familiar with them.

Here opened another and new field of his honourable fame. Here was solved the question of his capacity as a statesman. His integrity, his bravery, his heroism as a soldier and a general, were universally acknowledged and applauded; but a new theatre was before him. With an honest heart and pure intentions, he entered upon the discharge of the duties of his high and sacred trust. With his whole soul filled with a pure love of his country and her institutions; with a full and generous trust in the wisdom and justice of the people, his mighty energies were alone directed to their welfare, and to them alone he looked for strength and support. From his earliest youth to his latest years, he formed his own judgments and examined all questions for himself, and when convinced of the correctness of his premises, he faithfully pursued his conclusions. In this consisted the main secret of his overshadowing greatness. His known rectitude of intention gained him the confidence of his fellow-citizens, and it was the pride of his life that he never deceived that confidence. The agitating questions which marked his administration, are in some measure, still before the eyes of the nation, and the decisions of some of them are still viewed with different optics. Time and impartial history will do justice to the prophetic wisdom, the mature reason, and patriotic labours of his government.

Conspicuous in the labour's of that day will stand his great conflict with the colossal influence of the money-power of the nation,

in opposition to the rights and privileges of the people. No other man than Andrew Jackson, backed as he was, by the people, would have been potent enough to have humbled that haughty power in the dust. His acts, which resulted in restricting its dangerous issues, and protecting the revenues of the nation; together with his veto upon its charter, proved his great sagacity, his incorruptible firmness, and his deep and abiding devotion to principle.

His unyielding opposition to latitudinarian constructions of the constitution, whereby the treasures of the country were to be applied to internal improvements, and favourite objects of visionary speculation, doubtless saved the general government from the same character of overwhelming embarrassment which has so unhappily fallen upon many of the separate states of the Union.

His high and patriotic stand taken in support of the Union against the secession of one of its members, for supposed wrongs, will long be viewed as an evidence of the great regard he entertained for the perpetuity of the confederation, and his determination to sustain the laws, which, as chief executive, he was bound to see faithfully executed, marked with startling interest the event of his proclamation.

It was with the most peculiar satisfaction that President Jackson was enabled to exhibit to the world the rare spectacle of a great nation existing without owing a dollar of national debt; and he rejoiced in being able to announce to his fellow-countrymen, that all the pecuniary obligations incurred in the prosecution of the war of independence had been faithfully and religiously paid.

His manly and decisive course in hastening the performance of the obligations of the treaty with France, gave proof to the nations of the world, that although we were disposed "to ask for nothing but what was right, we would submit to nothing which was wrong."

The great experience of his life led him to deep reflection upon the best mode of ameliorating the condition, and prolonging the existence of the Aboriginal tribes. And his zealous exertions in furnishing permanent homes for the Indians west of the Mississippi, showed the philanthrophy of his nature and the sincerity of his heart.

His many public and private charities, though numerous, and generously extended, were unostentatious and frequently concealed. He was no Pharisee, and sought not his reward in such cases, from the hands of men.

These leading measures and principles were the distinguishing points which signalized both the first and second terms of his service as president. During their discussion and settlement, the greatest excitement existed throughout the community, and their influences have scarcely ceased to operate in the minds of the public. In-

deed, it may be truly said, that the measures which characterized the chief magistracy of Andrew Jackson, have left an abiding impression upon the policy of the country. Political dogmas which had grown gray in error and sufferance, were, by the impulses of his mighty mind, exploded and terminated. No man ever filled the presidential chair who more fully met the expectations of his friends, or more triumphantly succeeded in the fulfilment of his political designs. No man was ever more devotedly sustained by the people, and no one ever laboured more assiduously, fearlessly, and patriotically to uphold and promote their rights and welfare. The purity of his motives, the necessity of his unyielding policy, and the benefits flowing and to flow from them, are already being manifested, and will continue to shed a brighter and more radiant halo around his beloved name, so long as our countrymen uphold and reverence the true democratic doctrine of "equal rights, and equal privileges."

After having spent nearly the whole of his long and valuable life in the service of his country, he bid a final adieu to public life on the 3d of March, 1837, leaving his countrymen, as he well expressed himself, "prosperous and happy."

Amidst the scenes of his early years, in the company of his old friends and neighbours, at his own loved Hermitage, he has since passed, in happy tranquillity, the remaining days of his life. There, in his last retirement, his active mind has been diligently occupied in the contemplation of the condition of the nation, and his warning voice has been heard, advising a strict vigilance over her interests. As a philosopher and a sage, his words have sunk deep into the hearts of the people, and his last days have been comforted in the belief and prospect that all will be well, according to the desire of his heart.

As he was glorious in life, so has he been great in his death. With Christian fortitude and patience he endured the afflictions of the body, and with a Christian's hope he joyfully obeyed the summons of his Lord and Master, "to depart and be in peace." A nation's prayers have ascended for him; a nation's sympathies have been blended with his sufferings;—and a nation *mourns* the death of its most illustrious citizen. The sleep of death is upon him.

That noble heart which never quailed in the presence of danger; which ever sympathised with the woes of the oppressed, and most tenderly burned with patriotic devotion to its country's service, now quietly rests with the clods of the valley.

The character of Andrew Jackson is peculiar in itself. It combines so many of the elements of true greatness, that it is difficult to place its separate qualities in proper relief. There may be those who will most prize him as a general, and there will be others who will more highly esteem him as a statesman. That one man

should so eminently present such claims to the admiration of his fellow-citizens, is almost a phenomenon in the order of nature. Time alone can establish the true measure of his greatness.

He has bequeathed a rich patrimony to his country and to the world. It will be the proud duty of his countrymen to cherish and perpetuate it to the latest posterity.

Ages may revolve before such another spirit shall claim a place on the stage of life. Ambitious to be great, he was never accused of selfishness. Although frequently the recipient of the highest honours, he never condescended to court or seek them. His soul abhorred deceit, and his tongue always spoke the truth. Mercy was with him a darling attribute, and his personal honour, a priceless jewel. A strong desire for the amelioration of the condition of mankind, a liberal and tolerant disposition, and an expanded charity, characterised his life. Inflexibly just in his decisions, stern in the execution of his decrees, he never swerved from principle. With a sensitive mind and excitable feelings, he blended a due share of caution and an admirable systematic control of his passions. He was not easily turned aside from his purposes, deceived by specious appearances, nor misled by stratagems. An intuitive perception of right and wrong enabled him to comprehend easily the most difficult questions, where his cotemporaries were compelled to labour and investigate. Almost reared in the camp, and familiar with scenes of contention and bloodshed, he highly estimated the blessings of peace, when compatible with the honour of the nation. His energetic decision and boldness enabled him to accomplish astonishing results by a single effort. He never consulted his personal ease or safety in the consummation of his designs. The fame of his country was as dear to him as the apple of his eye, and under the folds of her standards, and the gaze of her eagles, he always carried his life in his hand, ready to yield it up in defence of her honour. He never unfurled his country's banner upon a battle-field, without covering it with victory and with glory.

As a statesman, he never urged an issue upon the consideration of the nation without ably sustaining his position, and never failed in carrying conviction of its correctness to the minds of the people. Hence was he denominated "the man of the *iron-will*."

The aged sire, as he holds upon his knee the child of his affection, will teach him to revere and cherish the recollections of this mighty man. The candid citizen, as he muses upon the patriotic labours of this illustrious sage, will feel the involuntary emotions of gratitude springing up in his heart. The matron and the maiden, when they review the brilliant exploits of this heroic general, in the protection of their land from the calamities of invasion, will rise up and call him blessed. The brave soldier of the American

army, with a worthy spirit of emulation, will look upon his example and renown as the dearest objects of his regard, prompting him to a willing discharge of his duty. The statesman and the patriot will find instructive lessons in his life, and in the wisdom of his counsel. The highest honours of the land have crowned him whilst living. His cenotaph is the love of his countrymen. His monument will be a holy remembrance in the hearts of the American people.

In response to the sentiments and feelings of the whole nation, the proper authorities of the country have directed the most distinguished national honours to his revered name, and have spoken in the most enthusiastic and eloquent terms of his many virtues. Well have they judged of the sacred devotion to his memory. A mighty nation bows in grief to the stern decree which calls from his earthly labours, him for whom we weep; because he so well loved us.

One last sacred duty devolves upon us as American citizens. Let us, with enduring fidelity, guard from reproach and aspersion, the glorious name and character which he has bequeathed to our keeping and protection. As we receive the rich legacy of his faithful services, so let us treasure his good name; and posterity, as they succeed us on the theatre of existence, will continue to ascribe immortal honours to the immortal JACKSON!

EULOGY

DELIVERED AT HARRISBURG, PA., JULY 24, 1845,

BY

FRANCIS R. SHUNK,

GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

THE deep solemnity produced by the religious fervour of the comprehensive and appropriate appeal, which has been made to the God we worship and adore, leads us to the contemplation of the character and services of our illustrious countryman, whose funeral obsequies we have met to celebrate, with proper feelings, and supplies the imperfection of the sketch I am about to give of his merits.

It may well be remarked, with pride and satisfaction, that the great men to whom we are indebted, under Heaven, for our civil and religious rights, were generally pure. Virtue and goodness in them sustained their patriotism, heroism, and devotion to the public good; and while their public services are appreciated, their private lives are examples for imitation.

Those adventurous spirits, who founded the nation, whose actions fill the pages of history with a romance that needs not the imaginings of the past to inspire the mind with wonder and admiration—who tore themselves away from early associations—brushed from their eyes the tear of regret which arose upon casting a last look at the graves of their ancestors, and the homes of their childhood—who sought and found a new country, and founded a new nation upon which they deeply enstamped the features of their own individuality, have for ages slept in their graves; but their achievements, their valor, and their devotion to liberty—the religion, virtue and morality that adorned their lives, are cherished and revered by their descendants.

When the government of England sought to appropriate the rising greatness of this country to itself, and strip the people of

essential rights, men arose in our midst, as good as they were great, in whom the public confidence centred, and by whom the freemen of the country were represented in the field and in council—men whose lives are the pride and ornament of this republic, and whose actions fill the brightest pages in the history of the world. Washington, Franklin, Adams, and Jefferson, and many others, are names distinguished for virtue, disinterestedness, and patriotism. Guided by a light from Heaven, unerring as its source, and animated by a love of liberty, as pure as it was ardent, they established our liberty and impressed upon our institutions the wisdom, the forecast, and the purity of their own great minds. They, too, are all gone to the silence of the grave, but their fame will be ever fresh, while mind and memory last.

The freedom which they secured was the first great advance that had, for ages, been made in the science of government. The light it diffused upon a subject so interesting to mankind, provoked the hostility of those whose possessions depended upon the oppression of the race—an opposition like that which ignorance wages against the lights of true philosophy—an enmity like that which pagan superstition cherishes towards the blessed influences of the Christian faith.

During the thirty years which followed the peace of 1783, the conduct of England towards these states was repugnant to the acknowledgments she had made. The time arrived when longer to follow peaceful counsels was faithlessness to the true interests of the country, and war was declared against England in 1812.

It is a cherished maxim of despotism, that the strength of government consists in its power to rule, independently of the people; and the conclusion which tyranny drew from it, was, that our system would be crumbled to pieces by the shock of war, and that our resort to arms would extinguish the light our government reflected to guide the oppressed. A great question was to be decided: the eyes of the civilized world were upon us—monarchs, and people of all nations, where the story of American liberty had been told, regarded the result with intense anxiety.

The principal lights in the war of the Revolution had been quenched by death—the knowledge of the art which that revolution had taught, was lost in the peaceful pursuits of the nation for thirty years, or was only remembered by the remnant of that gallant band, who felt that time had chilled the ardour and paralyzed the energies of youth. The crisis had arrived when a nation, proud of its origin, proud of the brilliant talents and services of the men that adorned its annals, proud of its inestimable rights and unlimited freedom, was to determine whether the organic structure of its government could be sustained in the conflict of war, and whether, among the descendants of the great and good, who

shined like stars in its firmament, men would arise to preserve and perpetuate its institutions, with hands as strong, hearts as pure, and minds as clear, as were those of the men who laid their broad foundations, and who would in their turn shine as stars in the firmament of liberty.

Here we reach the point in our history, where, for the first time, the man whose death we have assembled to commemorate, appears distinctly before the American people, to commence a career of usefulness, of heroism, and of devotion to his country, which give him a rank with the great men who founded the nation, with the great men who achieved our independence, and with the great men who laid broader and deeper the foundations of liberty during, and since, the war of 1812.

Andrew Jackson was born in the state of South Carolina, of Irish parents, on the 15th of March, 1767. He was permitted in his youth to witness some of the stormy scenes of that revolution which secured the independence of his country. He was himself engaged as a volunteer under Colonel Davie, in a battle fought with the British in South Carolina, on the 16th of August, 1780, when he was between thirteen and fourteen years of age. The corps of Davie, in which young Jackson fought, says the historian, particularly distinguished itself, and suffered heavy loss. In 1781, he received a wound from a British officer, for refusing, while a prisoner of war, to clean the boots of the insolent ruffian. In 1788, he migrated to Tennessee, where he was soon after appointed attorney-general of the district, by Washington. In 1795, he was elected a member of the convention to form a constitution for the state. In 1796, he was elected a member of the House of Representatives in Congress. In 1797, he was elected by the legislature of the state, a member of the Senate of the United States. In 1798, he was appointed judge of the Supreme Court of law and equity of the state. In 1801, he was appointed major-general of the militia of the state. In 1814, he was appointed a major-general in the army of the United States. In 1821, he was appointed governor of Florida. In 1823, he was appointed minister to Mexico, which he declined, and in the same year he was elected a member of the Senate of the United States. In 1828, he was elected president of the United States; and in 1832 he was re-elected. On the 8th of June, 1845, he died, full of years, full of honour, and full of hope of immortal happiness.

Jackson's first appearance as a military chief, was as commander of the troops levied to carry on the war with the Indians of the South. These red men of the forest were organized and trained by leaders in whom were united the double influence of chiefs and of prophets, and who controlled the religious as well as military ardour of the people in a war against the United States, in which they

were encouraged and aided by British agents. They presented a formidable power, which made its demonstrations in acts of savage cruelty, inflicted upon the border inhabitants. To reduce this power and protect our citizens, a force was organized, under the direction and control of General Jackson.

A subtle enemy had to be discovered in the recesses of his own forest, and pursued through a wilderness with which experience made him familiar, and gave him the full advantage of his peculiar mode of warfare; and this with troops hastily levied, imperfectly disciplined, and inadequately supplied. Success, to be desirable, must be decisive. It was necessary, in order that savage ferocity might be overawed, that the irresistible power of the American army should be demonstrated. All these objects were attained, by the indomitable energy and consummate skill of the American commander. The foe was discovered in his most secret retreats, pursued with unceasing activity, defeated in repeated battles, the frontier relieved from its alarm, and the enemy reduced to submission.

The quality, the greatest quality of the general, that of inspiring his men with his own enthusiasm and energy—that presence of mind which instantaneously, in the greatest emergency, makes use of all, and the most appropriate means within its reach—patience under fatigue and suffering, which he shared equally with his men—firmness in suppressing mutiny, and silencing discontent, and harmonizing discord—activity in pursuit—a happy combination of wariness and boldness in his plans—dauntless courage in action, and consummate skill in securing the great ends of the campaign with inadequate means, give Jackson a reputation in this war, to which the victory of Orleans itself could scarcely add lustre. It is not always when the numerical force of armies is the greatest, or the object in controversy of the most stupendous magnitude, that the skill of the general is put to the severest test. The victory of Orleans has resounded more throughout the world, it is more familiar to men than those of Talladega, Emuckfaw, and Tohopeka, but Jackson only displayed there the same qualities on another theatre, under different circumstances, and against a different foe; although in the one campaign the savage only was reduced to submission, and in the other, the pride of England was humbled, a city saved from pillage, and the enemy expelled from the Mississippi. The campaign of Italy has contributed more to the fame of Napoleon, than those of Austerlitz and Jena, although by the one, a few provinces of Italy only were annexed to the French empire, while in the other, two great military monarchies were stricken to the earth, and the balance of power in Europe unsettled.

The achievement which has diffused the military fame of General

Jackson throughout the world, and made the 8th of January one of the great days of the republic, is the victory of Orleans.

The history of this glorious victory is too familiar to all to be dwelt upon here. We all know how treason was overawed—how the murmurs of discontent were silenced—how all the resources of defence were developed and applied—how a panic-stricken population were encouraged and animated with the spirit of his own patriotism—with what noble self-devotion, responsibility was assumed—the sagacity with which the designs of the enemy were penetrated, and the boldness with which they were met, and how the enemy, baffled on the 23d of December, were immolated on the 8th of January.

We have often rejoiced, and our posterity shall rejoice, for all time to come, that an American commander has contributed to military history, a victory unparalleled in her annals. Behold a line of American troops, some not wearing even the livery of war, arrayed, animated, and directed, by the genius of one man, awaiting the assault of 9000 English veterans, and driving them back terror-stricken and disorganized; and despair not of the ability of a nation of freemen to defend their country.

Let it not be said that the voice of accusation is heard mingling with the plaudits of his countrymen—nor let this illustrious patriot be accused of trampling upon the constitution of his country, in the very hour when he perilled life and reputation to defend it. The declaration of martial law by General Jackson (an act which has been criticized if not censured), was not the exercise of capricious despotism—it was one of the indispensable means of this glorious defence. An emergency had arisen when the constitution imposed silence upon herself, and became subordinate to a paramount, imperious law of necessity. This is another proof of the adequacy of this great heart to all the exigencies of war. When the danger had passed, and the constitution was no longer silent, amid the din of arms, he recognised her voice, submitted cheerfully to the authority of a civil magistrate, and restrained the indignation which his unjust decision excited. He lived to hear the voice of his country reverse his decree, and set the seal of approbation upon his conduct.

This victory spread the military reputation of General Jackson throughout the world. After a few years of service in the army, during which his talents and energy were again called in requisition by a war with the Seminole Indians, which he soon brought to a successful conclusion, he retired to the shades of the Hermitage, where he remained in the peaceful pursuits of agriculture, with the exception of a short period while he was governor of Florida, and senator of the United States, until he was called, by the voice of

the American people, to assume the duties of the highest office in their gift.

Whatever differences may exist among his countrymen, in regard to some measures of his administration, it must be admitted by all, that the same courageous assumption of responsibility—the same patriotism—the same energy and decision—the same honesty of purpose—and the same devotion to the constitution and the Union, which distinguished him as a general, he displayed as a statesman. During his administration, questions arose which agitated the whole community. Even the Union itself was threatened, and gave occasion for an exhibition of devotion to its preservation, which commanded universal applause. It may well be added, as a remarkable truth, that all the leading measures of his administration, whatever differences of opinion may have existed at the time, have been finally approved by the people.

From the commencement of this government, the union of the states was an object of the greatest anxiety with all our patriots and statesmen. Jackson's whole life and conduct bear testimony to his fixedness of purpose to sustain this vital interest of our community of states, which, however slightly it may be valued by some, has been regarded, and is regarded by our greatest, best, and wisest patriots, as the foundation upon which we must rest for the perpetuity of our free institutions. The union of the states, cemented by the constitution, creating general powers for the protection and security of all, and yet reserving to the several states that essential sovereignty which is consistent with the powers granted to the general government, is that perfection of wisdom, which has, for nearly sixty years, secured to the people of these states a degree of unexampled liberty and prosperity. It has diffused its blessings throughout the nation. Under its mild and expansive influence, this people have advanced in all that dignifies and adorns our nature. Knowledge and the arts are cherished. Comfort and abundance are the sure rewards of honesty and industry, and the religion of the Redeemer, uncontaminated by any meretricious connexion with the government—resting upon its essential divinity—sheds its mild and humanizing and heavenly light upon man's pathway through life, and enables him, by the hopes of a sure inspiration, to look for a place of blissful rest beyond the grave.

The father of his country has, with great force, earnestness, and zeal, enforced the duty of cherishing and preserving this union of the states. He says:

"The unity of government which constitutes you one people, is also now dear to you. It is justly so, for it is a main pillar in the edifice of your independence, the support of your tranquillity at home, your peace abroad, of your safety, of your prosperity, of

that very liberty which you so highly prize. But as it is easy to foresee, that, from different causes, and from various quarters, much pains will be taken, many artifices employed, to weaken in your minds the conviction of this truth; as this is the point in your political fortress, against which the batteries of internal and external enemies will be most constantly and actively (though often covertly and insidiously) directed: it is of infinite moment, that you should properly estimate the immense value of your National Union, to your collected and individual happiness—that you should cherish a cordial, habitual, and immoveable attachment to it, accustoming yourselves to think and speak of it as the palladium of your political safety and prosperity."

Faithful to the constitution, consistent with himself, and true to his country, Andrew Jackson maintained the sanctity of the Union, in an emergency when it was dangerously threatened. Animated and instructed by the counsels, and reverencing the example of Washington, when in 1832, the state of South Carolina attempted to nullify the laws of the United States, and advanced the doctrine that she had an independent right to secede from the Union, he "frowned indignantly upon the first dawning of the attempt to alienate a portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which link together the various parts;" while he was anxious to redress the wrongs of which they had just cause to complain, his decision was clear that, as long as the law remained, it MUST BE OBEYED.

The bold and determined course of the state of South Carolina, the intelligence and chivalric spirit of her sons, who were prompt in sustaining it, were met by President Jackson with all the energy that marked his character. In his memorable proclamation of December, 1832, he speaks to the citizens of the disaffected states with paternal kindness. He points to the constitution as the perpetual bond of our union, which we have received as the work of the assembled wisdom of the nation, in which we have trusted as the sheet anchor of our safety in the stormy times of conflict with a foreign or domestic foe, to which we have looked with a sacred awe, as the palladium of our liberties, and with all the solemnities of religion, have pledged to each other our lives and fortunes here, and our hopes of happiness hereafter, in its defence and support. He invokes the descendants of the Pinkneys, the Sumters, the Rutledges, and the thousand other names which adorn their revolutionary history, not to abandon that union, to support which so many of them fought, and bled, and died. He adjures them, as they honour their memory, as they love the cause of freedom, to which they dedicated their lives, as they prize the peace of our country, the lives of its best citizens, and their own fair fame, to retrace their steps. But having entreated, invoked, and adjured

with fatherly affection—having placed before them the motives for returning to the path of duty, he assumes the dignity of the magistrate, and denounces the penalty of continued resistance. He tells them they cannot destroy the constitution: they may disturb its peace, interrupt the course of its prosperity, and cloud its reputation for stability, but its tranquillity will be restored, its prosperity will return, and the stain upon its national character will be transferred, and remain an eternal blot on the memory of those who caused the disorder. He then announces to his fellow-citizens of the United States, that a crisis had approached in our affairs, on which the continuance of our uninterrupted prosperity, our political existence, and perhaps that of all free governments, may depend. He relies with confidence on their individual support, in his determination to execute the laws—to preserve the Union by all constitutional means, to arrest, if possible, by moderate but firm measures, the necessity of a recourse to force; and if it be the will of Heaven, that the recurrence of its primeval curse on man, for the shedding of a brother's blood, should fall upon our land, that it be not called down by any offensive act on the part of the United States.

With the deep solemnity of a good man, he concludes by saying, "May the great Ruler of nations grant that the signal blessings with which he has favoured ours, may not, by the madness of party, or personal ambition, be disregarded and lost, and may his wise Providence bring those who have produced this crisis to see their folly, before they feel the misery of civil strife, and inspire a returning veneration for that Union which, if we may dare to penetrate His designs, He has chosen as the only means of attaining the high destinies to which we may reasonably aspire."

To this decisive and magnanimous course of President Jackson, distinguished for honesty, plainness, simplicity, and firmness, the nation was mainly indebted for the return of South Carolina to the communion of her sisters, and for the preservation of the Union itself, which was strengthened by the wisdom and force which met the attempt to disrupt it.

The continuance of the Bank of the United States presented a question during the presidency of Jackson, which divided the people of these states. The utility, advantage, and necessity of such an institution were strongly urged on one side, in favour of a recharter, while the danger arising from a great concentration of money power, and its evil tendency in a republican government, formed the ground of objection to it. Andrew Jackson was among those who were opposed to the recharter of the bank, and while those in opposition to him on this question may deprecate the effects of his course, they must admit the energy and honesty of it. The varied power and influence of this institution secured the pas-

sage of a bill in both houses of Congress, extending its charter, in 1832. It was presented to the president for his signature. He was a candidate for re-election the coming November, and might justly anticipate that all this array of power and influence would be marshalled against him, if he withheld his signature. But he remained firm and immoveable. His convictions of the dangerous tendencies of the bank were too clear. He saw the storm gathering around him, but he smiled at its approach. Sustained by conscious rectitude, he maintained his position undismayed, and presented an example of devotion to what he believed to be the best interests of the country and of exalted patriotism, like those of Grecian and Roman virtue, which has been consecrated for the benefit and instruction of mankind. His hostility to that institution was determined and persevering—he believed he was right, and in the strength of that belief, he advanced in the course he had prescribed for himself with unfaltering and uncompromising decision, until his object was accomplished. His own words are the best illustration of his conduct that can be given. He says:—

"In vain do I bear upon my person enduring memorials of that contest in which American liberty was purchased—in vain have I since perilled property, fame, and life, in defence of the rights and privileges so dearly bought—in vain am I now without a personal aspiration, or the hope of individual advantage, encountering responsibilities and dangers, from which, by mere inactivity in relation to a single point, I might have been exempt, if any serious doubts can be entertained as to the purity of my purposes and motives. If I had been ambitious, I should have sought an alliance with that powerful institution, which even now aspires to no divided empire. If I had been venal, I should have sold myself to its designs—had I preferred personal comfort and official ease, to the performance of my arduous duties, I should have ceased to molest it. In the history of conquerors and usurpers, never, in the fire of youth, nor in the vigour of manhood, could I find an attraction to lure me from the path of duty, and now I shall scarcely find an inducement to commence the career of ambition, when gray hairs and a decaying frame, instead of inviting to toil and battle, call me to the contemplation of other worlds, where conquerors cease to be honoured, and usurpers expiate their crimes. The only ambition I can feel, is to acquit myself to him, to whom I must soon render an account of my stewardship, to serve my fellow-men and live respected and honoured in the history of my country." If there is one virtue in the character of General Jackson, pre-eminent above the rest, it is the disinterestedness which he here claims, and which his country awards him.

His whole career is strongly marked by heroism, disinterestedness, and devotion to his country. The age of fourteen found him

in the ranks of war. The indomitable spirit which prompted the boy, the prisoner and the orphan to disobey a degrading order, betokened the future hero. A pioneer of the wilderness, and yet acquiring under the guidance of his strong understanding and refined feeling, the polished manner and dignified address which became the elevated stations he filled. A republican in principle and practice. Distinguished alike for honesty of purpose and decision of character. His was an elevated political morality, which could not stoop to flatter venal passion, but always appealed to the virtue of his countrymen. Gifted by nature with a mind keen in its perceptions and clear in its conclusions, his decisions were seldom wrong, and always honest. The warrior of many battles, yet preserved to give the world the example of a tranquil death of a Christian in the bosom of his family.

The great benefactors of mankind are seldom appreciated, nor can they be fully appreciated by the generation to which they belong. Time and the progress of events, which have received a direction from their master's hands, can only fully develope the value of their services. The achievements of General Jackson in the field and in the cabinet must not be estimated by their immediate effects, but with reference to their influence upon the future destiny of the country. The American government and the American people are invested with the glory of his triumphs—they hold and will hold the eminent rank his services have acquired for them, and feel the dignity and pride of country which they confer; other nations will be influenced and regulated in their conduct towards us by the force and permanency which his character and services have enstamped upon our institutions, while our own people, young and old, from generation to generation, will regard his biography as among the most precious records of their history, and gather from his life the noblest examples for their imitation.

On the 8th of June last, this life, crowded with acts which conferred renown upon his country, and preserved from a thousand dangers, drew tranquilly to its close. Warned of his approach, and armed with the faith and resignation of a Christian, death came to him as the welcome messenger to open for his entrance the portals of the city of the blest. The life spent in illustrating the annals of his country, treasuring up immortal fame for himself, glorified God in its close. When the inevitable hour came, stooping from the very highest pinnacle of earthly fame, in meekness and humility to the very foot of the cross, the venerable old man, his brow bound with civic and military wreaths, bowed his head to the stroke with the dignity the Christian faith alone can inspire. Childless, the pains of his last illness were assuaged, and its tedious hours beguiled by affection more than filial, and bursts of grief from

hearts in which not a drop of his blood was mingled, paid the holiest tribute to his memory when he died.

With paternal admonitions, tender adieus to those to whom not blood, but affection, made him father, in the confident hope of a blissful immortality, his spirit, released from its frail and decaying tenement, has gone to receive its reward.

EULOGY

DELIVERED AT LANCASTER, PA., JUNE 26, 1845,

BY THE

HON. ELLIS LEWIS.

FRIENDS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS! Andrew Jackson is no more! His spirit has taken its flight to another, and, we trust, a better world! We are assembled to mourn the loss of a national benefactor, and to commemorate his virtues. It is the fortune of the American people to be frequently engaged in the discussion of public measures, and to be as often divided in opinion, in reference to the questions at issue. But it is one of the bright traits of their character, to evince a magnanimous desire to do justice to any of their distinguished citizens, when they are no longer amongst us to speak for themselves. The scenes of to-day stand forth as an example. The most distinguished opponents of measures sustained by the illustrious deceased, unite with his friends in the ceremonies designed to do justice to his abilities—to the purity of his motives—to his undaunted bravery and exalted patriotism. And for this purpose differences of opinion have been laid aside, and all have united in selecting, to address you, on this melancholy occasion, an early but an humble friend of the deceased—one who has generally approved of his public acts—who has participated in the hospitalities of his house and table—who has loved him for his private virtues—and who can personally bear testimony to the deep humility of his Christian devotions, in the period of his highest earthly exaltation. Under such circumstances, your speaker would do injustice to the occasion, and equal violence to his own feelings, if he intentionally expressed a sentiment or uttered a word which might interrupt the universal harmony, or give just cause of offence to any portion of his fellow-citizens.

It has been said that "Republics are ungrateful;" but the startling event which has called us together has added another proof to the many evidences already before us, that our happy

form of government is not justly liable to this reproach. The people of this extended republic have not been ungrateful to their patriots and statesmen. Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe and Harrison, received the greatest rewards in life, and the highest honours in death, which a grateful people could bestow. And the hero whose loss we now deplore has enjoyed the strongest proofs of the grateful attachment of his fellow-citizens. Although the events of his brilliant career as a general, and his faithful administration as a president, have produced great diversity of opinion, and much energy in discussion, the moment his death is announced, the nation pauses to survey the extent of its obligations! And the next moment an outpouring of patriotic feeling bursts forth, like a volcano, from the whole land; and, as it pours along, like a river of burning lava, it obliterates alike the underbrush of error and the weeds of uncharitableness, leaving nothing for our contemplation but the bright and glowing stream of a republic's gratitude! The voice of party, which was silenced in the day of battle by the roar of artillery—the clangor of arms and the gurgling of blood, is again stilled to give place, in the hour of death, to the tolling bell—the funeral gun, and the wailing voice of a sorrowing nation.

In this happy exhibition of national character, we may see the proof that our country's freedom is destined to perpetuity. The scrutiny with which we examine the acts of our public men shows that we are ready to pay, for the blessings of liberty, that "eternal vigilance" which has been declared to be its "price." And the generosity with which we applaud pure motives and great actions, proves that differences of opinion amongst ourselves are never permitted to deprive the truly deserving of their just reward.

The "philosophy which teaches by example" assures us that the rewards which are held in the highest regard by a nation, are the chief incitements to deeds of valour and patriotism. Where orders of knighthood and patents of nobility are dispensed, as the rewards for public services, other more noble objects of ambition are less appreciated and less necessary for the support of government. But, in governments resting upon the public will, established by a people who have no taste for royalty, or the stars and garters of nobility, the highest reward which a patriot can receive or desire, is the approving confidence of his fellow-citizens. When this has been deserved, justice and policy require that it should be meted out with a liberal hand and an ungrudging heart. Justice to Andrew Jackson, and a proper regard for the interests of the country, unite in requiring that we should cherish his memory and honour his name. The rising generation who witness these ceremonies will thus be encouraged to emulate the hero and the patriot. And when the crisis shall come, and the country shall call for her sons,

they will flock around her standard, ready to do battle in her cause, on land and on sea—on the lakes or on the Rocky Mountains—on the coast of the Atlantic or on the shores of the Pacific!

While we mingle our sorrows together, it is therefore proper to unite in a just tribute to departed worth. And the occasion is appropriate for such reflections as may be useful to ourselves, and peneficial to our country and its institutions.

History is the mirror of the past; the guide of the present, and the beacon of the future. Let us look at the images which she presents for our contemplation. We may find valuable lessons for our present career, and salutary warnings for the time to come. But, while we proceed in the examination, let us bear in remembrance that the power which has summoned the greatest amongst us to his final account, may, at any moment, send the like summons to us; that the sands which have numbered the days of the hero, are rapidly measuring out the fragment of time allotted to each that survives; and that while we are offering funeral honours to the illustrious dead, our own hearts,

> "Like muffled drums, are beating
> Funeral marches to the grave."

Andrew Jackson was born in what was called the Waxhaw Settlement, in South Carolina, on the 15th of March, 1767. His parents were emigrants from Ireland. Shortly after his birth his father died, leaving three children, to be provided for by their widowed mother. The eldest son lost his life at the battle of Stono, by the excessive heat of the weather and fatigues of the day. As soon as the Revolutionary war extended into South Carolina, the two other brothers, Andrew and Robert, hastened to the American camp, and engaged in the service of the country. At this time, Andrew was a boy, at the tender age of fourteen, but he performed the services of a man. In the course of military operations, the two brothers were taken prisoners by the British dragoons under the command of Major Coffin. Andrew was ordered by a British officer to perform acts of menial servitude, which he declined, claiming the rights to which he was entitled as a prisoner of war, under the law of nations. The officer, incensed at his refusal, aimed a blow at his head with a drawn sword, which Andrew parried with his arm, and saved his life by receiving on his hand the wound intended for his head. His brother, at the same time, for a similar offence, received a deep cut on the head, of which he afterwards died. Upon the exchange of prisoners, the two brothers were set at liberty, but Robert died of his wound a few days after his liberation, and his mother, worn with grief and suffering, expired a few weeks after her son. Andrew Jackson, the only surviving child, confined to a bed of sickness, occasioned

by his sufferings while a prisoner of war, and attacked by the small-pox, was thus left at the door of death—in the wide world —in the unprotected tenderness of youth—alone—friendless—and without a human being whom he could claim as a near relation. But the same God which saved the Hebrew infant, in his bulrush ark, and made him a mighty ruler over the people, watched over the fortunes of the American orphan!

At the age of seventeen, he commenced the study of the law. At nineteen, he obtained a license to practise, and at twenty-one, he settled in Nashville, and commenced the practice of his profession. His efforts were crowned with success. He received from the immortal Washington the appointment of attorney-general for the district. At this early period, he was remarkable for his efficiency in aiding to quell the Indian disturbances. At twenty-nine, he was elected a member of the convention to establish the constitution of Tennessee. The same year he was elected a member of Congress. And the next year, at the age of thirty, he was chosen a United States senator, which he soon after resigned, from an aversion to political life. At thirty-two, against his wishes, he was appointed a supreme judge of the state, which he also resigned soon afterwards, and retired to his farm, about ten miles from Nashville, on the Cumberland river, where he remained engaged in the peaceful pursuits of agriculture, until summoned by the second war with Great Britain to take part in the defence of the country. He had been chosen a major-general in the militia of Tennessee, and at the age of forty-five, in 1812, he raised two thousand five hundred volunteers from among the brave sons of his neighbours and friends, and at their head, tendered his services to the general government to repel an expected invasion from the British. He descended the Ohio and Mississippi to Natchez, where he had been instructed to wait further orders. The danger of invasion being dispelled, he was directed, by the secretary at war, to disband his troops on the spot, and deliver up the public stores to General Wilkinson, whose recruiting officers were in attendance, ready to take advantage of the necessities of the brave volunteers —thus disbanded—nearly five hundred miles from their homes, and deprived by this order, if obeyed, of provisions or means to return. They were about to be left to the alternative of enlistment in the regular army or starvation. At this time, there were one hundred and fifty on the sick roll, fifty-six of whom were unable to raise their heads; and it is not certain that even the charity of enlistment was offered to these. Many of these volunteers were youths in their teens, the rich jewels of their patriotic parents, who had followed the fortunes of their general because they confided in his humanity as well as his bravery, and because he had given the pledge that all who did not perish in honourable battle,

should be safely returned to their homes. Here was a trial for the citizen soldier! To obey the order, was to forfeit his word—to abandon his men to the direst calamities, and, at the same time, to fix a stigma on his government which might for ever deprive it of the confidence and support of the yeomanry on which the country relied for defence. To disobey, was to expose himself to the censure of his government—to the severe punishments of the military law—and to the loss of all that a soldier values as worthy of a soldier's ambition. But Andrew Jackson did not hesitate, in such a crisis. He was incapable of perpetrating a deed at which humanity would shudder, and from which Christianity would turn weeping away! He disobeyed the order, and marched his men to their homes. To the honour of his country, his explanations were satisfactory to the government, and his proceedings were approved of by authority as well as sanctioned by humanity.

We do not pause to inquire into the technical principle involved in this proceeding. All men, European and American—civilized and savage—already know that Andrew Jackson was one who regarded substance and not form—whose intuitive perceptions of right have ever found a ready response in the hearts of his countrymen, and whose course, through an eventful and perilous life, has been to follow these perceptions, regardless of all consequences to himself, and ever ready to meet responsibility. But these trying events may be recalled, for the purpose of reminding us that the warrior who could mingle in scenes of blood and carnage, dealing death and havoc among his country's foes, was keenly alive to the tenderest emotions of our nature, and never forgot the dictates of benevolence and humanity.

General Jackson retired from the service, but his retirement was of short duration. The Indians renewed their barbarous depredations. Under the bloody counsels of Tecumseh, who visited the different tribes, and by his eloquence inflamed them against the white population, the Creek confederacy commenced their savage warfare! And who is ignorant of the Indian mode of war! Neither age nor sex is spared—the resisting and the unresisting—the old and the young—the mother and the child, are swept away in the torrent of blood and carnage that marks the path of the relentless savage. Prisoners who surrender under the most solemn pledges that their lives and property shall be protected—the wounded and the helpless—the sick and the dying—are robbed even of the clothing on their backs—deliberately shot—tomahawked in cold blood—scalped—denied the right of burial, or, if buried by their comrades before these enormities are perpetrated, they are raised from their graves, and robbed and stripped and scalped—and then left, their bodies to be devoured by wild animals—their bones to

bleach upon the earth, wherever they might chance to be scattered by the beasts of prey that feed upon the dead and the dying!

The murder of three hundred men, women, and children, at Fort Mimms, was but a small rivulet in the sanguinary stream which deluged the frontier settlements. At the sound of the war-whoop, the helpless children were struck with dismay, and the women clasped their infants convulsively in their arms as they fled and shrieked in terror; while every father, and husband, and brother, and son, seized his rifle and rushed to the conflict in defence of all that was valued in life. Chief among these brave spirits, and leading them on to the battle, was Andrew Jackson! He routed them with terrible slaughter at Talladega—he defeated them in like manner at Emuckfaw! and he almost extinguished their whole race in their last bloody battle at the Horseshoe! He was too sagacious to be betrayed into ambuscades by their wiles—too brave to be terrified by their war-whoops—and too powerful in arms to be overcome by their prowess!

In the prosecution of this war, he suffered the severest fatigues and privations; and encountered obstacles in the mutinies and threatened desertion of large bodies of his men, which are almost without a parallel. But, in all these scenes of trial, he evinced the traits of benevolence, which have shone through his whole life. His own horse was frequently surrendered to the fatigued soldier, while the humane general walked by his side; and, in times of terrible privation and destitution of food, the wants of his men were relieved before his own. If he had nothing else, he divided the handful of acorns he had gathered, and when so fortunate as to procure a scanty supply of beef, his own share was given up to his men, while he supplied himself with the offals which had been left where the animals provided for his troops had been slaughtered!

He retired from the service on the 21st of April, 1814. But his achievements as an officer in the militia, induced the government to tender him the appointment of major-general in the army. And the man who had repeatedly retired from the honours and emoluments of civil life, stood ready, at the call of his country, to give up the comforts of his retirement, and to repair to the post of danger. But, we must pass over many of the scenes and trials and triumphs of his life, and leave to history the task of doing ample justice to his deeds and motives.

We were engaged in a war with the most powerful nation in the world. Her military strength is so wide-spread, that the sound of her drum is heard around the world; her dominions are so extensive that the sun never sets upon them; and she boasts of her maritime power, that

> "Her march is o'er the mountain wave,
> Her home is on the deep!"

The general peace which had been concluded among the powers of Europe in April, 1814, and which had resulted in consigning Napoleon to Elba, enabled this mighty nation to concentrate her whole military and naval power upon our shores. In addition to the warlike movements on our northern and western frontiers, the whole line of our sea-board was invaded at various points, from the Passamaquoddy to the Mississippi. Baltimore was attacked—Havre de Grace was burnt—Alexandria was pillaged, and our National Capitol itself was destroyed! The Senate Chamber and the Hall of Representatives—the President's House and the buildings for the heads of departments—the library of the nation and the records of the government—the works of science and the labours of art—were all involved in one general conflagration by the torch of the invading foe! And, the disciplined Vandals of Europe, who had perpetrated these outrages, were advancing upon New Orleans, with a watch-word that proclaimed to a brutal soldiery, that the wealth of the city and the wives and daughters of its inhabitants, should be given up to the ravaging cupidity and despoiling lust of the victors!

But Andrew Jackson, with a far-reaching foresight, anticipated the attack, and arrived at New Orleans on the 1st December, 1814, for the purpose of defending the city. He immediately commenced the most active preparations against traitors within and enemies without. A rigid system of police was established—every avenue of approach was guarded and fortified; and, among the measures resorted to, for the defence of the city, was the declaration of martial law; and, as a consequence, the temporary suspension of such civil powers, as, in their operation, interfered with those which the commanding general was necessarily obliged to exercise in the defence of the country. At such a crisis, he thought that "constitutional forms should be suspended for the permanent preservation of constitutional rights—that it was better to depart, for a moment, from the enjoyment of our dearest privileges, than to have them wrested from us for ever." In thus placing the defence of this measure upon the highest law of nature and of nations—that of over-ruling necessity in self-preservation, he stood upon impregnable ground, so far as principle was involved, whatever differences of opinion may exist with regard to the application of the principle, or the existence of the dire necessity of resorting to a measure so extraordinary. Upon a full examination of the subject, in all its bearings, the Secretary at War, himself one of the most distinguished jurists of the age, by order of the president, declared, in the name of the nation, that this ground was "just as it respected the responsibility of the commanding general, and safe as it respected the liberties of the nation." And the nation itself, after a deliberation of thirty years—in its assembled wisdom—in the high exercise of its acknowledged power, cheered the heart of the patriot in the

evening of his days, by a reversal of the only judgment that ever was pronounced to the contrary, and by an award of restitution of the fine of one thousand dollars, which a judge had imposed, as a punishment for the interruption of his civil functions. The ladies of New Orleans raised the money to discharge the fine, but the general declined receiving it, and requested that it might be distributed among the widows and orphans of those who had fallen in the battle! It was woman's gratitude that raised the fund!—God bless the sex!—Ever foremost in the work of charity—always ministering to the sick—lingering longest at the cross—speeding earliest to the sepulchre! They never erred but once; and if that error had been committed at a later period of the world, after four thousand years of bright and lovely deeds, the accusing spirit had carried the offence to Heaven's Chancery in vain!

He paid the fine out of his own funds, although greatly embarrassed at the time. The very dwelling-house in which he had long resided, and a large portion of his farm, had been disposed of to relieve his embarrassments, and his family resided in the humblest log-cabin, on a retired portion of the estate, which remained. Here we see the devotion to principle which has influenced his whole life! If he had offended against the constitution of his country, it was just that he, and not others, should suffer the punishment. And when a judgment had been pronounced against him by a competent tribunal, it was the part of a good citizen to submit until it should be reversed, although he questioned its justice. The same devotion which had induced him to still the voice of the multitude, and to prevent an open resistance to the judge's authority while he was imposing the fine, guided his decision that its payment should not be evaded by the generous subscriptions of others.

But let us return from the defence of the general to the defence of New Orleans. Alarm pervaded the city. The marching and counter-marching of the troops—the proximity of the enemy—the known power of his arms, and the uncertainty of the issue, had excited a general fear. As the general and his troops were marching through the city, his ears were assailed with the screams and cries of innumerable females, who had collected on the way, and seemed to fear the worst consequences. Feeling their distresses, and anxious to quiet them, he directed Mr. Livingston to address them in French—the language which they understood, and to say to them, "Be not alarmed—the enemy shall never reach the city!" The effect was electrical! The words were the words of prophecy!

Let us pause for a moment to admire this beautiful display of human kindness, combined with human greatness. Amid the cares and anxieties, and the hopes and fears of his responsible station, and while occupied and surrounded by the dreadful note of preparation, the mighty conqueror reins in his war-horse, and pauses in his career

of arms and death, to send a cheering message to the weak and the timid, the loved and the lovely ones of the city!

But the enemy at last landed; and the moment the intelligence reached General Jackson, instead of waiting his arrival at New Orleans, the general advanced to assail him, in his "first position" on the American soil. The British had reached the Mississippi, and had encamped upon its banks, seven miles below New Orleans, as composedly as if they had been seated on their own soil at a distance from all danger. They felt certain of success, and that the American troops so easily routed at Bladensburg, would scarcely venture to resist at New Orleans. Resting thus confidently, they would have moved forward the next day, and might have accomplished their designs. But General Jackson, with a force, inferior by one-half to that of the enemy, at an unexpected moment, broke into their camp, and, with his undisciplined yeomanry, drove before him for nearly a mile the proud conquerors of Europe! This was on the 23d of December, 1814; and, although it was not the death-blow, it was the master-stroke of bravery and sagacity which saved the city from pillage. It induced the enemy to believe that the American force was greater than his spies had reported it, caused him to suspend his meditated attack, until he received reinforcements; and thus gave the American general time to complete his fortifications and gather additional forces for defence.

The memorable 8th of January arrived! Twelve thousand veterans of the British army, under the command of Sir Edward Packenham, advanced to assault the American breastworks! The cannon thundered from every battery—the Tennessee rifles were levelled with deadly aim—grape-shot and shells were scattered as thick as hailstones over the plain. Three times the enemy advanced, and each time he was driven back, with the slaughter of his bravest men, and, at last, he retreated in confusion. His commander was slain, many of his principal officers were wounded, and the field was covered with nearly two thousand of his dead and wounded! The crowning glory of this brilliant victory is, that it was accomplished, through the military skill of General Jackson, with the loss of only thirteen killed and thirty-nine wounded, on the part of the Americans! The second war with Great Britain was thus terminated in a blaze of glory. Honoured be the memory of the chief whose wisdom and courage so brilliantly illuminated its closing scene!

In the latter part of the year 1817, the hostilities of the Seminoles and other Florida Indians called for the services of General Jackson. In this war, his measures were as active and skilful, and his conduct as brave, as in the wars which had preceded. Its events have been the subject of lengthened discussion, and his country's judgment has been pronounced upon them. The repre-

sentatives of the people justified his course to the nation; and the eloquent argument of the American Secretary of State vindicated it before the governments of England and Spain.

In 1824, his name was brought before the people as a candidate for the highest office in their gift, and the most honourable station on earth. He received in the electoral colleges a greater number of votes than were given to any other candidate. But there being more than two candidates, and no one having received a majority of the whole number, the election devolved upon the House of Representatives, and one of his competitors was chosen. But the people were dissatisfied with this seeming disregard of their will, and they elected their favourite in 1828, by a vote of more than two to one! In 1832, he was re-elected, against his own wishes, by an increased majority. In 1837, he retired from public life to the domestic endearments of the Hermitage, where he continued, loved and respected, during the remainder of his life.

The measures of his administration were important, and have been much discussed. They are fresh in the recollection of all, and it will not be necessary or appropriate to examine their merits. A few remarks may, however, be indulged, without danger of offence. Under his administration, the nations of the earth were taught to respect the stars and the stripes of the American flag! and indemnity was obtained for spoliations which had been committed by the illegal seizure of our vessels at sea, when the country was young and weak; and when she could not boast a leader whose name was a proclamation to the world, that he stood ready to sustain with his arms the just determination which had guided his negotiations, "*To ask nothing that was not clearly right—to submit to nothing that was wrong.*"

The laws establishing a tariff for the collection of a revenue, and at the same time designed to protect our domestic manufactures, met with much opposition in the southern states. And South Carolina passed an ordinance declaring them null and void, and openly declared her determination to resist them with the whole force at her command. The nation was threatened with a civil war, and in that event it was uncertain how many of the states opposed to the tariff would act in concert with South Carolina. The experiment of self-government seemed about to be tested. In this alarming crisis, the president issued his celebrated proclamation, which, for constitutional argument, stands unequalled by any which ever appeared upon the subject, except that of Daniel Webster, in the United States Senate. In this imperishable document, the president reasoned as a jurist, admonished as a father, and decided with the determination of a warrior whose battles were always victorious, that "the *Union must and should be preserved.*"

An immense money corporation had been created by Congress,

with its branches extending into every part of the Union. He believed it was mismanaging the funds of the nation—interfering with the freedom of elections—controlling the operations of government—and dangerous to the liberties of the people. Good men and wise men have differed on the question how far this opinion was correct. But all sound judging men will admit that, so long as the president entertained that opinion, the duty of his station required that he should use all the efforts in his power to save the funds and liberties of the people from the threatened danger. Accordingly, he decided that its connexion with the government should be dissolved, and that, so far as depended upon him, its charter should not be renewed. The political warfare which followed, was as fearful as any he had ever encountered in arms. In the bitterness of the contest, the Senate of the United States pronounced its judgment against him for his measures, in removing the funds of the nation from the vaults of this corporation. But in this, as in every other contest for his country, he proved victorious. Under the influence of other counsels, and in accordance with the wishes of the people, expressed through their state legislatures, the illustrious body which had improvidently prejudged his case, without hearing him, and before he was presented for trial by the representatives of the people, receded from its sentence by a proceeding as decisive as it was remarkable. Whatever difference of opinion may exist in regard to these proceedings, all will perceive, in the course of Andrew Jackson, the self-sacrificing spirit —the fearless disregard of danger—and the indomitable energy which always mark the character of a great mind.

The war with Great Britain and the Indian tribes had involved the nation in many millions of debt, a large amount of which remained undischarged when General Jackson became president. But during his administration he had the satisfaction of causing it to be paid to the uttermost farthing. And when he carried to the Hermitage the abiding affections of the people, he left behind the bright spectacle of a great republican government, after an experiment of sixty years, free from a national debt!

This great patriot was a blessing to his country, in his youth—in his manhood—in his old age—and even in his death! His early participation in the revolutionary struggle for independence attached him to the principles of liberty—and the loneliness of his orphan desolation, which stripped him of every other object of love, concentrated his undivided affections upon his country; the hardships of his youth enabled him to sustain the storms which assailed his manhood. The storms of his manhood drew the attention of his countrymen to the nature of their free institutions, and made them familiar with the principles by which they were to be perpetuated. When we see the humble orphan boy become a

mighty ruler, we feel increased attachment to our form of government, which secures alike to high and low its blessings and its honours. In his old age, he taught the lesson that the man who had occupied the most exalted station in the whole world, was not too proud to become a follower of the "meek and lowly Jesus"—that the spirit which had never quailed to man could bow in meek submission to the will of God; and that while royalty was seeking his likeness to ornament its halls, and antiquity was surrendering its monuments to adorn his sepulchre, he preferred a simple burial by the side of his deceased companion, to the vain ambition of reposing in a sarcophagus, which had preserved the remains of a monarch of the Old World more than a thousand years. He was laid by the side of his wife! Their hearts were united on earth—their spirits shall mingle in heaven; and the flowers that bloom over their resting-place shall "blend their sweet perfume together."

Even in his death there is a blessing. He has taught the Christian how to die! In the beautiful language of our own chief magistrate, "he descended into the region of death, as a summer sun beneath the western horizon, silently, calmly, brightly, gloriously."

The sun has indeed descended, but the sky is still bright! and like its rich reflections, the memory of his noble deeds shall long shed a halo around his illustrious name.

His death has opened the way to a just decision upon his life. The scythe of time is removing obstructions, and his hour-glass is rapidly measuring out the period when history shall do justice to the life and character of ANDREW JACKSON.

EULOGY

DELIVERED AT BOSTON, MASS., JULY 9, 1845,

BY THE

HON. PLINY MERRICK.

We assemble, my fellow-citizens, to mark with impressive and solemn service the loss of the republic in the death of "its most illustrious citizen." The magistrate who served, the hero who defended, and the patriot who loved and honoured his country—an old man full of years and of honours, and ripe for the celestial harvest, is gathered to his fathers, and sleeps in the peaceful silence of the grave. The event of which advancing age, and tidings of lingering sickness and increasing infirmity had given warning, and which has long been anticipated as the close of an eventful, energetic, and glorious life, now assembles vast multitudes of the people in all parts of the country to unite in the testimonials of a common and universal bereavement. He who was the object of their pride and devoted affection—whom they had twice advanced to their most elevated office to be the administrator of their laws, and the defender of their liberty—whom they were accustomed to greet with the ardour of friendship, and to cheer with the acclamations of confiding freemen, has fulfilled his mission of earthly duty, and rests from the cares, the temptations, and triumphs of time.

Yet this impressive change creates an occasion less fitted to excite emotions of sadness and grief, than to revive, in sober meditation, grateful remembrances of a life illustrated by inspiring examples of energy of action, purity of purpose, and distinguished achievements, identified for years with our national history. To such contemplations the hour of funeral solemnity may well be devoted. There is no higher tribute to the memory of a truly great man than a faithful record of the history of his life, and a presentment of a just delineation of his established character. Affection has no dearer theme, and wisdom no nobler counsels than the living actions of departed worth.

Andrew Jackson, late president of the United States, owes nothing of his success or celebrity to distinguished birth or adventitious circumstances. Originally endowed with a capacity susceptible of the most expansive developement, he fashioned for himself and controlled the destiny of his life. He was born in the state of South Carolina, on the 15th of March, 1767, of parents in respectable but humble condition of life, who two years before had emigrated from Ireland to the United States. Soon after his birth the death of his father left him in charge of a mother who brought from her native land sentiments of hatred to arbitrary oppression, and reverence for the rights of the great masses of mankind, which she instilled with the gentle but prevailing influence of her sex, into the expanding mind of her child. These maternal instructions were confirmed and strengthened by the prevalent opinion of the times, and during the progress of the war of independence.

They sunk deep into the mind of the orphan boy; gave direction to the current of his thoughts, and the aspiration of his ambition; and when, at the age of fourteen, the troops of the royal army under Lord Rawdon, ravaging the fields of Carolina, left to the inhabitants the alternative only of submission or resistance, he flew with youthful enthusiasm to the standard of liberty, and devoted himself, heart and life, to its defence in the military service of his country. Then, and then only, in the whole course of his career as a soldier—where *he* served and *others* commanded—he suffered the disadvantages and mortification of defeat. But misfortune could check only his career, not conquer the spirit that swelled in his bosom. As fearless in the camp of the enemy as under the folds of his country's banner, no terror could alarm, no force compel him to dishonourable service. He spurned alike the base dictation and the uplifted sword of the English officer by whom it was commanded, and bore to his grave the mark of the deep wound an unarmed boy received in this his first resistance to the attempted oppression and degradation of arbitrary power.

After his restoration from captivity, by an exchange of prisoners, he commenced his professional studies in the state of North Carolina, and was admitted to the bar as a counsellor at law in 1786, and immediately afterwards established himself at Nashville, then constituting a part of the back settlements in that state. He brought with him to this new scene of duties qualifications which insured ultimate success—a clear, sagacious mind, entire devotedness to professional obligation, a sincere and almost passionate love of justice, accompanied by a personal firmness which nothing could divert from its pursuit. He entered with avidity and earnestness into his professional employments, and soon won the confidence and commanded the respect of the community.

Without the advantages of a liberal education, and with but

slight opportunities for acquisition at an academical institution, which was broken up and arrested in its course of instruction, and its master and pupils dispersed by the disturbances of the war, we may venture to presume that he who at so early an age commenced his professional practice, and pursued it immediately afterward with eminent ability and success, must not only have been endowed with strong and vigorous natural faculties, but must have toiled with diligent industry, and appropriated the circumscribed and limited means at his command with singular felicity. And it may excite a generous emulation to know that against all the disadvantages of the privation of books and learned instructors, it was in the secluded portion of his life that he obtained much of that exact and complete knowledge of the theory and principles of both national and municipal law, which at a later period, in the numerous exigencies—often perplexing, and sometimes momentous —which demanded their application, were so familiar to his thoughts as to enable him to come to the most prompt as well as most accurate determination.

So rapid was his progress, and eminent the professional power and capacity he immediately evinced, that two years after his settlement at Nashville, when Tennessee, by the cession of North Carolina, was erected into a territory, his reputation attracted the attention of President Washington, by whom he was appointed attorney for the United States for that district. And with this appointment commenced that extraordinary series of public services which Andrew Jackson so long, so faithfully, and with such brilliant results, devoted to his country. What singular coincidences ensued! and how felicitous and befitting that his merits should have been thus early discerned, and his public career instituted by him, the first chief magistrate under the constitution, whose principles he was destined afterwards to uphold, whose warnings to reiterate, and whose civil and military fame so much to resemble, and so closely to approach!

In 1796, the territory of Tennessee was erected into a state, and the people seized the earliest opportunity afforded them at a popular election, to manifest their confidence in Andrew Jackson, and to secure to themselves the benefit of his judgment and counsel. He was chosen a member of the convention, assembled to frame the republican constitution of the state, assumed the duties of the office, and entered upon its discharge with conscientious respect for its responsibilities, and a deep anxiety firmly to establish those fundamental principles which are embraced in the comprehensive expression of the "rights of man." The constitution which was established, asserts among its provisions two great and leading propositions, which he always defended as maxims, and followed as the guides of his political life—the inherent, indefeasible, and uncon-

controllable sovereignty of the people, and the injustice and enormity of perpetuities and monopolies—those insidious and cruel instrumentalities by which the prosperity of the many has been subjugated to the unjust advancement of the few—the bane of peace, and of all private, and therefore of all national prosperity.

The constitution was established, and Tennessee was admitted a member of the Union; and Andrew Jackson was elected her first representative in the popular branch of the national legislature. A single year only elapsed, when, by a new election, he was transferred to the Senate. He retained his position as a member of this body till 1799, when, intending to retire wholly to private life, he sent in his resignation and withdrew from the Senate. But scarcely had he left his political situation when, not only without solicitation, but without any knowledge on his part that such a purpose existed, he was appointed to the highest judicial situation in Tennessee—a judge of the Supreme Court of the state. They who had witnessed his earnestness and ability at the bar, his gravity and wisdom in the senate, his fidelity and conscientiousness in every undertaking, knew the power and resources he would carry to the bench, and how truly the scales of justice would be balanced by his independent judgment and luminous understanding. He accepted this high judicial office with much personal reluctance, and after a brief period, anxious to relieve himself from the responsibilities of all public employments, he tendered his resignation and withdrew to the occupation of his private pursuits.

When, shortly after his retirement from the bench, he was, most unexpectedly to himself, elected to the office of major-general of a division of the militia of Tennessee, he regarded the acceptance of his military commission as scarcely a deviation from his determination to remain in the seclusion of his private employments. Yet it constituted in fact one of the most important points in his progress towards the consummation of those great ends of usefulness and honour—of civil and military renown, to which he was destined ultimately to attain. But though the magnitude of the consequences which were involved in his acceptance of military office was neither foreseen nor appreciated, he would permit himself to hold none, the duties of which he did not fully and faithfully qualify himself to discharge; and though for years little more was necessarily required of him than the maintenance of the formalities of a military organization and a general superintendence of his division, he lost no opportunity of possessing himself of all knowledge appropriate to his situation; and, therefore, when the hour of trial, of action, and laborious and perilous duty arrived, he was all fitted and prepared—armed and panoplied for the service—filled with knowledge, imbued with power—strengthened by a heart which had no beatings in his bosom but for honour and his country.

After the declaration of war against Great Britain in 1812, General Jackson entered the service of the government as a major-general of his division in the Tennessee militia, and continued to act under that authority until 1814, when he was appointed to the same rank in the army of the United States.

Constantly in service during the whole period of the war, his military genius was developed in a long series of engagements, in which success everywhere attended his banner. New lights broke in from the fires of his camp through clouds of disappointment and disaster, and the hopes of the country were revived under the military success of a general whose training had been at the bar, in the Senate, and on the judicial bench. Appeals from the suffering inhabitants of the frontier, upon whom was waging the merciless hostility of savage warfare, first called forth the demonstrations of his military enterprise and capacity; and he immediately displayed all the qualities of a consummate commander. Encountering difficulties of every possible description—fatigue, suffering, famine, mutiny—he never quailed before their separate or united power; but, inexhaustible in resource, indomitable in perseverance, resolved at all hazards to wrench the tomahawk from the hands of the barbarian, his guiding genius and command were everywhere successful. His eagle eye detected the plans, followed the trails, and discovered the ambuscades of his subtle foe. Revolt trembled back into the obedient ranks of his army before the rebuke of his haughty indignation, and his march in the forest was a perpetual triumph, until the multiplying hordes of savage warriors were subdued and vanquished, until their fires were all out, and savage ferocity bent in supplication for the mercies of peace.

But the skill, the intrepidity, the genius, and the commanding faculties of General Jackson, remained yet to be tested on a broader field and in a more noble and exalted conflict. The wars of Europe were just ended in the subjugation of the colossal soldier of France; and England, relieved from the enormous burdens she had borne in the long agony of her struggle with Napoleon, was suddenly enabled to concentrate a vast combination of her military and naval forces in the Gulf of Mexico, in the prosecution of her contest with the United States. Transported, as she could scarcely fail to be, with her mighty triumphs on the continent, she withdrew her gallant legions from the Peninsula, and sent them across the Atlantic, as she confidently anticipated, to an assured and easy victory over the great commercial metropolis of the South. New Orleans was already, not merely in her hostility, but in her deliberate belief, a doomed city. The characteristic confidence of her people was never startled by the anticipation of any possible occurrence which would overwhelm her forces in utter discomfiture and defeat. But the hour was already near. General Jackson was ordered by the go-

vernment to the defence of New Orleans. Hastily summoning such portions of the militia as he could call into the service, and rallying to his aid his old companions, the gallant volunteers of Tennessee and Kentucky, he descended the Mississippi. On his arrival at the city, he found everything in a state of destitution, confusion, and despair. The whole force which he was able to command was most inadequate in numbers, in discipline, in organization, to meet the veteran host they were summoned to oppose. Such was the condition of the surrounding country that the invaders had only to choose what position they would occupy in the commencement of their operations, and they might immediately make it their own. There was literally nothing to prevent or interrupt the disembarkation of the army from the fleet of the enemy. Not a rampart protected the city from its approach without, while within, intestine division between the different races of its inhabitants, combining with the timidity of some and the treachery of others, had nearly destroyed all concord, paralyzed all strength, and rendered all hope of a successful defence a vain and idle delusion.

The penetrating glance of the commander surveyed every peril which surrounded his position, and, comprehending at once its extent and his responsibility, he vigorously commenced his operations. If an ordinary mind would have been overwhelmed by the overawing and complicated embarrassments with which he was surrounded, it but redoubled the energies and reinspired the genius of the invincible commander, who was determined to save the city from conquest or sink with his country's banner on the plains before it. Sacrificing without hesitation every minor consideration, and tremblingly alive to whatever might be demanded from his efforts, he bent all the faculties of his gigantic spirit, and strained to its utmost tension every nerve in his physical system, to the accomplishment of his lofty duty. Trusting nothing that could be controlled to the hazard of chance, he made all his dispositions with the utmost precision and exactness. He renovated everything around him. The treachery of the base was confounded; the ardent and patriotic were reinvigorated with new and nobler zeal. Never were more sagacious preparations made, never more wearing hardship endured by a military commander. Perceiving the necessity of carrying consternation into the ranks of the enemy, and of inspiring confidence in those of his friends, he made immediate arrangements for an attack upon a large body of the English army, now occupying a position on the banks of the Mississippi; and the blazing fires of the night-battle of the 23d of December, waking the invaders from their false security, and rousing his countrymen to an invisible ecstasy, made it but a prelude, sure and certain, to the glorious and indescribable victory of the 8th of January. I am

unaccustomed to the language of strategy, and unacquainted with the terms of its science; but I know that on that memorable day an illustrious benefactor wrought out the great work which stands forth, the proudest triumph that adorns the annals of his country. And an army overwhelmed, outmatching his own in numbers, in discipline, equipment, experience—in all but in valour and patriotism; the salvation of a city from the carnage, debauchery, and plunder of a successful enemy, accomplished, it may almost be said, without a blood-stain on the garments of his own troops, establish the military renown of the hero of New Orleans on an imperishable foundation; and the bare remembrance of the joyful acclamations with which he was universally welcomed back from his field of fame, suppresses the voice of all commendation, and renders all the phrases of eulogy tame and superfluous.

Yet once again the military prowess of their honoured chieftain is demanded in the service of his country. Its peace is once more disturbed by the piercing war-cry from the wilderness, and murderous bands of the Seminole Indians, incited by the bad men of one country, and supported by the perfidy and armed fortunes of another, raise the tomahawk against the peaceful settlers of the frontier, the industrious inhabitants of the hamlet and the farm-house. Jackson marches to their relief, and with a vigour and in a spirit all his own, begins, pursues, and terminates the war with triumphant celerity, success, and completeness. Every part of its conduct was accomplished with a military intrepidity and moral fearlessness worthy of the conqueror of the Creeks and the victor of New Orleans, which secured the cordial approbation of the government, and found its encomium at once and defence in that masterly despatch of another most distinguished citizen to the minister of Spain, which has scarcely a rival in eloquence or moral sublimity in all our national diplomacy.

The military career of Andrew Jackson is now brought to its close. Peace was restored to his country throughout all its extent, and upon all its borders; and the victorious soldier sheathes the sword which he has borne from victory to victory. In 1818, he resigned his commission in the army, and rejoiced once more to retire to the tranquillity of his farm at Nashville. But he could not hope for its protracted enjoyment, since such transcendent success could not long be unattended by imperative calls from his fellow-citizens for renewed public service. Upon the incorporation of Florida with the United States, after the treaty of its cession with Spain, and its establishment as a national territory, he was appointed its governor by President Monroe, and proceeded to the discharge of his important and delicate duties in taking possession of the territory, receiving and protecting the archives from the officers of Spain, and organizing and establishing the territorial

government under the laws of Congress. Having accomplished the objects which he had in view in accepting the appointment, he early tendered his resignation and retired from the territory.

In 1824, he was again elected a senator in Congress from Tennessee, and once more took his seat in the highest branch of the legislative department of the government; but having been formally nominated by the legislature of that state as a candidate for the office of president of the United States, and having consented to the nomination, he deemed it incompatible with the new relation he occupied towards the people, to continue a member of the national legislature, and he tendered his resignation and withdrew from office.

Towards the close of the administration of President Monroe, the asperity of political feeling had become much smoothed and subdued; and in the progress of time and change of circumstances, the lines of party division were obscured or neglected in a tolerant and general amalgamation. In such a state of things, it is not surprising that different interests, sectional partiality, and personal preference should have prevented that concert and union of action in the election of his successor which may be commanded and relied on in a period of more fixed and determinate division of political parties. The result corresponded with what might have been anticipated. Such was the division of the votes of the electoral colleges, that no choice was effected by the people, and the election having devolved upon the House of Representatives, voting by states, resulted in the elevation of a distinguished citizen of Massachusetts to the chief magistracy of the Union.

During the four years of the administration which ensued, measures of great public interest, involving political and constitutional principles of momentous consideration and importance, attracted the attention of the people; and the intensely contested canvass of 1828, terminated in the election of Andrew Jackson to the presidency. On the 4th of March, 1829, he entered upon the discharge of its duties; and having faithfully sustained himself in the execution of the high trust committed to his hands, and secured the warm and hearty approbation of a majority of the people, in 1832 he was re-elected for a second term, and closed his public life at its termination, on the 3d of March, 1837.

The administration of President Jackson is one of the most marked and prominent periods in the political history of our country. Profoundly impressed with a sense of the weight and magnitude of the office, he assumed its responsibilities by a zealous dedication of his ability to its requirements; and he commenced the performance of its trusts and obligations with characteristic fearlessness and energy. While he felt that "the demonstration of *public sentiment* had inscribed great tasks on the list of official duty

in characters too legible to be overlooked," and was resolved to pay all possible respect to the manifestations of the popular will, he distinctly perceived the exact position he was to occupy among the functionaries of the government; and declared that, "in administering the laws of Congress, he should keep steadily in view the limitations as well as the extent of executive power." Guarding that indispensable department from all encroachment upon its efficacy and independence, he clearly recognised the fact that it was created, preserved, and restrained only by the positive grants and interdictions of constitutional provisions; and that, with all his loftiness of elevation and magnitude of trust, the first officer of the republic was yet but the representative and servant of the people, accountable to them that the powers of this office were neither marred by the degradation of innovation upon its authority, nor dishonoured by the enlargements of unlawful assumption.

It is not to be disguised that his administration was illustrated by a severe and intense opposition. It is in the very nature of free institutions that the operations of government should be watched with the eye of a keen and jealous vigilance; and much may be pardoned to the spirit of liberty if that watchfulness, in its generous ardour, sometimes aggravates itself into a seemingly harsh and vindictive resistance. It is this privilege of perpetual watchfulness—this unrestricted right of questioning the exercise of power and authority with a stern and unequivocal independence, which constitutes and establishes the freedom of a people united in the bonds of a political organization. And in a community occupying a territory of such vast extent and expansion as our own, stretching from the icy shores of the north to the orange groves of the south, and spreading daily into the almost illimitable wilderness of their national domain—with interests most varied—with domestic institutions dissimilar and almost incongruous—combining with the perplexities of personal interest and the irritation of personal disappointment—it will always be, as it always has been, that the most beneficent action of government will, in some quarter or other, excite temporary discontent, and provoke an opposition too vehement to admit of an immediate and universal appreciation of its merits. In this inevitable concomitant of the purest and wisest of human efforts, the administration of Andrew Jackson but shared the fate of those of all his illustrious predecessors, over which the same cloud was once cast, dimming for a season, in his own expressive language, even "the lights that flow from the mind that founded and the mind that reformed our system."

But in the midst of conflicting opinions relative to the political expediency or even the constitutional soundness of some of his measures, justice will at least accord to the head of the administration great vigour in the pursuit of whatever was in accordance with his

opinions, and an undoubted integrity of purpose in their adoption And leaving the heated controversies of the past to the consideration of other times more remote from the ardour of that excitement which may not yet have all been soothed into rest—when the passion that disturbs, the interest that warps, and the prejudice that confounds the judgment, shall no longer interpose their misguiding influences, a grateful people may unite in a common homage of veneration for the great civilian, in remembrance of his unquestioned principles, and those more signal services which commanded the rewards of an almost universal respect and approbation.

The great object which Andrew Jackson proposed to himself in his civil administration was to maintain and strengthen the republican institutions of his country; for above all other forms of p- litical organization he believed them capable of advancing the refinements and elevation of civilization, the hopes of liberty, a the rights of mankind. In his judgment "there are no necessa evils in government. Its evils exist in its abuses. If it wou confine itself to equal protection, and, as Heaven does its rai shower its favours alike on the high and the low, the rich and t poor, it would be an unqualified blessing." His great princip was equality of right—equal diffusion of favour—of protection—a opportunity of enjoyment to all under the genial influence of r publican institutions; and therefore, regardless of all the tempt tions of power, the insinuations of favouritism, and the delusion of the flattering promises of partial and temporary expedients, h strove "to increase the value and prolong the duration of Amer can liberty, by a strict observance of the sacred charter of the con stitution, the supremacy of the laws enacted in conformity to it provisions, and the preservation of the federal Union." For thi purpose he studied the provisions of the constitution in a spirit o liberal and enlightened investigation, and arrived at his conclusion of what was a just and true construction to be given to all its parts only after first acquiring a thorough acquaintance with its contemporaneous history, the objects sought to be attained in its formation and the wants of the people whose rights it was intended to secure and protect.

Discriminating, with a keen and close observation, between the powers which it conferred and those which were reserved to the states, he would allow no possible consideration either to diminish or enlarge its grants, its prohibitions, or injunctions. While he held with a grasp which nothing could unloose the entire measure and uttermost reach of its authority, he stood like an armed sentinel ready to repel with his utmost force every encroachment, by ingenious and plausible construction, beyond its limits. In this scrupulous observance of all its mandates, whether of action or forbearance, his determination was resolute, and his vigilance never

tired. He used, with a freedom which knew no limits, because none were prescribed in the instrument by which it was given, the executive power of control over every act of legislation which he deemed an infringement or abuse of its authority. And his presidential vetoes, unfolding his principles, expounding his doctrines, and defending his opinions, are at once among the most animated and convincing of all his productions, and shed lights upon branches of the great body of constitutional law, than which nothing can be found more luminous or masterly in the elaborate disquisitions of statesmen and jurists.

Laws constitutionally enacted he held, like the great charter itself, to be superior and unquestionable; and he felt bound at once to obey, and coerce the obedience of others to all their requisitions. They represented, in his mind, the will of the people, which he regarded as the great sovereignty from which only could emanate any just human authority; and, identified with them in every thought of his heart, it was not less against his nature than the convictions of his understanding to oppose the lawfully expressed manifestations of their will.

The supremacy of the law was therefore, with him, an inborn, ingrained, indwelling principle. He loved and worshipped *liberty;* but it was liberty guarded, restrained, enlivened, and protected by established law; and that which rises in rebellion against its guide, or grows wanton and licentious in its prostration; for such laws he lived or could lay down his life; and to its universal observance he gave always the devotion of his official superintendence, and the more precious and prevailing influence of his personal example. Its illustrations mark every vicissitude of his existence, and crowd every page of his history. Never, in all the passages of time, was there a sublimer spectacle of obedience to law than when he, the hero of New Orleans, almost in the moment of his proudest victory, laid down the sword he had drawn for his country on the altar of its justice, and though he deemed it most unjust, cheerfully paid the legal penalty of alleged transgression. Who, who does not rejoice that a grateful country has reversed the judgment of its court, and wiped out for ever the painful imputation of its record?

For the preservation of the federal Union, no magistrate ever made nobler exertions, or brought to its support wiser counsels of the understanding, or purer emotions of the heart. The first of duties, it was first also in his affections: and his administration is immortalized in the glory and triumph of its defence. Union, the union of the states, was with him an object of unceasing hope, unmeasured trust, and commanding veneration. All his efforts, plans, measures, were designed to secure its unmarred integrity. He guarded it with simple but imposing dignity of deportment against all aggression or injustice from abroad; and with paternal

solicitude, but inflexible resolution, against combinations formed, and danger threatening its disruption from within.

Upon his accession to the chief magistracy, the government was perplexed with the embarrassment of numerous long-standing and complicated causes of complaint against foreign nations, arising chiefly from their unlawful aggressions during the violent wars in which all Europe had been involved.

The president resolved that such annoyances should cease to exist. He ascertained, with the utmost precision and exactness, what was the claim of justice and of truth; and for that, and that only, he asked; but he asked in tones of demand which would brook no denial. Refusing to move in the tortuous course of an insidious and hypocritical diplomacy, he followed the advice and imitated the example of Washington, in the adoption of "the immutable principles of private morality" as the only foundation of all his official intercourse or communication with other nations. He would "ask for nothing that was not clearly right, and would submit to nothing that was wrong."

Acting upon this true, this enduring, this republican principle, his demands could be neither evaded, unanswered, nor repelled. And he thus procured an honourable restitution to be accorded by the just, and by steady perseverance forced a compliance with the requirements of equity from the reluctant and unwilling; and all these causes of vexatious disturbance were finally removed by adjustments, equitable and satisfactory; whilst amid all the complicated and protracted negotiations by which such results were accomplished, the honour and faith of the country were preserved untarnished; and its peace, undisturbed, was secure in the termination of disputes, and the restoration and prevalence of sentiments only of concord and harmony. Yet, however grateful were these results, or just and appropriate the means used for their attainment, the accomplishment even of such objects was often attended with difficulty, and sometimes with peril; and once, at least, when the jealous sensibility of France hesitated in the path of justice, the signs of war became visible in the horizon, and the lofty attitude and inflexible resolution of the president, seemed to render its occurrence inevitable.

It was then that an eloquent opponent of his administration, now returning with distinguished honour from a foreign embassy, said on the floor of Congress—"Sir, if the president will so temper his policy as to carry this country honourably through the controversy without a war, he will draw upon his head the blessings of men whose voices have never mingled with the incense of his flatterers; and his name in the eyes of all mankind will appear fairer and brighter than when he came out from the blazing lines of New Orleans, in all the freshness of his victory and its honours." The

war *was* averted, and the honour of the country was preserved without a stain or a spot on its shield; and the hope and prediction of eloquence were both realized together. The most chivalrous of nations retired from her position. The irresistible policy of justice averted all peril from the Union, and added new titles of renown to the fame of its venerable chief; and the blessings of the generation who witnessed the bravery of his resolution, and of the generation who mourn his death, have flown, and will flow continually in an unbroken stream upon his head.

But the republic may receive deeper wounds than foreign foes can inflict with all their armaments. Fleets and armies encountered at the shore, or met upon its borders, may be beheld without dismay; for the soil that sustains a *united* people, struggling for the liberties of their country, the endearments of its home, and the consecrated altars of its worship, will not long endure the footsteps of a foreign foe. War with other nations, calamitous as it is even in its most favoured aspects, has yet its redeeming circumstances in attendance upon its progress. The conflict of defence gives new value to national possession, unfolds great virtues, exalts the sentiments of patriotism, and the triumph of arms and the brilliancy of victory become the pledges and security of peace. But the warfare of intestine feuds and domestic convulsion is an unmitigated evil; its corruptions canker the heart and consume the vitals of the community; and it must be suppressed, or its end inevitably is national dissolution, with all the miseries of private calamity and public dishonour.

Undoubtedly by far the most important and alarming political questions which have ever arisen under the constitution since its adoption, were those created by the measures pursued by South Carolina during the administration of President Jackson, in resistance of the laws of the United States for the collection of its revenue.

Not claiming to exercise that great fundamental popular right which precedes and underlies all constitutions and forms of government—that incontestable, unalienable, and indefeasible right to reform, alter, or totally change the government when their protection, safety, prosperity, and happiness require it—South Carolina insisted that under the constitution, and in strict conformity to the terms upon which she had entered the Union, and to her obligation to the rest of the United States, it was competent for her people to denounce a law of Congress as unconstitutionl, null and void, and to prohibit all execution of its provisions within the limits of her territory. And in pursuance of this extravagant assumption, a popular convention, assembled in conformity to an act of her legislature, assumed the tremendous responsibility of abolishing the obnoxious law, and of placing the state in an attitude of open, direct, and undisguised hostility to the general government.

Never could there be in the history of an ardent, generous, and free people, a crisis of more thrilling interest or portentous disaster than this; but never could there have been found a magistrate better fitted for so terrible an emergency than Andrew Jackson. In the gravity of his wisdom he paused in the reflection that the prosperity and happiness of the existing and of unborn generations, under a constitution establishing the freest government on earth, bound together in the bonds of a political union cemented with the blood of a noble and self-sacrificing ancestry, depended upon his decision, his prudence, his counsel, and his strength. He examined all the questions involved in the great controversy with the most thorough and searching scrutiny, in every aspect in which they could be considered, in every light in which they could be presented. And throwing himself into the arms of the people, and relying upon their stability in virtue, and loyalty in patriotism, he issued, in the form of a proclamation, one of the most remarkable papers ever addressed by a government to its citizens. Demolishing the sophistry of opposing arguments, and unfolding with the utmost clearness the true principles of constitutional union, he appealed, with all the earnestness that danger could inspire, and all the affection that could warm the heart of a father, to the generous and manly people of his native state to abandon the mad project of disunion, and reunite with their fellow-citizens in lawful and constitutional measures for the redress of all real or apprehended grievances.

But finally, he announced his unalterable determination, upon their refusal to comply with their constitutional obligations, to enforce the execution of the laws they had assumed to annul, at the hazard of every consequence. His simple but authoritative mandate—"the Union, it must be preserved"—came like sunshine through the cloud, like the benignant light of the guiding star through the mists of ocean to the anxious mariner tossed on its billows. The effect was electrical, grand, and decisive. The ranks of opposition swayed away from their organization, and every defender of the constitution rushed to the rampart to stand by its noble and fearless representative. The voices of congratulation, of defence, of compromise, mingled together, and the thanksgivings for a Union preserved went up once more from the hearts of a united people.

It is of the glory of Washington, that he impressed upon his countrymen, in language worthy to be uttered by the father of his country, the value of our national Union—urging upon them "to think and speak of it as the palladium of their political safety and prosperity, watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety, and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of any attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts." But An-

drew Jackson lived in the times which the prophetic eye of his illustrious predecessor foresaw were among the possibilities of future disaster; and it is of *his* glory to have practically exemplified the exhortation of Washington by an actual salvation of the Union in its integrity against the most formidable and dangerous combination concerted for its destruction. The hopes for its perpetual duration were never brighter than when his eye cast its last glance on the prosperity of his country.

The serene tranquillity of the years of his declining age are in touching contrast with the fervid energy of his life of public employment. He turned, when that employment was past, with thankful gladness back to the home of his youth and his affection, to seek in its seclusion, repose from the pressure of constant care and unremitted excitement. With what just satisfaction might the venerable patriot look back from the sequestered shades of the Hermitage, upon a life of such service! so true to his country! so ennobled by illustrious achievement! With animating recollections of the past, and a heart always beating for the welfare of the people he served, his old age was sustained by the consolations of friendship, and the unfailing hope of a religious trust. The plaudits of his hour of glory were softened into benignant benedictions at his tomb.

His character is developed in the history of his life. Andrew Jackson was undoubtedly one of the most remarkable of the great men of his age. In all the relations of life, he presented manifestations which marked his pre-eminence, and assured his ascendency. From a childhood, which in its origin gave no promise of advancement, he rose to the highest stations of military command and civil authority, and the magnificence of the soldier was transcended only by the majestic successes of the statesman. His patriotism knew no bounds but his country; and the hope, the joy, the ambition of his heart, all centred in its prosperity, under the everlasting Union of the states.

If you would honour his memory, remember that great lesson of his love and affection, and devote yourselves to the preservation of the Union; knowing that your efforts in its behalf are the noblest manifestations of your cherished attachment to the counsels of his life. Teach to your children its history; and bid them emulate the bright examples of the heroes, the statesmen, and patriots who have gone before them. The avenues of the citadel of strength and posts of honour, are open to universal competition. The freedom-giving institutions of our country call to her highest honours her children from the workshop, the city, and the farm.

This is the history of the past and the prognostic of the future The youthful Washington was but a surveyor of land; the philosophy of Franklin started with his apprenticeship in a printing office;

Andrew Jackson was an almost uneducated orphan boy of the wilderness; the hosts of the illustrious dead, and the ranks of living eminence have come, if there be such a thing in our glorious country, from the humblest origin. No man knows to what destiny his son shall succeed; but knowing that he may rise to the highest —that his career may inscribe the deepest lines that shall shade or adorn his country, let the purest patriotism be instilled into his bosom, and inspire the dawning vision of his expanding faculties.

So shall the Union—the glorious and time-honoured Union of the United States—be preserved and sustained, and sent on, a combination of power—a spectacle of heart-cheering magnificence, and an inexhaustible fountain of blessings to succeeding posterity; that when age after age the fathers shall be sleeping in silence, there shall be, for ever, a generation of sons to rally under the spreading folds of its glorious banner, to defend and enjoy their inheritance of freedom.

EULOGY

DELIVERED AT PETERSBURG, VA., JULY 12, 1845,

BY

HUGH A. GARLAND, Esq.

The solemn toll of funeral bells—the loud peal of the minute-gun, now echoing in our ears, announce that this is no ordinary occasion that brings us together. It is in truth no common event we have come to commemorate. One of the great actors of the world's history has ceased to act. The part it was the destiny of Andrew Jackson to perform in the drama of human life, has been fully, perfectly, nobly performed, and he has received his permission to depart.

Those that have seen him will see him no more. Those who have never beheld his manly form and venerable white locks, can never hope to enjoy that pleasure. What of mortal was in him has put on immortality. Henceforth his name will rank among those who have wrought as master-workmen in the field of time, and made the world's history such as it is and not otherwise.

Had he never lived, the recorded deeds of his own times would have been far different from what they are known to be; and the history of the future, which is but the developement and result of the past and the present, would not have been what it will be—deeply stamping the impress of his character and genius on the age in which he lived—his words and deeds, now that he is dead, garnered up in the treasury of history, and pregnant with the germ of vitality, are destined to grow, and multiply, and bring forth fruit for all ages to come.

Who, then, was Andrew Jackson?

Fathers and sons, give heed to what I say—mothers and daughthers, lend me your attention! It is of no ordinary man I speak, nor is it for the dead I speak,—but the living. Were it permitted those who have once shaken off this mortal coil again to return and take part in the affairs of those they loved, Andrew Jackson

would now, in bodily presence as he is in spirit, be in the midst of this assembly, praying that what may be uttered this day, shall be blessed to your good.

He of whom we speak began life a poor boy. He wrought out his fortune and fame by his own valiant right arm, unaided by aught else save the kind providence of God. He was the son of poor Irish emigrants, who in the wilderness of America sought a home and refuge from the grinding exactions of an oppressor, whose iron heel had trodden down their own Erin Isle, and made it, for many generations, a land of violence and blood.

Andrew, the youngest of three sons, was born on the adopted soil of his father. But he never knew the value of a father's care. While he was yet an infant, his widowed mother, left alone in a strange land, had devolved on her the care of three helpless children.

At the age of thirteen, Andrew Jackson was not, like the boys of our day, engaged in some school or academy, learning Greek and Latin, and mathematics, storing his mind with knowledge, and preparing himself for future usefulness. He was in the field, not the corn-field or wheat-field, reaping the fruits of honest industry, but in the battle-field, fighting in defence of his country.

The boy of thirteen, with sword and gun, rode by the side of Marion, and Davie, and Sumter, renowned leaders, whose deeds of daring are familiar to the youngest child that hears me. Those heroic men, by their valour and fortitude, filled the world with admiration, and called back in imagination the age of chivalry and romance, yet they did not surpass the heroism and fortitude of their youthful companion. It was no common war in which he was called to engage, in the Waxhaw Settlement. It was a civil war, indeed—a war of extermination, in which neighbour practised on neighbour such deeds of cruelty as would have put the Creeks or Cherokees to shame. Those who in former days had set in the shadow of his mother's door, broken bread at her hospitable board, and spoken words of neighbourly kindness to her widowed heart, now sought to wrap her humble dwelling in flames, and to take the life of her fatherless children. The patriot soldier dared not visit his own home, and seek an hour's repose in the bosom of his family, without a body-guard to protect him from the assault of his tory neighbours. On one such occasion, Andrew Jackson and his brother Robert, with four or five others, volunteered to stand guard for Captain Lands, while he sought a night's repose with his family. At midnight, when all were asleep, having no immediate apprehension of an attack, a party of tories, divided into platoons, approached the house in front and rear. One wakeful soldier, hearing a noise, went out and saw the party approaching in front. Run-

ning back in terror, he seized Andrew Jackson by the hair, exclaiming, "The tories are upon us!"

Jackson sprang up, ran out to the front door, and challenged the approaching party. Again he challenged—but no answer—he fired—his fire was returned by a volley from the whole platoon. The soldier by his side fell dead—he retreated to the door, and with two others defended it to the last extremity. Both his companions fell; but he stood unhurt, fighting to the last. A fortunate circumstance caused the enemy to retreat, and the young hero had the satisfaction to know that his promptness and valour had saved his friend from assassination, and the family and property of his friend from insult and destruction. Delightful foretaste of that greater bliss which was to fill his joyful heart, when in his triumphal march he trod upon the roses scattered in his path by the rescued maidens of New Orleans!

On another occasion, when a band of patriots were waiting at the Waxhaw meeting-house for some of their companions, they saw a party approaching that they took to be friends; but, on a nearer view, discovered them to be tories in citizen's dress, with a body of British dragoons in rear. Many by this stratagem were captured. But Robert and Andrew Jackson, light boys with brave hearts, on fleet horses made their escape through the woods and swamps. They stayed out all night, and on entering a house next day, in search of something to eat, were surrounded by the dragoons and taken prisoners. While there, a British officer, a disgrace to his name and profession, demanded of Andrew Jackson to perform an ignominious office, which he indignantly refused. Boys! what would you have done in his situation? A helpless captive, in the hands of ruthless soldiers—an insolent officer, with bent brows and uplifted sword, demanding of you to clean his boots—what would you have done? In such helplessness, and with such threatening danger overhanging you, would you not have slunk away, and quietly cleaned the mud from the boots of your insolent captor? Not so Andrew Jackson! Boy as he was—defenceless as he was, he scornfully refused; demanding to be treated with the respect due to a prisoner of war and a gentleman. Did the British officer receive with admiration that act of heroism, and extend a hand of forgiveness to the youthful hero? He struck a violent blow at his head! Jackson, throwing up his left arm, received the stroke that was aimed at his life. The arm was broken, but the heroic life was saved, to chastise, in after years, that act of British tyranny and insolence.

The same ignominious task was now required of Robert. He with equal spirit refused, and received a sabre-stroke on his head, which not many weeks afterwards proved fatal to his life. Those two wounded boys were marched to Camden; not a mouthful of

food or drop of water was given them by the way. The brutal savages, with British uniform on their backs, refused them even the privilege of slaking their fevered thirst by scooping up water in their hands as they rode across the river! Arriving at Camden, they with a multitude of others were thrust into prison. No attention was paid to their wounds or their wants. They had no beds, nor any substitute—their only food was a scanty supply of bad bread. They were robbed of their clothing, taunted by tories with being rebels, and assured that they would be hanged. Andrew Jackson was stripped of his jacket and shoes, and separated from his brother so soon as their relationship was known. The small-pox made its appearance among the prisoners. No step was taken to stay its progress or mitigate its ravages. Denied the attentions of physician or nurse, they were left to perish without sympathy or compassion. In this state of things, Andrew Jackson fell into conversation with the officer of the guard, described the condition of the prisoners, and remonstrated against the treatment they had received. A boy not yet fourteen years of age, who had proven that he neither feared the sword nor the insolence of power, now dared, in a dungeon surrounded with disease, squalor, and death, to confront his stern keepers, and in the honest and simple eloquence of youth, tell the truth to ears most unwilling to hear it. Heroic lad! how my soul yearns over thee! and even in sadness rejoiceth that human nature, with all its vileness, is endowed with so much of the Godlike! How I long, bold youth! to take thee in my arms, and from the light of thine eyes and the proud swell of thy bosom, draw some inspiration of the divine nature that fills thee!

Hearing in her loneliness of the capture and confinement of her sons, Mrs. Jackson hastened down to Camden to minister to their wants and rescue them from captivity. What a spectacle to a fond mother! Both infected with the small-pox—both emaciated to skeletons, and almost naked! By the kind assistance of an American officer, she effected an exchange of prisoners, with her sons included in the number, and immediately started home with her melancholy charge.

There were but two horses for the whole company. Mrs. Jackson rode one—on the other Robert was held by his companions, while Andrew walked barefooted and half-clad. They journeyed forty miles through a desolate country, and before reaching home, a drenching rain drove in the small-pox on both the boys. In a few days, Robert breathed his last—Andrew became delirious, and remained for some time in a hopeless condition. By the constant care of a good Samaritan, he was at length restored—the only son of his widowed mother!

But this saint-like woman was not content with the rescue of her own children. No sooner was her now only son restored to life,

than she hastened down to Charleston, to minister to the wants of her countrymen, confined in the prison-ships there—whose sufferings and privations were only surpassed by the poor wretches crammed into the middle passage of an African slave-ship. She went—accomplished her mission of mercy—but never returned. Seized with the prison-fever on her way back, she fell by the wayside, and was buried, no mortal knows where. Andrew Jackson never knew where to find his mother's grave—never knew where to pour out his orphan tears on the senseless clod that covered the remains of all that was dear to him on earth! Hapless was his fate! A father's care he never knew—his eldest brother long since gone—Robert murdered—and his mother now a victim to the cruelties of the same ruthless enemy. Like Logan, or "The ancient mariner" far out at sea with his companions all dead, could he exclaim—

"Alone! alone, all, all alone!
Alone on the wide, wide sea!"

But he was not alone. There was a God that overruled his destiny—that set him apart and ordained him as a fit instrument to accomplish his divine purposes in the history of man. He had no father, like Hannibal, to lead him to the altar of his country and make him swear eternal hostility to Roman power. But in the silent depths of his orphan heart, and in the presence of the God that guided his footsteps, did he swear eternal vengeance against that modern Rome, whose iron heel for centuries had trodden out the spirit of his father-land, who had sought to subjugate the land of his birth, the refuge of the oppressed, and had steeped his murderous sword in the blood of his own kindred!

Bereft of the guardianship of father or mother, or friends, with the idle and dissolute habits contracted in times of confusion and civil war, he soon squandered the little patrimony that was left him. And to all discerning eyes, the lad, Andrew Jackson, was destined to wander a vagabond through the world, and doomed to a life of want and profligacy. But the divine fire that burned in his bosom, kindled up an energy that enabled him to make his greatest conquest—the conquest of himself. He fled from the country in which he was born—forsook the companions that led him astray; and in a strange land threw away his bad habits and commenced a new life.

In a retired part of North Carolina he devoted himself to the study of law—soon obtained license and removed to the western part of Tennessee, where he was appointed, by the government, district attorney. He grew up with the rapid growth of this new country: was a conspicuous member of the convention that framed the constitution of the state—was her first member in Congress—then senator—then judge of the Supreme Court of Tennessee,—

from all these civil stations he voluntarily retired, the last, against the earnest remonstrances of the best men in the state, and of a large portion of the legislature, who entreated him to remain on the bench, "that our common country may derive additional benefits from those powers of thought and that independence of mind, which nature never designed should be lost in retirement." With only the nominal title of major-general of the Tennessee militia, he lived for many years on the banks of his own beautiful Cumberland, indulging in those blissful sweets of domestic life which he knew so well how to appreciate and enjoy.

But the time was now come when he had to fulfil that silent oath taken when an orphan boy standing alone amid the wreck of his family and his country. Like Moses called from the land of Jethro to deliver his people from bondage, Jackson had now to come from his retirement that he might avenge his family and his fatherland, and save his country from captivity.

England, striding the earth like a Colossus, and subjugating the nations beneath her iron yoke, turned once more her jealous eyes on these flourishing states, once her subject colonies. She plundered our commerce, captured our seamen, insulted our flag, and drove us into a war in defence of our honour and our independence.

War was declared in June, 1812. In the autumn of that year, after the treachery and disasters of the northern frontier, Jackson was called to the defence of the Mississippi and New Orleans. His proclamation rang through the hills and valleys of Tennessee; and the brave sons of the pioneers of civilization flocked to the standard of their untried but beloved chief. Not fifteen hundred only, according to the requisition, but two thousand and more gathered around him on the 12th day of December, at Nashville, amidst sleet and cold and snow, ready to follow him to victory or death. In a few weeks they were encamped near Natchez, ready to march down to New Orleans, Mobile, or Pensacola, or anywhere that their country might call, or the enemy make his appearance.

While in this encampment, Jackson devoted himself to the most important duty of a commanding general—the organization and discipline of his army. Having none but volunteer troops around him—young men educated in unrestrained freedom, accustomed to no other words of authority but their own commands to their obedient slaves, his task was difficult indeed. But by his example, his persuasive eloquence appealing to their honour and patriotism—by his inflexible justice, and unwavering firmness, those young men were made cheerfully to submit to the privations of the camp, and the discipline of military life. They loved their general—they had faith in his capacity, his justice, and his bravery. By the magic of love and faith, a band of raw recruits were soon converted into an enthusiastic, well trained, and invincible army.

What must have been the mortification of this little patriotic band, when the order unexpectedly came for their discharge! "On the receipt of this letter (says the secretary of war), you will consider the corps under your command as dismissed from the public service, and take measures to have delivered to Major-General Wilkinson all articles of public property which may have been put into its possession."

A deeper wound could not have been inflicted on a patriotic soul than this cruel and unexpected order of government. By great exertions and personal sacrifices, Jackson had called together, organized, and disciplined a band of ardent youth eager to devote themselves to the cause of their country. Suddenly, and without cause, they are ordered to be discharged and sent home without arms, without tents, without provisions, or camp equipage of any kind. Their homes were five hundred miles distant, they had to march through a country without roads, without the means of shelter or subsistence, and filled with hostile Indians. To disband them under such circumstances to find their way home as they could through a savage and wilderness country, was to subject them to the certain horrors of the tomahawk, disease, and famine.

But the order is plain and direct. Wherever it meets him, under whatever circumstances, the corps under his command is to be dismissed from the public service. What is to be done? A board of officers advise obedience to the order. An ordinary man, the mere slave of routine and detail, would have complied; followed strictly the letter of his order without consideration of circumstances, abandoned his army, and retired in disgust.

It was an occasion to try men's souls, what stuff they were made of—and Jackson proved equal to the crisis. "What!" said he, "shall the word of Andrew Jackson be forfeited? Did I not promise to be a father and friend to these young men, when, in obedience to my call, they flocked to the standard of their country? What did I promise to the daughters of Tennessee that cold and snowy day last December, when we struck our tents and took up the line of march? Did they not gather around me with tears in their eyes and say, General! general! I trust my father to you—my husband—my son—general! I know you will take care of them—I know you will see that justice is done them, and that they come safely back home—general, I have faith in you, and I know you will not disappoint me. Shall I now dismiss them to wander through a savage wilderness without subsistence or means of defence — or shall I abandon them in their frail condition to enlist as slaves in Wilkinson's army, whose recruiting officers are already among us to entice them away? It shall not be done. I will march them back as they came, and dismiss them like honourable soldiers on the ground where they first assembled."

When about to commence his retreat, the surgeon reported one young man as dying, and that it was useless for him to cumber the already overloaded wagons. "So long as there is life in him," says Jackson, "he shall go." He gave up his own horse for the sick, as did his staff, and marched on foot. When the young man who was reported to be dying, recovered from his swoon, he exclaimed, "Where am I!"

"On your way home, my good fellow," said Jackson, who was trudging along through the mud by his side. The young man immediately revived, and began to mend from that hour, and when they reached Nashville, the good general had the pleasure to restore him safe and sound to his mother.

Although shamefully treated, and sought to be disgraced by the machinations of jealous rivals, Jackson was not like ordinary men, disgusted and driven from the service of his country. On his return homeward, he again offered himself and his brave volunteers to the war department, and asked to be marched to the northern frontiers, that they might wipe out there the recent disgrace of treachery and defeat. "I have a few standards," says he, "with the American eagle upon them, that I long to plant on the ramparts of Malden." No disappointments could discourage him—no ill treatment could disgust him, while the cause of his country called for his services.

The conduct of General Jackson on this occasion, in refusing to obey the orders of government, has been considered as an act of disobedience more worthy to be blamed than praised. But those who thus regard it, have not a just view of the question. When government issue their orders to a commanding general on a remote field of operations, where their knowledge of localities is limited, and their means of communication slow and uncertain, they assume a certain state of things to exist, on which their orders are predicated. But when the commands of government reach the officer whose duty it is to execute them, the actual posture of affairs may be wholly different from what was anticipated, and an execution of them may cause harm rather than good to the public service. In such a case, it is presumed that the commanding officer has so much of the confidence of his government as to warrant him in assuming the responsibility of varying the execution of his orders to suit the actual state of things, and throwing himself on the justice and magnanimity of his country for justification. It is true that this is a difficult and delicate task to perform. None but a most extraordinary man can venture on it. It requires a clear and comprehensive intellect to see through and understand the real circumstances in which he is placed, a bold and firm heart to execute what the judgment approves. Such a man was Andrew Jackson. He who, when a boy in the dungeon of Camden, did not fear to speak the

truth, would not, when a man, under the most trying circumstances, fail to act the truth.

When government issued their orders to disband his army, it was on the supposition that he had not left the borders of Tennessee. Little did they know the promptness and energy of the man they had to deal with. Instead of finding him lingering on the Cumberland, their orders found him five hundred miles on his way to the scene of action, with an army already organized, equipped, and disciplined for service. When, therefore, they came to understand the grounds on which he declined full obedience to their commands, they not only approved but justified his conduct, and promptly paid the five thousand dollars he had borrowed at Natchez on his own responsibility to sustain his troops on their homeward march.

Though the country professed not to need the services of this invaluable man along the Canada lines, it was not long before he was called to defend the borders of Tennessee from the tomahawk of the ruthless savages.

Just before and about the time of the declaration of war, there was a general hostile movement among the Indian tribes; instigated by British intrigues and their own spirit of revenge for the encroachments of the white man—they had formed an extensive combination to drive the American settlers back beyond the Alleghany, and reclaim their old homes and hunting-grounds in the valley of the Mississippi. At the head of this savage alliance was Tecumseh of the Shawnees. He went from tribe to tribe, and filled their young warriors and prophets with such a spirit of frenzy, that they resolved on an indiscriminate massacre, without asking or giving quarters. The Creeks, who occupied what is now the state of Alabama, the most warlike and numerous tribe within the borders of the states, entered warmly into those schemes of war, massacre, and extermination. In the autumn of 1813, they commenced operations by an indiscriminate slaughter of men, women, and children, in the Tensaw settlement on the Alabama river. Then collecting in a large body, not less than five thousand strong, they commenced their march towards the southern frontier of Tennessee. At this moment of consternation and alarm, Jackson was called to the rescue. When his voice was heard, the sons of Tennessee hastened to his standard without number.

He who had stood by them and brought them safely home last spring, at the hazard of his own life and reputation, could not fail to have their services whenever called on. We may well imagine that the women vied with the men in their zeal and alacrity. "Go, my son! go, my husband! Jackson, your father and friend, calls you—your country is in danger—go, help him to chastise the savages—he will take care of you, and bring you safely back home. He did not forsake you—don't you forsake him."

Jackson soon found himself on the south side of the Tennessee river, at the head of an army amply sufficient to exterminate the Creek nation; but without support and without provisions.

General Cocke, of East Tennessee, with twenty-five hundred men, had been ordered to unite with Jackson and act under his command. The same officer had faithfully promised an ample supply of provisions, which were supposed to be on their way down the river. Jackson waited several days, then marched up the river to Thompson's creek, where he remained in hourly expectation of provisions. But there was no arrival, and no prospect of an arrival. In this state of things, without the reinforcements thought necessary to enable him to cope with the savages, with only two days' provision on the back of his soldiers, he resolved to march down into the heart of the enemy's country, where he knew that nothing would be found but barren woods, deserted villages, and hostile armies. For boldness of design, and a fearless reliance on his own resources, this act is unsurpassed by any of the renowned achievements of Hannibal or Napoleon. Bent on the accomplishment of the object for which he was called into the field, no pressing necessity, no prospective want or suffering, could arrest him. Any ordinary general would have waited, and he would have been justified by military rule, in waiting where he was for supplies and reinforcements. But General Jackson was not a man of rule—he would not tarry while there was an enemy to conquer. Press forward he must or chafe away his ardent soul with anxiety and regret. He carried within his own bosom the never-failing elements of success. He had faith in himself, faith in the boundless resources of a brave heart that conquers impossibilities—he had that deep and trustful faith in the Providence of God, which alone can remove mountains, and stamps its possessor with the mark of true greatness.

Arriving at the Ten Islands on Coosa river, he established a fort, and called it Fort Strother. Here he waited some time, for the junction of Gen. White, who led the van of Cocke's army, and had been ordered to come down with the supplies so long promised. So far from obeying this order, White took a retrograde motion, reformed with Cocke, and had it been their design to defeat the expedition, they could not have taken more effectual means to do so. Notwithstanding these cruel disappointments, that would have disheartened almost any other man, Jackson plunged down still further into the enemy's country, met their main body in front of Talladega, dispersed them by a glorious victory, and rescued a friendly village, with all its women and children, from massacre and destruction. But this victorious army had not wherewithal to stay their famished appetites. The rescued village, gathering all their means, could not even furnish a scanty breakfast.

Forced to return to Fort Strother, they were reduced to the last

extremity. A soldier in the rear of the army perceived Jackson seated under an oak tree, leisurely eating. "Well," thought he, "the general has taken good care of himself, and left the poor soldier to starve. I'll go and beg a morsel of bread." "Yes," says the general, "I never turn away the hungry;" and offering a handful of acorns, added, "I will most cheerfully divide with you such food as I have." The soldier gazed with tearful and mute admiration on his now thrice-beloved chief, and marched on with a more cheerful heart. There is nothing the soldier will not endure when shared by his leader. Arriving at the fort, they found the sick and the guard left to protect them in as starving a condition as themselves. Jackson, though mortification and anguish were consuming his heart, wore a cheerful countenance, spoke brave words of encouragement and hope—was first to set the example in feeding on the offal of the shambles, and pronounced it very good. He had now to contend with a more formidable enemy even than famine—mutiny in his own camp. The main body of the army consisted of two regiments—the regiment of volunteers that had followed him to Natchez the winter before—and a regiment of drafted militia. The militia, disgusted with the neglect and ill treatment they had received, and seized with the home-fever, resolved to quit the camp and return to Tennessee. Apprised of their design, Jackson drew up the regiment of volunteers in front, and ordered them to fire whenever the mutineers commenced their march. Awed by this act of boldness, the militia returned to their duty.

What was the mortification of the general, next morning, to find the volunteers themselves in a state of rebellion! Those very men that he would not abandon in their hour of need, were now ready to abandon him, their camp, and their duty. Unappalled by this rapid succession of calamities, the ready mind and prompt will of Jackson did not fail him. The militia, whose rebellion had been conquered but the day before, were now drawn up to oppose this new mutiny, and so stern and resolute were their countenances, that the volunteers thought it best to desist from their purposes and return to the camp. Deeming it hopeless to undertake any enterprise with troops so homesick and dispirited, Jackson came to terms with them. He agreed that they might take up the line of march homeward, but in case provisions were met on the way, they were to return. They did meet supplies not far from the camp; but, so far from returning, they seemed more determined to go forward. Going alone among his men, to appease them by argument and remonstrance, Jackson found the spirit of mutiny so prevalent and determined, that he seized a musket, stood out in front of the brigade, levelled the musket across the neck of his horse, and proclaimed that the first man who moved in the ranks should be shot

down. Mute astonishment seized on the whole army—no one moved—no one spoke. What was one emaciated and wounded man to a thousand—one old rusty musket, incapable of giving fire, to a thousand, in the hands of unerring marksmen. It was not fear that awed those brave men, but astonishment and admiration at the daring, the magnanimity, and heroic self-sacrifice of the Godlike man that stood before them. A murmur of applause ran along the lines, and they signified their willingness to return. But no sooner had he conquered one difficulty, than another, still greater, rose before him. It is now the 10th of December, and the volunteers claim that their time of service has expired, and the militia, in a few days more, will likewise claim to be discharged.

Jackson resorted to every argument that could be suggested to his fertile and eloquent genius. He applauded their former conduct, depicted the disgrace they would bring on themselves, and the calamities they might produce, if they were then to abandon the service. After appealing to every other motive, he told them that he should do his duty, whatever might be the consequence, and if they left him, they must pass over his dead body. Ordering the artillery to be drawn up in front, "Now," said he, "argument is at an end, and you must choose, and that at once, whether you will go or stay." Silence prevailed along the line. He demanded a prompt and explicit answer. Still they were silent. Remaining in their front, and in range of their fire, he ordered the artillery to prepare their matches. "*Let us return*," was murmured along the lines. The officers came forward, and with the assent of their men, pledged themselves to remain. What he would not suffer them, at the hazard of his life, to do without authority, he now freely gave them permission to do. While the camp was breaking up, and the troops all in confusion, returning home, Jackson exclaimed, "If but two men will stand by me, I will not desert this post." "Here is one," said Captain Gordon; "let us see if we can't find another." He soon raised a hundred and nine, who agreed to stand by their general to the last extremity. With this handful of men, Jackson resolved not to abandon the defence of his country.

In this hopeless state of things, Governor Blunt wrote to him to come home. The answer is so characteristic of the man—so like the Andrew Jackson we have heard and read of in modern times, I cannot refrain from reading it to this assembly. After describing, in strong terms, the exposed and perilous condition of the country, he proceeds:—

"And in these circumstances I am advised to retrograde, to leave the Georgia army to perish, or precipitately retreat, the friendly Indians to be massacred or join the enemy, the Cherokees to be destroyed or become our enemies, and our own frontier to be drenched in blood by our friendly Indians, infuriated by the trea-

chery of the United States,—which will add at least five thousand desperate warriors to the present strength of our enemy,—lose all we have obtained with vast expense and with the blood of our citizens. For what purpose? To please the people of the present moment, which in a short time will bring down upon our heads the imprecations of those very vile reptiles in the community, who are seeking for popularity and self-aggrandizement, and now wishing to wear the name of patriots, and, what is still worse, the just indignation of our government, and thousands yet unborn. Arouse from your lethargy! Despise the fawning smiles or the snarling frowns of such miscreants. With energy exercise your functions. The campaign must rapidly progress, or you are for ever damned and your country ruined. Call out the full quota authorized, execute the orders of the secretary of war, and arrest the officer who omits his duty; order a draft for the deficiency occasioned by the desertion of the volunteers, and let popularity perish for the present. Let the miscreant who never thinks of his country or its dangers, unless to promote his own views, feel the weight of the orders of his government. Save Mobile, save the territory, save your own frontier from becoming drenched in blood, and yourself from being damned for it by these monsters and these sycophantic complainers. What! retrograde under such circumstances! I will perish first! What! a governor of a patriotic state, whose citizens pressed for war, who bawled for permission to exterminate the Creeks, to pause or hesitate at such a crisis as this! Such conduct cannot be justified, cannot be excused. Hear the voice of a friend: If you compel me to retrograde, the awful responsibility must and will be ascribed to you. I shall do my duty; I will retain the post or die in the struggle, unless ordered to retreat by my commanding general. I have long since determined, when I die, to leave my reputation untarnished."

In obedience to this earnest call, a few sixty-day volunteers were sent to his aid. With this handful of men, who had never been in battle, had never seen service, Jackson marched down into the midst of a wilderness howling with thousands of savage warriors. In most men this would have been rashness. But the genius and self-reliance of Jackson conquered what to others would have been impossibilities. With this small band of inexperienced young men he fought three of the most desperate and bloody battles in Indian warfare—drove the enemy from their strong holds, and finally brought them to capitulation on the Hickory ground—that sacred spot where the prophets had told them the foot of no white man could ever tread.

"I am in your power," said Weatherford, their great chief, "do with me as you please. I am a soldier, I have done the white people all the harm I could; I have fought them, and fought them

bravely. If I had an army I would yet fight and contend to the last, but I have none; my people are all gone. Once I could animate my warriors to battle; but I cannot animate the dead. My warriors can no longer hear my voice; their bones are at Talladega, Tallushatchee, Emuckfaw, and Tohopeka. I can now do no more than weep over the misfortunes of my nation. I have not surrendered myself thoughtlessly. Whilst there were chances of success, I never left my post nor supplicated peace. But my people are gone, and I now ask it for my nation and for myself. On the miseries and misfortunes brought upon my country, I look back with deepest sorrow, and wish to avert still greater calamities. You are a brave man. I rely upon your generosity. You will exact no terms of a conquered people but such as they should accede to. Whatever they may be, it would now be madness and folly to oppose. You have told us where we might go and be safe. This is a good talk, and my people ought to listen to it. They *shall* listen to it."

Great, magnanimous chief! how like the proud Volscian didst thou stand, though five times beaten, and boldly front the all-conquering Roman! Vain were thy powers! The swift son of lightning fell upon them, and they were scattered like chaff before the wind.

Search the records of history, nowhere will you find, in more rapid succession, so many extraordinary incidents, displaying the bravery, fortitude, magnanimity, and greatness of the hero, than in this Creek campaign. Who ever did more with less means? who ever encountered more difficulties in his own camp? rising higher and higher in his all-conquering will, triumphing over every misfortune as they came thicker and faster upon him, the soul of Jackson shone before his mutinous followers as something god-like; they bowed in awe before him, and obeyed his commands as a superior being.

But let us hasten on. Andrew Jackson has now become major-general of the army of the United States. The poor prisoner boy of Camden, naked and barefooted, had grown up to be a mighty man of valour. Musing over the misfortunes of his family—the murder of his brother—the attempted murder of himself—the worse than murder of his sainted mother,—and dropping a tear over the remembrance of her unknown and solitary resting-place, his bosom burned for revenge. Not for himself—not for his own wrongs—these his magnanimous soul could forgive. But when he thought of the long ages of cruel and oppressive tyranny practised on the land of his fathers by the proud Briton—his attempted subjugation of his own country—his repeated insults—his recent sack and destruction of its towns and villages—his triumphant march over its defenceless soil—his invasion, and destruction of its capi-

tol, the eager sword of the veteran warrior leaped from its scabbard, burning to avenge the blood of his family, his father-land, and his country. The hour had now come—often dreamed of—often revealing itself in the silent depths of his own heart as in prophetic vision—it had now come. Commander-in-chief of the Southern division, it was his duty to defend the coast from the Sabine to the Spanish lines. This coast is threatened with invasion. New Orleans is the point of attack. In possession of that, the enemy would hold the keys of the Mississippi—the only outlet to the great Western valley teaming with wealth and population. In possession of that, Great Britain would hold us, as she boasted in the courts of Europe, "prisoners at large in our own territory." In possession of that, more important than Gibraltar or Calcutta, all the blood and treasure of the continent could not wrest it from her. No mind can conceive—time cannot reveal the importance of that position, to the existence and prosperity of the Union—the progressive developement of civilization—and the liberties of mankind.

Commensurate with the importance of the position was the preparation for attack. A more formidable armament never invaded our coasts. Sixty sail of the line, with all the equipments of naval service, and burthened with fifteen thousand land forces—the choice troops of Wellington—the conquerors of Napoleon, with veteran and renowned leaders in command, are now hovering about the capes of Lake Borgne, seeking some channel of approach to the city of New Orleans. Who can imagine the consternation that pervaded that city?

"Have you heard the news?" said a citizen to one hurrying by. "No; what is it?" "Sixty sail have been seen coming up Lake Borgne—the enemy are said to be fifteen thousand strong—in a few days they will land and take possession of the city. The watchword is 'Beauty and booty.'" "We are gone! we are gone!" "But stop, havn't you heard that the American army has come for our defence?" "The American army! where is it? where is it encamped? in the suburb St. Mary, suburb Marigny, or the Bayou road—let me go and embrace the officers and bid them welcome to our defence!" "Come and see!" A few steps bring them to the principal hotel in the city. In a remote corner of the room is seen a grim son of Mars, tall, erect, thin, and weather-beaten, arms tightly drawn across his breast, brow bent, mouth compressed, and eyes glowing with fire as he broods in silence over the wild tumult of his own thoughts. "*There*," said the conductor, "there is the American army!" "What do you say! that grim-looking man there, the American army?" "That is all, sir, the president and Congress have done for our defence—they have sent that man as commander-in-chief of the Southern division, but no army for him to com-

mand." "My God! my God! what is to be done? hopeless! hopeless! let us go and hurry through a resolution, in the legislature proposing terms with the enemy. The government has abandoned us. We have nothing to do but make the best terms of capitulation we can—let us hasten before they seize and sack the city."

This was the second day of December, 1814. Jackson arrived there that day solitary and alone. And yet, in twenty days from that time, he struck the blow that saved New Orleans! As usual, the most formidable enemy he had to contend with was not the red dragon of England, but consternation, disaffection, and mutiny within. He had first to kindle hope in place of despair, inspire honour in place of treachery, infuse a spirit of patriotism in bosoms that thought to surrender their country, rather than sacrifice a tithe of their property; and then out of the crude elements around him, create an army to meet the best disciplined troops of that warlike age. All this he did. In twenty days, he quelled a mutinous and mixed population of French, Spanish, and English, that cared nothing for the defence of the country, and held daily communication with the enemy—and by the magic of his name, brought around him a sufficient number of volunteer troops to strike a blow that not only saved New Orleans, but preserved the Union, and gave a new impulse to the progress and civilization of mankind.

The 23d of December, the enemy landed nine miles below New Orleans, three thousand strong. Jackson got news of it about noon. In a few hours he marched out with fifteen hundred men—Coffee's brigade, which had arrived but the night before, and the City Volunteers, to meet the foe. In the darkness of the night he fell upon the enemy—fell upon him like a flash of lightning, and so stunned and scattered his forces that he did not rally in five days. Jackson leisurely retired two miles back towards the city, and commenced throwing up breastworks along the line of a canal that extended from the river to the morass. For five days he laboured day and night without rest or intermission—he was here, there, everywhere. His master-spirit pervaded every bosom. Despair was flung away. Men, women, and children, animated by the light of his countenance, vied with each other in zeal and exertions. The whole city was brought under requisition—horses, carts, wheelbarrows, and cotton-bags—did any one complain? Jackson, for answer, placed a musket in his hand and bade him, "Go, sir, stand behind your cotton-bag, and defend it." While all this work and din of preparation was going on, there lay the enemy in sight. For five days, with his spy-glasses and keen vision he beheld what was going on, and made no effort to prevent it. It was now too late. At the end of five days an attempt was made to carry the works, but in vain. To turn them was as vain—far out in the morass, on floating logs, lay Coffee and his men ready to receive them. At

length the great and awful day arrived. In three divisions the enemy advances. Packenham, Gibbs, and Keen. In that bright January morning, Jackson beheld the long column advancing, its scarlet and steel glittering in the sunbeams like the scales of a crested dragon coming up out of the sea to devour him. Now and then a sky-rocket, shot into the air, made wild music with the elements. The first ball that passed him, Jackson saluted, "Welcome thou first visiter from a British mortar, long have I sought to meet you—now is our day of reckoning." Slowly and steadily the long column advanced. All was silence behind the parapets; yonder is one waving his port-fire in the air to keep it glowing; yonder is a long line with hands on the lock ready for the word; there stands Jackson like Mars' statue, his eyes glaring fire, and his drawn sword ready to wave a welcome salute. Presently the air is rent, and it rains down on that devoted column hail and fire and brimstone, such as was not known since the days of Sodom—it seemed as if earth belched forth thunder, and opened her devouring jaws to swallow them. Behold yon long line of glittering scarlet and steel—anon, smoke and cries and consternation.

In that wild revelry they seemed not living men of flesh and blood, but the spirits of some departed generation, playing with the cannon and the musketry; none fell, none faltered. That is not Jackson gliding like a shadow in the flame and smoke—it is the spirit of his father—his murdered brother—it is the spirit of his mother coming from her long-lost grave, and waving the death torch in frantic joy over the head of her dying murderers. Ah! Packenham, your boots are muddy now, who will clean them? Go, Lambert, to the prison-boy of Camden, he will tell you how to minister to the wants of the sick, the wounded, and the prisoner! Gibbs can tell how a magnanimous soul can act towards a fallen foe—behold him on his dying bed, smilingly take into his arms the sword which had been generously returned by the conquering hero!

We attach no great merit to the fact, that the flash of gunpowder and the whiz of bullets had no terrors for Andrew Jackson. There were thousands that feared them as little as he did; while not one in a whole generation could be found with his powers of command, that fecundity of genius, by which, under the most trying circumstances, he created unforeseen resources—raised, as it were, from the ground, hosts of intrepid warriors, and provided every vulnerable point with ample means of defence—that instinctive superiority, self-reliance, and impulsive energy, which at once rallied around him universal confidence, impressed one irresistible movement on all the jarring elements of a mixed population; roused their slumbering spirits, and diffused through every rank the noble ardour that glowed in his own bosom—that consummate prudence which defeated all the combinations of a sagacious enemy—entan-

gled them in the very snares they had spread for him, and succeeded in effecting their utter destruction, without exposing the lives of his own soldiers. These qualities of mind constitute his greatness, and not brute courage.

When the 8th day of January came, the work was done. The greatest enemy had been conquered. By his wise plans and indomitable energy, Jackson had made certain and inevitable the glorious results of that day. He had already fought the battle and won the victory before the day of carnage came.

But it has been said that there is no great merit in fighting behind cotton-bags. And some are ungenerous enough to detract from that glorious achievement, on the ground that those who accomplished it stood in comparative security. Why, then, were not the results on the opposite side of the river as brilliant as those on the left? There were like fortifications, and the friends, neighbours, and companions of those on the left to defend them. No difference in the strength of position or the spirit of the men; yet, on the right bank, though opposed by one division only, under Lambert, they fled at the first fire—while those on the opposite side never flinched from their duty, though they had to meet the whole force of the British army, led on in three divisions by the most renowned generals. Why this difference? On the one side there was Jackson to awe into obedience, animate, and direct; while on the other, there was no master-spirit like him to "ride upon the whirlwind and direct the storm." All praise, then, is due to the great chieftain, who won a victory as brilliant as any recorded in the annals of warfare; as important in its consequences to the present and future generations, and to all mankind, as any battle ever fought in the tide of time.

We can no longer dwell on the military achievements of this great warrior. We are now called to contemplate his character in another sphere of action. Great were his victories in war—still greater his triumphs in peace. Crowned with the laurel-wreath by virgin hands, in God's temple, at Orleans—he was now called to receive the civic crown from the hands of all the people, standing on the steps of the altar of freedom, in the capitol of his country. Large was his experience, ample his preparation in civil as well as military life. In his early youth, for many years he was devoted to the study and practice of a profession that brought the mind in daily and familiar intercourse with the laws and government of his country. A pioneer among the first settlers of a new territory, he saw the birth and developement of the social and civil institutions of a free people. At thirty years of age, he was the leading statesman of a young republic. His creative mind was called on to aid in framing a constitution of government, suited to a people of largest liberty—and then to administer its laws in the

functions of an office of highest trust and responsibility. By his powers of thought and independence of character, he exalted the judicial station in the minds of a rude people. He whose retirement from the supreme bench was opposed by the best men of his state, must have possessed rare qualities as a judge.

Long in retirement, devoted to rural occupations, disconnected from the strife of party politics, and in familiar intercourse with the sons of those pioneers who had conquered a rude wilderness to the hand of cultivation, he learned to value the strong sense of freedom, the bold intellect and hardy virtues of an agricultural people, and to perceive that the perpetuity of our free institutions depends on the continuance of their virtue and intelligence. With such associations and such habits of mind, he could not fail to interpret the constitution in the sense of the great apostle of liberty, as an instrument of limited powers, reserving to the states and to the people many of the most important attributes of sovereignty. Dwelling among an enlightened people, with few wants, and requiring but few restraints—having a constitution and laws of their own adequate to their purpose and faithfully administered, he could not perceive the necessity or the justice of conferring all powers on a central government, remote from observation, in the hands of men opposed to him in interest, alien in feeling, and over whom he and his people could exert but a limited control. Such thoughts naturally suggested themselves to the unbiassed mind of Andrew Jackson; and he who despised shams, and sought and loved the truth for her own sake, could not fail to embrace them. With large experience, and ample preparation, in mature old age and full of honours, Andrew Jackson ascended the steps of the capitol as president of the United States, forty years after the foundation of the republic, and took the oath to support the constitution. This was no ununmeaning ceremony with him. He solemnly purposed to support the constitution as it came from the hands of Washington and his compeers, and none other. Whatever a plain, honest, common-sense interpretation of its words could be made to mean, that was the constitution he intended to abide by and enforce. Those powers of intellect and that independence of mind so conspicuous in his earlier days, had never forsaken him. He was not the man to yield to authority against his own judgment, or surrender the solemn convictions of his mind to the plea of necessity.

The interpolation of forty years' legislation, though sanctioned by judicial authority and great names, had no weight with him against the plain reading of the constitution. After having encountered so many difficulties, and fronted so many dangers, through a long and eventful life, he was not now to be deterred by any consideration, from the discharge of his duty. Having filled the measure of his country's glory, and leaning with his arm on eternity,

he had nothing more to ask. But with a popularity, a weight of character and an influence unknown since the days of Washington, he stood by the altar of the constitution, and offered it all as a sacrifice to his country. Thousands have condemned him, but none have charged him with selfishness or a sinister motive. Coming into the administration with a determination of bringing back the government to the simple meaning of the constitution, confining its action to a few general powers, and leaving all the rest to the states and to the people, he resolved to accomplish it or perish in the ruins. This, his greatest task, he did accomplish, as he always accomplished everything he undertook, gallantly, nobly, perfectly.

The first great measure of his administration was to put an end to a system of internal improvements which had been commenced by the federal government, and was rapidly growing up into a magnificent scheme of fraud, speculation, and expenditure, far surpassing the South Sea, or Mississippi scheme, that engulphed all Europe in bankruptcy and ruin.

All are now satisfied that the construction of roads and canals, and other means of intercommunication, properly belongs to the states. They are better acquainted with their own resources, and can conduct the means of their developement more economically, more judiciously, and extensively. And if they, in the prosecution of their plans, for the last fifteen or twenty years, have involved themselves in so large a debt, and suffered so much from fraudulent legislation as to be driven, some to the necessity of repudiation, others to the verge of bankruptcy, what would have been the condition of the whole Union had they continued those plans so zealously commenced, and entered on the prosecution of those magnificent surveys which their engineers had reported as practicable, necessary, and proper? The states ceasing to be sovereign and independent—ceasing to act as a counter-weight to the neutralizing influence of the federal government, would have been clamorous suppliants of its bounty—fraudulent combinations would have carried everything in the national legislature—some of the states would have had large improvements conducted through their borders, while others would have had none; and all would have been loaded with a debt only surpassed by the crushing burthen of England. Resorting to that tribunal power intrusted to the executive, not only for the preservation of its own independence and dignity, but for the protection of the rights reserved to the states and the people, Andrew Jackson, by a single exercise of its authority, arrested the centralizing tendency of the republic, and saved his country from ruin.

When Jackson took in his hand the helm of state, the Bank of the United States was in the plenitude of its power—its numerous branches, in close affiliation and absolute dependence on a central

power, occupied the most important and commanding positions. Its influence over the currency and the commercial operations of the country was unbounded; it could make or unmake; build up or destroy, at pleasure. Its directory, seated in their marble palace at Philadelphia, like the gods on Olympus, could make rain or sunshine, as it pleased their sovereign will. Even the representatives of the people, sent to examine into the abominations and sorceries of this red harlot, were dazzled with her brightness. They bowed obsequiously before her golden altars, and returned rejoicing, and told the people that she was not only pure, but worthy of all trust and confidence. No greater combination of power ever existed under any government. The East India Company, that held an empire under its sway, and burthened the seas with its treasures, could not boast of greater authority. To have possession of the money influence in a commercial country, is to control its movements in the remotest ramifications of society. It is holding leviathan with a hook. This power, all-pervading and absolute, was unquestionably held by the Bank of the United States.

Against this formidable institution, Jackson stood up and battled alone. In his reading of the constitution there was no authority for it—to his observation and experience the existence of such a power was dangerous to a free republic. Satisfied in his mind that the Bank of the United States was both unconstitutional and inexpedient, it was vain to remonstrate. It was vain to tell him that Washington had sanctioned it—he had as clear a judgment, as pure a patriotism, as Washington. It was vain to tell him that good and wise men, yielding to the cry of distress, had for the second time established a bank—and that Madison, surrendering his own judgment to precedence and authority, had approved it. No such distress existed now—no such plea of necessity could be urged. Now was the time, in profound peace, to apply the knife and the cautery, to cut out and destroy the cancer that was threatening to consume the constitution of the country.

Deserted by all his friends, as he had been on many trying occasions before while a military chieftain, he was left alone to rely on his own clear judgment and unshaken fortitude.

When he vetoed the Bank Bill, and caused the public money to be removed from its custody, his friends earnestly entreated him not to do it. You will ruin us, general—you will destroy your party. We cannot stand against the tempest that will be raised against us. He stood unmoved. They might tear down the marble pillars of the Capitol, and bury him beneath the ruins, but they could not shake him from his purpose. Calmly he did what duty required, and left the rest to Heaven. Many think he was wrong. God forbid that they, against their consciences, should think otherwise! This is a free country, where thoughts and words to utter them, are like

the air we breathe. Andrew Jackson would be the last man to suppress the freedom of opinion. The indignant boy who remonstrated with the minions of a tyrant, and the hero, who, in mature life, hurled consternation and destruction on the presumptuous invaders of a land of freemen, would be the last man to suppress the free utterance of thoughts that might condemn even his acts as oppressive and tyrannical. Neither we who approve of that measure, nor those that condemn it, can be impartial judges. Too much of the prejudice and selfish interests of the times still linger about our feelings, and obscure our judgments. Posterity alone can judge of its importance. Leave it to them—they will pronounce it one of the greatest of the great acts of Andrew Jackson's life.

But another deed, still greater if possible, had yet to be performed by Andrew Jackson, before he could rescue the government from its centripetal tendency, and restore those features of a federative republic which, in the vicissitudes of forty years, had well-nigh been effaced. A tariff of duties, onerous to the agricultural interests, and laid solely for the protection and bounty of other interests, had been imposed. The protective policy was distinctly recognized and established, and proclaimed to be as *fixed as fate*. But the principle of protection was regarded by the school of politicians to which Jackson belonged as an unwarrantable abuse of constitutional power, if not plainly unconstitutional. Thus impressed, he was hastening rapidly to reduce the tariff to the revenue standard. But one of the states of the confederacy, believing that the doctrine of protection, just as the doctrine of a right to tax the colonies, had not been surrendered, proclaimed that the only safety of the republic lay in state interposition. Our fathers did not complain of the burthen of their taxes, but contended against the right of taxation without representation. South Carolina did not merely complain of the onerous nature of the tariff system; but protested against the principles in which it was founded, and declared her determination not to obey any law, however moderate in its details, that recognized the unconstitutional principle of protection. Feeling herself aggrieved, and having appealed, as she thought in vain for redress, she took the remedy of her wrongs in her own hands. God forbid that the time should ever come, when any one of these sovereign states should be afraid to say that this or that law is unconstitutional! and so saying, should be afraid to act. The only conservative power of this confederative republic, is in the states. What matters it how nicely adjusted may be the balance of power between the executive, legislative, and judicial departments at Washington, when they have swallowed up all the powers that were reserved to the states and to the people? Take away the rights of Virginia, and what security have we for our liberties? We should no longer be a federative republic of sovereign states, but

the miserable, degraded provinces of a magnificent empire. Virginia would be recreant to her trust, and unworthy of the veneration of her sons, did she not stand by those invaluable rights that have been reserved to her and to her people. This is what South Carolina did—no more. She proclaimed in her solemn assemblies, that the principle of protection was not only ruinous to her interests, but as plainly unconstitutional as the right claimed by the British parliament to tax the colonies without their consent; and declared her resolution to refuse obedience to such a law. In my judgment she was too hasty—too soon distrusted the sincerity of those who co-operated with her. But with that we have nothing to do. She thought otherwise; and so thinking, had a right to act as she did. But, as I conceive, she placed on wrong grounds a right action. Whenever a state shall be driven to the necessity of refusing to obey a law of the Union, she, as a sovereignty, has a right to do so without being treated as a rebellious province, but on the other hand, the government of the Union has an equal right to enforce her obedience. This implies a trial of strength—an issue of arms—and that alternative which involves a state and her co-states in war with each other, can neither be peaceful, nor constitutional.

While South Carolina was trying the experiment of state interposition as a remedy for her wrongs; Jackson, as President of the United States, was bound to see that the laws were faithfully executed. However much he might disapprove of their character, or sympathize with those on whose shoulders they fell as a grievous burden, so long as they were laws, he was bound to see them enforced. A sovereign state, by her ordinances, declared her resolution to violate the law. He, as promptly, by his proclamation, declared that the law should be enforced, and the Union preserved. This was an awful moment to the republic. The most important experiments in the history of government had to be tried. The liberties of mankind were staked on the result. The trial had to be made, whether state sovereignty was of any avail, or the federal government absolute and omnipotent. Had South Carolina failed, we should have gone down like the Roman republic into a consolidated empire, with all the power centred in the Capitol, governed by venality and corruption. Had Jackson failed, the fraternal bonds of this Union would have been dissolved, and we should have existed for a time as petty states in perpetual warfare, until we again fell as exhausted provinces into the hands of European power. Where so much was at stake, we should rejoice at the glorious result.

South Carolina acted well—so did Jackson—neither flinched from the line of duty they had laid down for themselves—neither gave way. In this awful moment, when disrupture and civil war seemed inevitable, that magnanimous spirit of compromise in which

the constitution was framed, again rescued it from destruction. And so will it ever be while the states have courage and independence to assert their rights, and patriot souls like Jackson shall guide the helm of affairs.

Having accomplished the work of reformation to which he was called, he cheerfully laid aside the robes of state, which he had worn so well, and retired to those peaceful shades of the Cumberland, where his earlier years of manhood had been enjoyed, and the last hours of old age were to be spent.

We have seen the hero in his field of glory—we have followed the statesman step by step, in his arduous task of reformation; let us now for a moment contemplate the man—the human being of like passions with ourselves. What made him great? What virtues did he possess—what qualities greater than other men? He had a fiery heart! What gives to the engine, that draws its long and ponderous burthen, such wondrous power? Tear away those ribs of steel, and you behold a heart of fire—burning, glowing fire. From that fiery heart comes the wondrous power that excites the awe and admiration of the beholder. Jackson, underneath those ribs of flesh, had a fiery heart that nothing could quench—nothing obscure. The deep, earnest enthusiasm he possessed, springing up from this fiery heart, was the source of all his greatness. The cold, the timid, and the plodding spirit, may follow on in well-known paths, but a fiery soul, like Jackson's, fearless, intuitive, bold, and trustful, must lead the way through untried and perilous scenes. It is the heart that inspires the intellect. Its warm and instinctive impulses are more to be trusted than the cold inductions of the understanding. Man lives and is governed by love. The heart sees farther than the head. In its deep and silent revelations—flashes, as it were, from another world—Jackson was made conscious that he was an instrument in the hands of Providence—a being consecrated for a great purpose. Tell me not of his wickedness! The fiery passions of his heart, the source of all his greatness, may have led him astray; I seek not to palliate his faults. Remember David. If God wrought out history, as it has been recorded, for our instruction, in his sacred volume—if he wrought by the hands of Moses, and Joshua, and Samuel, and David—if Cyrus the Persian was an instrument of his will—if Mahomet the false prophet; Genseric, and Attila, and Napoleon, the scourges of wicked nations, found their types foreshadowed in the visions of the prophet—if the mighty men who have risen up from age to age, and wrought out the history of the times in which they lived, were not the children of accident, the sons of a blind fatality—then, I fear not to say, that Andrew Jackson was an instrument, in the hands of God, to work out his purposes among the children of men. The history of the age and country in which he lived, is the history of him-

self. Such as it is, he made it. The stamp and impress of his genius are upon it. Time cannnot efface—eternity will never alter it.

Jackson was early made conscious that he was an instrument, in the hands of God, for some great and wise purpose. Often did he slumber in forgetfulness—often fall astray, and grievously err, as it is recorded for our instruction, of men of old. But never could he tear himself away from that guiding hand, never silence the admonitions of his heart, which ever whispered, "Remember thou art a child of destiny."

On the field of battle, in that glorious day when he swept the enemy from before him like a whirlwind, he proclaimed to his conquering soldiers, "Let us be grateful to the God of battles, who has directed the arrows of his indignation against our invaders, while he covered with his protecting shield the brave defenders of their country." When the enemy were no longer to be found in our borders, he appointed a day of thanksgiving and solemn praise for our deliverance. The war-worn veteran, surrounded by his victorious troops, was seen prostrate before the altar of adoration, offering to the God of battles that glory which the world had bestowed on him.

Go with me to the banks of the Coosa. It is midnight. The white tents lie still and shadow-like in the dark forest. The weary soldiers have all retired to their rest. Nothing stirs but the drowsy sentinel, as he walks his allotted round. Follow me to the centre of the encampment—turn aside the curtains of that tent, with the dim lamp glimmering through its folds. Behold the commander-in-chief on bended knees, with the Bible out-spread before him—the picture of his beloved wife on one side, and his sword on the other. This may be a scene of imagination. I would fain hope it were true. So like the chivalric and knightly Christian of old. The deep enthusiasm and trustful soul of Andrew Jackson give me an assurance it was true. If not of the warrior in the pride of victory, I know it was true of the aged and venerable statesman. While chief magistrate of the Union—seated in the marble palace of the nation—the idol of fifteen millions of freemen—surrounded with splendour, possessed of power, this venerable man might be seen in his secret chamber, on his bended knees, with the Bible out-spread before him, and the picture of his beloved and recently-departed wife on one side—but on the other no sword was to be found. Having vindicated the honour of his country, and secured its independence, that sword was treasured up, to be placed in the hands of some future hero, who, inspired by great examples, "shall conduct himself most worthy of his country."

Jackson's was a martyr spirit. The deep enthusiasm and benevolence of his heart, inspired him with a noble zeal for the good

of his country and mankind. Ready at all times to make a sacrifice of himself, he could not live for selfish ends. In every hour of peril, when life was to be hazarded, so promptly, so freely, and without reservation did he make the offering, that God, as he did the hand of Abraham, turned aside the impending sword, and let the willing victim escape. On all those trying occasions of his life, when escape seemed to be a miracle, Jackson did not fail humbly to acknowledge the hand of God in his deliverance.

Were these demonstrations of piety made to be seen of men? Who will accuse him of hypocrisy! Who can point to an act of his life that is tainted with insincerity? He was too earnest, too fearless, to be other than an honest man. He was sincere in all his dealings with himself, with his fellow-men, and with his God. Whatever he did, he did with all his heart. Did he in secret pore over the pages of that book we call the Bible? it was because he believed it the inspired word of God.

Did he bow the knee in prayer? it was because he believed there was a superintending Providence that lent a listening ear to the voice of supplication. Did he take upon his lips the bread and wine as symbols of the broken body and shed blood of Christ? it was because in his heart he believed that Christ was God clothed in humanity, that he might suffer and die, and open up a way of salvation to the fallen human race. Simple was his faith and sincere. Whatever he professed, he believed; whatever he believed, he practised.

But let us hasten on to the closing scene—the last hours of this great man. That courage which battle could not intimidate—that fortitude which civil commotions could not shake, have now to be tried in another scene. The frame, that not fatigue, nor exposure, nor hunger could bend, worn by age and disease, is now bending over the grave. Time has wrought its ends, and he is ripe for immortality. Behold the man, who has served his country, and served his God. He has no fears, no misgivings; calmly he looks back on a well spent life, joyfully reaches forward with hope, to a blissful immortality.

When asked by a friend, "what course would he pursue, were he permitted to live his life over again"—with a majestic tone of voice, says that friend, he calmly, but emphatically replied, "*Sir, I would not accept the boon if it were offered me.*" His whole countenance, continues that friend, became suddenly illuminated; his keen piercing eye fixed on vacancy, appeared to be contemplating the beautiful scenes of a distant world, as they gradually developed themselves to his view. Delightful thought! Beholding with the eye of faith the beautiful fields, the radiant beings, and the never-clouded sun of that spiritual world to which he is

hastening, he would not exchange the prospect and the hope of its enjoyment, for another glorious life like his here on earth. Heaven grant, that in the dying hour my faith may be like his!

It is a beautiful summer morning! the eighth day of June. Silence reigns all around, while anxious countenances behold the death-stricken face of the dying sage. Recovering from his swoon, and propped up in his arm-chair, with his family all around him, he said, "My dear children, do not grieve for me; it is true I am going to leave you; I am well aware of my situation; I have suffered much bodily pain; but my sufferings are as nothing, compared with that which our blessed Saviour endured upon that accursed cross, that we might all be saved who put their trust in him." He then took them by the hand, one by one, and expressing some words of tenderness to each, bade them farewell. The little children he had brought to him, his grandchildren, and the children of his wife's sister; those who were absent at Sabbath-school, he had them sent for. He then kissed them and blessed them in a manner so touchingly impressive, that language cannot describe it. Seeing his servants anxiously pressing about the doors and windows of his chamber, that they might behold for the last time his living countenance, he took leave of them also. He then spoke for half an hour, and apparently with the power of inspiration; for he spoke with calmness, with strength, and with animation. His implicit belief in the Christian religion, and in the plan of salvation as revealed in the Bible—his great anxiety that they should believe in religion, as taught by the Holy Scriptures; and that, in so doing, they might insure their eternal salvation, and join him in heaven—made the words that fell from his lips deeply impressive, awfully sublime. In conclusion, he said, "My dear children and friends and servants, I hope and trust to meet you all in heaven, both white and black." Looking with tender solicitude on his servants, he repeated, "*both white and black.*" These were his last words. With these he ceased to speak. The body calmly sunk into the arms of death, while the immortal spirit, clothed in celestial garments, rose triumphant over death and the grave, and ascended, amid a choir of shouting angels, into the Paradise above. Ministers may preach, divines may write, but the dying example of such a man is worth more than they all. Were I inclined to scepticism, and God knows I am too much given to its folly, the dying testimony of such a man, whose matchless courage feared not death, whose intuitive mind, piercing the shadows of time, beheld truth as it were with the eye of inspiration, would go far to remove it.

Thus lived, thus died Andrew Jackson; great in war, great in peace, triumphant in death.

Washington was the father of his country. Jackson its defender and saviour. Neither having natural children of their own, they embrace the whole country in the arms of their affection. Out of thirteen scattered, divided, and feeble colonies, Washington, by his valour and fortitude, made a united and prosperous republic. Called to the administration of its affairs in its infancy, at a time when the monarchies of the old world were overturned, and the social institutions of civilized life were torn up from their ancient foundations, he had a difficult and a perilous task to perform. With an unsullied reputation, unbounded popularity, and the entire confidence of all the people, he had now to throw himself into the whirlpool of party strife, whence he could not hope to escape uninjured. Amid the excited passions, prejudices, conflicting interests, and opposing opinions of those revolutionary times, he did many things that were condemned—many that excited inveterate hostility. He left the government with a large portion, if not a majority of his countrymen opposed to the measures of his administration. But Washington died. All the men of that generation have been gathered to their fathers. The passions, the prejudices, and the interests that divided them, have all perished and been forgotten—and now the character of Washington, before a new generation, rises up in unclouded majesty, serene and god-like, receiving the homage of all hearts—his countrymen, and all mankind.

The tyrant from whose grasp Washington plucked this young republic was driven from our shores, but not conquered. He sought once more to lay hold on his ancient colonies. For their subjugation, he landed the best appointed army of modern times—the conquerors of the conqueror of Europe—on the banks of the Mississippi. But while dreaming in his tent of an easy and undisputed conquest, Jackson, like a stroke of lightning, fell upon him, scattered his forces, and drove them in consternation and disgrace from our indignant borders.

What Washington began, Jackson finished; and, by universal acclamation, was hailed the saviour of his country. But he was not allowed to wear in peace, the laurels he had so nobly won. He, too, was called to administer the affairs of government; and to mingle in the strife and conflicting interests of party. He, too, as we have already seen, did many things to excite opposition—many to awaken the bitterest hostility; and he left the government with a large portion of his countrymen opposed to the measures of his administration.

But Jackson has died. All the men of his generation, with their passions, their prejudices, and their conflicting interests, will soon pass away, perish, and be forgotten; then will the character of Jackson stand forth in its just proportions; and posterity, without re-

servation or condition, will pronounce him second only to Washington in the hearts of his countrymen. And they two, like twin stars in the firmament, undistinguished, undivided, will shine on from age to age, shedding a glorious lustre on their country, and a benign influence on the glad hearts of millions of freemen, spread from the St. John's to the Del Norte, from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean.

EULOGY

DELIVERED AT LOWELL, MASS., JULY 15, 1845,

BY

JOHN A. BOLLES, Esq.

Once more, and for the fourth time in the history of our country, the whole American people are mourners. The death of Washington was the occasion of our first great national sorrow. Our tears were again shed upon that grave which covered at once the remains of Adams and Jefferson. And when we heard that La Fayette had also passed away, we gathered a third time together with universal lamentation.

Once more are we called upon to notice, with becoming solemnity, the departure from our midst of one who had established himself in the American heart beyond all living example, and whose life we had learned, as a people, to regard as among our choicest national treasures.

It is right, it is manly, it is every way well to gather in this manner around the tomb of the illustrious dead:—not merely to gratify those generous instincts of humanity which call forth tears for departed friends; not merely that we may give form and utterance to emotions which clamour for expression, and will not be suppressed; not merely from regard to the dead, whom we will not let go down, uncommemorated, to everlasting silence; but for the sake of the living also, that we may ourselves become the wiser, the braver, the better, by communing together on our bereavement; by recalling the generous sentiments and noble deeds of the departed; by contemplating and holding up to imitation the example of a life well spent, and of a death rich with instruction. In the house of mourning, our passions and prejudices subside before the majesty of death: and we are ready to appreciate and acknowledge the wisdom and the patriotism of those whom we may, while living, have overlooked or misjudged.

When, therefore, an eminent public officer, or an illustrious private citizen, is cut down by death, it is, ordinarily, deemed both

proper and expedient for our municipal corporations, our constituted authorities and tribunals, to notice the event as a national calamity—to commemorate the virtues of the deceased—and bear living testimony to the world at large, that the general heart is not insensible to the general bereavement, nor dead to the claims of distinguished merit.

In pursuance of this time-honoured custom, acting upon the impulse of an affection which we deeply feel and glory to make known, we are here to-night, to offer our tribute of respect to the name and memory of Andrew Jackson :—a name, how widely known and world-admired! a name, how familiar and how dear to all living freemen! a name, that awakens echoes and arouses recollections, and kindles emotions, how warmly, how eloquently, in our hearts!

But assembled as we are, on an errand of sorrow, our sadness is not unmingled with a livelier feeling and a more cheerful spirit. Our Jackson is dead, indeed, and we mourn for him! But how little, after all, of such a man *can* die! The spirit of the fallen hero—the fire that warmed his breast—the love of liberty—the love of country—cannot die! Transmitted from sire to son, immortal in its nature, it passes unchanged through a hundred generations!

Can we wholly abandon ourselves to sorrow, when we recollect at how ripe an age, and after what a life of great and stirring events, he has left us at last the glory of his example? His life may have come to an end; but its influence is undying! The lips that have spoken are silent: but his words of inspiration shall live and echo for ever! His generous heart has ceased to beat: but its ruling spirit has moved the pulses of countless other hearts, and the electric impulse shall thrill through all coming generations!

We must, then, indulge but a qualified sorrow, while we remember how perfectly the great man, whose death we mourn, had accomplished all the great ends of life :—how deeply he inscribed his name and memory on the history of his country, and on the hearts of his countrymen :—how certainly he has transmitted the glory of his name to the admiration of posterity :—and how, at last, in the fulness of years and of honours—supported by Christian hope, exulting in Christian faith, he laid down the burden of human existence, and soared aloft to the glories of immortality!

Peace be unto the illustrious dead! After a life so glorious, and a death so happy, we would not, if we could, awaken the hero from his final repose. Be it rather our task to rekindle the ardour of our patriotism at the altar of his example, and encourage ourselves, and our children, by the recollection of his virtues. *He* has left no children to divide the heritage of his glory :—to his country, therefore, belongs the whole of that splendid inheritance!

The life of Andrew Jackson, though, like all others of our race, he was subject to human imperfection, is rich with instruction and

full of encouragement to every true lover of liberty, or of well-earned praise.

His origin was humble; and the poorest may learn from his career, that poverty is no insuperable bar to the soarings and triumphs of the free spirit. Nay! Let us rather say, as we remember how the soil of poverty has sent up its harvest of great men—our Franklin, our Adams, our Henry, and our Jackson; let us rather say, that, as in *the kingdom of geology* the everlasting granite, the underlying basis of all other formations, is found in the deepest gulf, yet ever bursting upward from the abyss, towering aloft into highest hills, and crowning the very pinnacles of the world; so in *the kingdom of man*, the primitive rock, the granite formation, is poverty; found deepest in the abyss, borne down, buried thousand-fathom deep, overlaid, crushed to the very centre, yet everywhere forcing its way upward, towering aloft and claiming kindred with the sky!

The parents of General Jackson were natives of Ireland, though of Scottish descent. Weary of that English misrule under which Ireland has so long groaned and bled, and which has driven so many, with hearts panting for freedom, to American shores, they emigrated to this country and settled in South Carolina in 1765, ten years before our new-born freedom was baptized in blood at Concord and Bunker Hill. Two sons came with them. Andrew was born in March, 1767, two years after their arrival. His father died about that time, and bequeathed his name to that youngest, sorrow-born child. His widowed mother pressed this nursling legacy to her breast with the same strange mixture of joy and sorrow that agitates our hearts to-night. Oh, could she have foreseen to what bright destiny this child of her mourning should attain, how would her saddened heart have leaped for joy! Let every mother throughout our land, from what quarter soever of the wide world of tyranny she may have fled to our shores, as she "clips her baby to her bosom," remember that it may be her happy fortune in him to furnish another patriot general, or president, to the country that she loves!

Andrew Jackson was nine years old when the continental Congress proclaimed to an admiring world that "these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states!" At the age of but *thirteen* he set the seal of his own blood to his personal efforts in vindicating for his country the freedom thus manfully declared. His mother would have educated him for the special service of God as a preacher. But when the storm of war swept over Carolina, and reached their quiet village of Waxhaw, in 1779, young Jackson was driven from his Latin and Greek, to behold the horrors of warfare in the mangled bodies of his neighbours murdered in cold blood by Tarleton's ferocious dragoons, and

collected as in a hospital, in that very village church from whose pulpit his mother had hoped to hear him proclaiming the gospel of peace. That memorable year beheld this same Irish widow, with American heart, surrendering, with cheerful spirit, her oldest son, to fight the battles of her adopted land! The son thus dedicated to his adopted country perished, that very year, on the field of battle. A few years later, and another of her boys was added to the number of those brave Irish hearts, whose blood has fertilized our soil, and whose dying breath has swelled the breeze of freedom.

From 1779 to the close of the Revolution, South Carolina endured all the horrors of both foreign and domestic war; the ordinary evils of invasion being unspeakably aggravated by those fierce party strifes which rent asunder the ties of friendship and family, converting love into hatred, and hardening into ferocity the tenderest affections of the heart. It was within this dreadful region of peril and treachery, of fire and sword, of fraud and force, of rapine and robbery, of midnight burnings and murders, that the Jackson family,—the widow and her boys,—endeavoured to defend, as they might, the humble hearth which they called their home. In those days, and in that vicinity, childhood was deprived of its sweet immunities, and every boy who was large enough to lift a musket, like Robert and Andrew Jackson, was taught to ride and fire,—was furnished with horse and gun, and took his part in the midnight watch and the midday fight.

Such was the active training to war of the future hero of New Orleans; and at this early age he displayed the same vehement energy, the same unyielding firmness, the same clearness of thought and prompt decision in action, that in after life marked him out as the great captain and commander.

The insolence of British officers, and the horrors of captivity, were alike unable to bend or to break his inflexible resolution. He was taken captive by a party of marauders, whose officer ordered him to perform some menial service. The indignant boy refused, and claimed to be treated as a prisoner of war. Enraged by his answer, the cowardly officer aimed a sabre-cut at his head—Jackson received the blow upon his left arm, and the scar of it remained through life, to remind him of his obligations to England.

Ransomed from a horrible imprisonment by the efforts of his noble mother, he returned home, smitten with the small-pox, to witness the death of his only brother, and to hear that *she* who had rescued him from captivity, had died by the way-side, among strangers, in bearing her generous aid to others in confinement. The burial-place of the mother of Jackson is unknown; not a stone has ever marked the spot of her final repose. But her memory is green in every American heart,—her monument is the life of her heroic son.

Young Jackson is now an orphan—alone in the world at the age of fifteen—cast out upon the wilderness of life, with little besides his own free spirit and the good providence of God to sustain him. Who will dare prophesy that this solitary child shall one day become the foremost man in all the land?

What a school of trial and of suffering had he been through! Can we not discern, in this rough discipline, the creative cause of that hardy energy, that unfailing self-reliance, that passionate love of liberty, that undying hatred of English tyranny, which marked his after life? How ought we, then, to reverence *that fruitful nursery* of great and good men—of great discoverers, of great commanders, of heroic minds, of true heroism—*the school of poverty*, of trial, of suffering! The leaders of the world have graduated in that stern seminary, as the conquerors of imperial Rome were trained amidst the rigours of the frozen north!

In the history of young Jackson from 1782 to 1784, we find additional instruction. It was his period, and his only period, of levity, of idleness, of pleasure, and of dissipation. But it was exceedingly brief—he parted from it like Hercules from the distaff of Omphale. By his own voluntary act, impelled by his own unaided, masculine good sense, he casts off his idle habits, abandons his gay associates, removes to North Carolina, and with all the ardour of his character devotes himself to the study of the law. His zeal, his talent, his extraordinary qualities, attract attention, secure him numerous and influential friends, and force open the doors of reluctant fortune. After two years' study he is admitted to the bar, and at the age of twenty-one the governor of North Carolina appoints him solicitor of that portion of the state which included the territory of Tennessee.

We comfortable travellers upon the iron roads of the north can have very little notion of the experience of a prosecuting officer whose district spread from one settlement to another across a wilderness of more than two hundred miles—the mountain fastnesses of the Alleghanies—where bloodthirsty savages, and white men almost as lawless, were still fighting for the mastery. Two-and-twenty times did Andrew Jackson, the young lawyer, cross this wild route, in western style, on horseback—a loaded rifle on his shoulder, a blanket for his bed, a bundle of law-papers in one pocket, his ammunition in the other—kindling his own fire from a tinder-box, roasting his bacon or his venison on a forked stick—a buffalo trace for his road, or a trackless forest crossed by torrents whose wild waters no bridge ever spanned—every thicket likely to harbour a scalp-hunting Creek or Chickasaw, every cabin likely to conceal some desperado to whom the officer of the law was an object more hateful than Indian warriors or wild beasts.

But these inevitable dangers and labours were not enough to fill

the measure of his enterprise. Not a party of emigrants can approach this western region, but young Jackson is the foremost volunteer to protect them and their families along their perilous track, and teach them to repeat his name with eternal gratitude. Not an Indian party is known to be abroad, but Andrew Jackson is upon their trail—fleet of foot, keen of scent and sight, crafty in counsel, sharp and terrible in action. The red man learns the terror of his wrath, and in the simple dialect of the tribe describes him as "*the sharp knife*," and "*the pointed arrow*," as his soldiers in later times, admiring his power of endurance, loved to call him "*Old Hickory*."

The professional activity and fidelity of Jackson create him enemies as well as friends. The Cumberland settlements are crowded with delinquent debtors. In all that region there is but a single lawyer, and he has been secured to their interest. There is no legal aid for anxious creditors until the arrival of Andrew Jackson. On his arrival the creditors swarm about him; on that day he issues seventy writs at Nashville. The debtors are alarmed and enraged; they resolve to frighten or destroy him. But he will not consent to be intimidated or assassinated. He laughs at their threats; he repels their violence with a courage that crushes alike their hopes and their endeavours. His spirit is aroused. He did not purpose to remain at Nashville, but now he will not go; henceforth he remains in their midst; *Nashville shall be his home; the laws shall be enforced!* Thus does the fiery furnace reveal the genuine gold, and harden the genuine steel. Thus is Jackson established at Nashville; and the spot of his early trials and triumphs, consecrated by a long life of glory, and a happy death, has now become another Mount Vernon, towards which, in all after time, shall be turned the footsteps of the lovers of freedom.

Meantime, Jackson, in the midst of his perils and his labours, his arguing and fighting, becomes a married man, under circumstances romantic to the highest degree, but honourable in every way to his purity of principle and tenderness of heart. Both he and his wife have been slandered by his political foes; but time and truth have refuted the calumny, and silenced the calumniators, and the name of Rachel Jackson, cherished through a long life in the inner sanctuary of her husband's noble heart, shall be remembered and loved by all his countrymen.

A married man, a successful lawyer, the owner of a valuable plantation, Andrew Jackson, in 1795, is elected by his townsfolk to represent them in the convention which has been summoned to create a constitution for Tennessee. In looking at that instrument, we cannot help fancying that certain of its provisions are the offspring of his mind, and contain the germs of his subsequent political creed and conduct.

That constitution declares that "perpetuities and monopolies are contrary to the genius of a free government, and shall not be allowed." Was not this his first declaration of war with that mammoth monopoly and would-be perpetuity, the "monster" Bank of the United States?

Another article declares that "an equal participation of the free navigation of the Mississippi is one of the inherent rights of the citizens of this state; it cannot, therefore, be conceded to any prince, potentate, power, person or persons whatever."

In this declaration, we behold the dawning of that grand idea which led to the purchase and occupation of Louisiana, and to the battle of New Orleans. How well it harmonizes with that spirited appeal which he made to the Tennessee volunteers in 1812! "To the people of the western country," said he, "is peculiarly committed, by nature herself, the defence of the lower Mississippi and the city of New Orleans. At the approach of an enemy in that quarter, the whole western world should pour forth its sons to meet the invader and drive him back to the sea." Two years after this prophetic appeal, how literally and how gloriously, under his direction, were the approaching enemy met by the living torrent of the West, and driven, with appalling carnage, into the waters of the gulf!

Tennessee has now a constitution. The act of Congress of June 1, 1796, admits her to the growing family of the Union. She is entitled to a single representative in Congress. Andrew Jackson is not a candidate; but he is elected as by acclamation. The following year, at the earliest moment allowed by our organic law, at the age of *thirty*, he is elevated to the Senate of the United States.

Were but his widowed mother now alive! He remains in the Senate but a single session, and resigns. Political malice has asserted that his resignation was a confession of incompetency. The people of Tennessee do not so regard it. They hasten to offer him additional honours. Scarcely has he vacated his seat in the Senate, ere he is appointed one of the judges in law and equity, of the Supreme Court of Tennessee. In this eminent and trying position he remains for a period of about six years, often desirous of resigning, for his health is infirm, and his labours are exhausting, but always compelled to forego his wishes by the remonstrances of the best and ablest men in the state, who exhort him to remain upon the bench, "that our common country may derive additional benefits from those powers of thought, and independence of mind, which nature never designed should be lost in retirement." He yields to their solicitations, and passes through a judicial career, the relation of which would cause to tingle the ears of our city-bred and delicately nurtured judges.

At his first court, the supremacy of the law is made dependent

on his personal courage and spirit. A gigantic ruffian, indicted for some atrocity, resists the sheriff, and will not be arrested. The timid officer accordingly makes out his return, "Russell Bean refuses to be taken." Judge Jackson replies, "Such a return is a legal absurdity. *Bean must be taken.* If needful, call to your aid the posse comitatus!" The sheriff waits till the judges are on their way to dinner, and then summons them, as part of the posse, to his aid. Judge Jackson responds to the summons, "Yes, sir, I will attend you, and see that you do your duty." Bean, armed with dirk and pistols, awaits their movements. Jackson calls for a loaded pistol and advances. Bean retires. The judge commands him to stop and submit to the law. Bean hesitates, throws down his weapons, and declares, "I will surrender to you, judge, but to no one else!"

The honesty and fidelity of his judicial conduct excites the wrath of a multitude of fraudulent land speculators. As he is approaching Jonesborough to hold his court, he is informed that a mob has assembled, resolved to tar and feather him on his arrival. Half sick at the time, and scarce able to keep in his saddle, he hastens his advance, and reaches his hotel so exhausted that he is lifted from his horse to a bed. The mob arrive also, under the direction of a Colonel Harrison. General Jackson arises at once, throws wide open the door of his room, and forwards a message, "Tell Colonel Harrison my door is open to receive him and his regiment, whenever they choose to wait upon me, and that I hope the colonel's chivalry will induce him to *lead* his men, and not follow them!"

On receiving this significant message, the crowd dispersed. Not one of them was ambitious of the honour of first entering the sick man's room!

Before leaving the bench, Judge Jackson was appointed major-general of the militia of Tennessee. He vacated his judicial office and retired to private life in 1804, engaging with his own hands in the cultivation of his farm, after manufacturing his own farming utensils, and glorying in his stock, especially of horses, in the rearing of which he took peculiar pleasure. His house was the favourite resort of the most prominent men both of Tennessee and of other states. He was of that "prompt, frank, and ardent soul," as Burr described him; of that genial and hearty temper and disposition, which secure most effectually the good will of man; and all who came into his presence were convinced that a rising career of distinction lay yet before him.

The eight years thus spent in comparative seclusion were not entirely without incidents which illustrate the sterling qualities of the man. It was during this interval that he became involved in the bankruptcy of a friend and partner at Nashville. The moment he became aware of the condition of the partnership, he dissolved

it, sold his house and plantation, paid off every debt, and, removing into a log-cabin, patiently began the world anew. Nor was it long before his energy, industry, and frugality brought around him once more the comforts so nobly sacrificed to maintain his integrity.

During this same period his business requiring him to visit Mississippi, he is obliged to pass through the country of the Chickasaw and Choctaw Indians. At the Indian agent's station he finds a large party of American emigrants detained under the pretence of a want of passports. He is indignant that American citizens should be thus waylaid by a government officer and compelled to purchase of him their food and forage at enormous prices. He advises them to harness their horses, proceed on their journey, and shoot as a highwayman any one that shall attempt to detain them. The agent then inquires if he himself has a passport. "Yes, sir," replies the general, "I always carry mine with me. I am a free-born American citizen, and that, under the constitution and laws, is my passport to go wherever my business calls me." He proceeds upon his journey. Returning, he is told that the agent, with a party of one hundred and fifty whites and Indians, is resolved to prevent his passage until he will produce a passport. He hurries forward with his party of negroes—sends word to the agent that he must interfere only at the peril of his life, and then presents himself, rifle in hand, at the agency. The Indians recognise their old acquaintance "*Pointed Arrow*," and welcome his arrival; the agent is cowed into sullen hospitality, invites the general to pay him a visit, and is wholly silent on the subject of passports. Jackson informs the secretary of war of the occurrence, and the agent is dismissed from office.

In 1812, war is declared between Great Britain and the United States. The news has scarcely reached Nashville when General Jackson is in the field, and, through the governor, tenders to the president the services of two thousand five hundred volunteers of his division, headed by himself. Admirable promptness! He had long anticipated that very day. He had noted, with growing impatience, every new aggression of Great Britain upon our commerce, and every new impressment of our seamen. The seven thousand American sailors, torn from their country's flag, and their own firesides, had, every one, a voice in Jackson's heart. The old scar on Jackson's arm throbbed and tingled at each fresh English insult; the boy of fourteen was born again, and lived again, in the man of forty-five—and at the first whisper of war his impatient sword leaped, lightning-like, from its scabbard!

Government accepts in part the offer of Jackson, and orders him to organize and equip a force of fifteen hundred volunteers, and march on New Orleans. On the 10th of December, General Jackson addresses the secretary of war—"I am now at the head of

two thousand and seventy volunteers—the choicest of our citizens. They will rejoice at the opportunity of placing the American eagle on the ramparts of Mobile, Pensacola, and St. Augustine." In the heart of winter these hardy sons of Tennessee embark upon their voyage of more than a thousand miles. The earth is buried in snow: the rivers are full of running ice. How shall they overcome the dangers of the Cumberland, of the Ohio, of the Mississippi? Already they have answered this inquiry. A thousand miles of their voyage are accomplished—and on the 15th of February they bivouac at Natchez. All eyes and all hopes are directed towards New Orleans. But at Natchez their advance is countermanded by orders from the department at Washington. "Their services will not be needed at New Orleans; they may return to Tennessee!" "Let us then," wrote Jackson, "let us march to the lines of Canada, and wipe from our military character the stain of recent disasters." But no; a new secretary of war has adopted new policy; the cold, cruel order, more intolerable than winter march or the brunt of battle—the order is, "Discharge your troops; return to Tennessee!" What sorrow, what indignation, what rage, now filled the hearts of these brave volunteers and of their excited commander! The order of return will be obeyed. The order of discharge is disregarded. "I shall commence the line of march on Thursday the 25th instant," wrote Jackson; "should the contractor not feel himself justified in sending on provisions for my infantry, or the quartermaster wagons for the transportation of my sick, I shall dismount the cavalry and carry them on, providing the means for their support from my own private funds. If those fail, I thank God we have plenty of horses to feed my troops to the Tennessee, and there I know my country will meet me with ample supplies. These brave men, at the call of their country, voluntarily rallied around its insulted standard. They followed me to the field; I shall carefully march them back to their homes."

And he kept his word. On his own credit he borrowed $5000, which he expended in whatever would most contribute to the comfort of his returning troops. To those brave men he spoke in words of cheerful encouragement. "I will not leave one of the sick," said he, "nor one of the detachment behind. I led you here: I will lead you back to your country and friends. The sick, as far as I have the power and means, shall be made comfortable. If any die, I will pay to them the last tribute of respect; they shall be buried with the honours of war!"

He gave up to the sick and weary soldier his own horses, and set his staff the example of marching on foot. One man is reported in a dying condition, whom it was useless to remove. "Not a man shall be left," said he, "who has life in him!" And by that poor fellow, jolted in his rough cart, along those horrible roads,

does he walk with tender solicitude. The sick man opens his eyes, and asks, in half-uttered accents, "*Where am I?*" How did the voice of his commander recall him from the dead by the heart-stirring answer, "On your way home, my good fellow!" From that moment he recovered, and before their homeward march was completed, he was in perfect health.

Thus ended Jackson's first campaign. Though indignant, he is not discouraged. Again he offers to march on Canada. "I have," wrote he, "a few standards, wearing the American eagle, that I should be happy to place on the ramparts of Malden!" "What would have been the result," says one of his eulogists, "*if* the command of the north-western army had, at the opening of the war, been intrusted to a man, who, in action, was ever so fortunate that his vehement will seemed to have made destiny capitulate to his designs?"

But the fortunes of Jackson were to lead him to glory in another direction. Southern Tennessee, Mississippi, Georgia, and the scattered settlements of the Alabama, were now panic-stricken, and bleeding under the tomahawks of the Creek or Muscogee warriors, more than four thousand of whom were let loose upon the devoted south-west, by their Christian and chivalric allies of Great Britain. Three hundred whites had been massacred at Fort Mims in a single day, and every post, and settlement, and cabin, on that frontier, was in danger. Under these circumstances, Jackson was again summoned to the field, with two thousand five hundred volunteers. He was then confined to his sick chamber, his left arm shattered by a pistol-ball, and supported in a sling. But he obeyed the call to arms! "It is surely high gratification," writes he to a friend, on the 7th of October, 1813, "to learn that the Creeks are so attentive to my situation as to save me the pain of travelling. I must not be outdone in politeness, and will, therefore, endeavour to meet them on the middle ground."

I cannot dwell, as I would, on the memorable events of that brief but extraordinary Creek campaign. The troops, both volunteers and militia, were ready at his call; but tormenting delays and vexations attended the collection of adequate stores and provisions. Impatient of these delays, Jackson resolved, at last, to cut his way, at all hazards, to the very heart of the Indian country, and there end the war by a sudden and fatal blow. Onward he went, with scarcely a week's supply, through trackless forests, and over rugged mountains, and across almost impenetrable swamps. The first important battle is at Tallushatchee—a name that will ring sadly in the ear of every surviving Creek to the end of time. And yet shall the red man and the white remember the terrors of that field with mingled emotions, for it bears immortal testimony to the humanity, as well as the military genius, of Jackson. Among the slain is

found an Indian mother, 'an infant boy, unhurt, sucking her lifeless breast.' Jackson requests the captive women to take care of the child. They refuse; "All his relations," say they, "are dead—kill him too!" How did those words thrill through the heart of the orphan general! "All my relations, also," thought he, "are dead!" He took the infant child to his own tent—with his own hand he feeds him with sugared water—he sends him home to Nashville to become the adopted child of the Hermitage—with the aid of his willing wife he rears that boy to manhood, educates him to business, engages all his affections—and when Lincoyer dies, that affectionate and childless couple weep over his grave and remember him as a son.

From Tallushatchee, with a half-starved army, the general, by forced marches, day and night, pushes on to Talladega, a friendly fort beleaguered by one thousand hostile Creeks. Scarcely pausing to eat their meager rations, but appeasing their hunger as they may with a handful of parched corn, or a few acorns snatched from the ground as they hurry on, these indomitable volunteers rush ever forward, and ere the besieging force are aware of the presence of an enemy, they are wholly surrounded, and the thunderbolt of war has overwhelmed them with sudden destruction.

The friendly garrison thus relieved, are themselves almost starving, and Jackson must again push forward with famishing troops. One of his soldiers discovers the general seated upon a log, engaged in eating with apparent relish. Supposing that Jackson had secreted something to supply his own want, he asks for a share of his rations. "I never turn away the hungry," said the general, "while I have anything to give them!" and so saying, he drew from his pocket a handful of acorns! With such a commander, his soldiers are ready to endure all that human fortitude *can* bear. But actual starvation will break the heart, and destroy the discipline of an army. What wonder, then, that a few days after the victory of Talladega, we find the militia in open mutiny, clamouring for bread, and actually marching homeward. Jackson believes that relief is at hand—he feels that the mutiny must be quelled. His volunteers remain true; with them he throws himself across the path of his retreating militia, whom he threatens with instant death if they do not return at once to duty; and they submit to his iron will. But the volunteers themselves are starving and disaffected; they regret that they have been used as Jackson's instruments to suppress the mutiny; they resolve themselves to desert the field on the day following. They attempt their project—but behold! across their path stands that terrible leader, backed up by the fixed bayonets of his now obedient militia; death to the disobedient! In their turn they submit; and thus, by a double victory, unparal-

leled in the annals of war, has General Jackson conquered his own army!

Jackson now assures the army that if relief is not received within forty-eight hours, he will lead them homeward. Thus two lingering days pass by, and no provisions arrive; the soldiers remind him of his promise, and with a heavy heart, he orders their retreat. Within a few miles, however, they meet a herd of one hundred and fifty beeves. Their hunger is appeased, but their discontents remain. They will not retrace their steps. One company, in open disobedience, actually resumes its march. Once more, Jackson, with his staff, casts himself in their front, commands them to return, and orders the first man shot who advances a step. They are intimidated, and retire to the main body. Here, however, they discover the entire army—mutinous, resolved—in motion homeward. In this awful moment the heart of Old Hickory never quails. He snatches up a musket, throws it with his one serviceable arm across his horse's neck, plants himself alone before the entire brigade, and with flaming eye and earnest voice, declares that he will drive a bullet through the false heart of the coward who first deserts the field. It was an instant of tremendous responsibility—one man against a host! But honour and justice, courage and patriotism, were on the one side, and conscious guilt upon the other. The army pauses and gazes silently on that stern countenance and commanding form. His staff rally at his side. Two companies place themselves under his direction. The hearts of the rebellious host relent, and again that iron will has conquered them; they declare themselves ready to follow wherever he leads. He leads them back to duty.

I must not linger over the subsequent exciting scenes of this Creek campaign. New discouragements arise, new troops, also, arrive to replace those who have tarnished the glory of their valour by the shame of their mutiny. Jackson pushes onward with eight hundred men. On the night of the 21st January, 1814, and on the following day, he gained the double victory of Emuckfaw, and on the 24th, the still more desperate field of Enotochopco, wherein the personal valour that he displayed was like that of Napoleon at the bridge of Lodi.

The Creeks, thus defeated in a succession of conflicts, retire more deeply within the Indian country, and concentrate themselves for a final struggle at Tohopeka, or the Horseshoe bend of the river Talapoosa. Within their camp are a thousand warriors; secure, as they believe, awaiting the arrival of him whose destiny it was to become the destroying angel of their bloodthirsty race. Hemmed in by the river, their peninsula of one hundred acres is protected on the landward side by a high and ingenious double breastwork of logs, perforated for musketry. Their doom is delayed, however,

by new discords among the turbulent soldiery of Jackson. Sternest measures of military discipline become indispensable; for even general officers are found fanning the flames of disaffection. An example must be made. John Wood, once a deserter, now in open mutiny, is seized, court-martialled, condemned, and shot in sight of the whole army. The event occasions great excitement: but it teaches the needful lesson; and henceforward we find no more of mutiny or insubordination.

On the 27th of March, at 10 A. M., Jackson and his forces are before the breastworks of Tohopeka. General Coffee crosses the river, and surrounds the bend with a cordon of cavalry and friendly Indians. General Jackson plants his two pieces of artillery before the breastwork. The friendly Indians swim the river, and set fire to the rear of the village. Jackson's infantry have stormed the barrier of logs;—it is carried:—the Tennesseeans are within the camp!

And now, between their blazing village and the murderous fire of the storming party, these fierce and sullen sons of the forest fight their last desperate battle; refusing all quarter; answering offered mercy with a shower of bullets, and only ending their struggle when darkness rendered further strife impossible. Eight hundred braves perished in those eight hours of carnage. Three hundred of their women and children were taken prisoners. Thus set, for ever, in smoke and slaughter, the sun of the Muscogees! We mourn over the infatuation which maddened this unhappy tribe; we abhor that English policy which incited them to hostility; we admire the bold, brave arm which crushed that tribe, and humbled its survivors into willing and lasting peace.

After the battle a young Creek warrior, severely wounded, was brought before General Jackson, and a surgeon was called to dress his wounds. With his rude notions of war he regarded his death as inevitable, and looking earnestly at the general as his limb was bound up, he exclaimed, "Cure him, kill him again?" Jackson assured him that he was safe, and moved by his youth, as he had been previously affected by the helpless infant at Tallushatchee, he sent him home to Nashville, watched over his interests, and established him in a respectable trade.

How freshly and sweetly, like blossoms on the battle-field, do such noble and generous acts spring up amid the waste of war! And how much of beauty and of tenderness do they add to the heroic strength of a great commander! They are like a garland of roses around the iron helmet of the warrior. A hundred generations have wept over the verses of Homer which describe the parting of the Trojan chief from his infant boy as he goes out to battle. American hearts shall throb with tearful pleasure, through

all time, as they think of the tenderness of Jackson towards the infant Lincoyer, and the youthful captive of Tohopeka.

This battle concluded that terrible Indian war—the most terrible in the annals of our Indian warfare.

And now the triumphant general retires, amidst the acclamations of the whole south-west, as ardent in their gratitude as they are valiant in battle, his health impaired, to seek refreshment in fireside quiet and repose. To that fireside, for many succeeding years, did the surviving warriors of the Creek nation resort, to display their love and veneration for the great chief who had conquered their nation by his valour, and their hearts by his kindness.

In closing this chapter of his history, it has been truly said, by one of his biographers, that "General Jackson had now fought himself into the public confidence, and the results of his last daring expedition electrified the people of Tennessee. Men felt safe under his command, and every eye was directed to him as to the day-star of his country's glory."

His appointment to the rank of major-general in the army of the United States, conferred upon him soon after his return to Nashville, was the expression of that national regard which his conduct had so warmly awakened.

His next public service was in negotiating, under the direction of the general government, a treaty of amity on the borders of Florida, in the summer of 1814, with the remaining Creeks. During this negotiation, General Jackson entered into correspondence with the Spanish governor of Florida, residing at Pensacola. English forces, both naval and military, together with hostile Indians under the command and drill of English officers, had been permitted by the Spanish authorities to rendezvous, recruit, and manœuvre at Pensacola, and to use it as in all respects the head-quarters of the British forces. Colonel Nichols, of the British army, had issued his proclamation to the people of Louisiana and Kentucky, dated "Head-Quarters, Pensacola," inciting the Louisianians and Kentuckians to revolt, informing them that he now had under his direction "a numerous British and *Spanish* squadron," and "a large body of Indians commanded by British officers," ready to be let loose upon the south-western states. It was through Spanish ports and Spanish aid in Florida that Great Britain kept up her connexion with the savages of that region. In a word, Spanish Florida had grossly abused and violated her neutrality, and allowed herself to be made the instrument of our enemies, whose military projects were then concentrating themselves upon our settlements along the Gulf of Mexico.

General Jackson was not the man to stand idly by and gaze upon the progress of events like these. He first endeavoured to bring the governor of Florida to a sense of duty by correspondence; but

falsehood and equivocation were the substance of the Spaniard's reply. Finding that military force alone could avail in this emergency, that the nest of hornets required to be seized and crushed by a hand of mail, General Jackson directed his march on Pensacola. He encamped before it, November 6th, 1814, and sent a flag to the governor. The governor fired upon the messenger. British troops filled the forts and manned the batteries; British men-of-war, ready for action, filled the bay and commanded the approaches to the town.

But neither British nor Spanish forces could resist the furious assault of the American general. Pensacola, like Tohopeka, was carried by storm; and on the 7th day of November, just two months and a day before the battle of New Orleans, the American flag waved over those treacherous walls which had so long sheltered our foes—the British fleet was driven from the bay, and their savage allies to the everglades.

This brilliant and successful movement of Jackson, however much it may be criticized by party malignity, was a just and manly act—in strict accordance with the principles of international law, and in exact conformity to the requirements of national honour and national safety. It was a lesson to false and treacherous neutrals, that whenever they become, in fact, the allies of our enemies, they shall be subjected to the treatment of belligerents.

From Pensacola, General Jackson was summoned to the defence of New Orleans. He arrived there early in December, and entered upon his arduous duties with a zeal worthy of one who was about, in the language of Jefferson, "to fill the measure of his country's glory!"

An immense naval and military force is known to be approaching the mouths of the Mississippi. The veteran soldiers of Great Britain, flushed with their victories in the peninsula of Spain, have now come to crush the raw recruits of America. New Orleans is wholly unprepared for resistance. There seem to be no means of preparation for defence. Arms and armed men are alike wanting. The governor of the state has no confidence in the fidelity of the people. They are of mixed races and uncertain allegiance. The national feeling has scarcely had time to plant itself in their affections. By proclamations, and otherwise, efforts have been made to excite them to revolt. All is confusion, perplexity, and panic.

But General Jackson has arrived. If any man can save them, it is he. He arrives, exhausted by fatigue and anxiety; feeble in health; fit rather for the hospital than the field, yet wearing that cheerful serenity which awakens hope, and inspires confidence in the beholder. The city grows calm as it beholds his clear blue eye radiating only an assurance of success! He reviews the city troops;

he visits every fort along the river; he inspects the militia; he searches the city for arms and ammunition; he summons the troops of his division from every direction to march, with hot haste, day and night, towards the point of danger; he calls on the legislature of Louisiana for levies of money, of men, of the munitions of war; it is necessary, in his judgment, to convert that whole region into one great camp. No emissary of the enemy shall enter without his knowledge; no spy or traitor shall depart without his consent. The crisis is one of life or death to his country. Upon him rests the great burden of responsibility. He assumes it, and on the 15th day of December, martial law is proclaimed in New Orleans!

At noon, on the 23d of December, he is informed that a portion of the British troops, to the number of three or four thousand men, have effected a landing nine miles below the city. He resolves to give them battle that very night. As he marches out of the city his ear is pained and his heart touched by the groans and cries of a multitude of panic-stricken females. He speaks to them through Aid-de-camp Livingston; he bids them feel no fear; he pledges himself that the enemy shall never reach the city. They believe him. "His words are like electricity;" to know that he is fearless inspires them also with confidence.

On the following morning the news of last night's battle comes in. Four thousand British troops have been assailed and driven from their position, and forced with slaughter from point to point for nearly a mile, by half that number of American militia and riflemen. What joy, what pride, what exultation flies through the city, and fills the whole encampment! Never was blow more opportune inflicted. It raised the courage of our own troops to the highest pitch; it kindled the enthusiasm of the people; it checked and discouraged our enemies.

From the morning of this glorious 23d till the evening of the 27th—for five successive days and four successive nights—is General Jackson occupied, without one hour of sleep or of repose, in strengthening his lines, in preparing for that deadly assault which he knows must come, and which may come at any hour. How he survived this amazing trial of his physical powers of endurance, we know not; but by the good Providence of God he did, and on the evening of the 27th he slept.

Between that day and the glorious 8th of January, the British forces made two successive but unsuccessful assaults upon the line of Jackson's defences. Their batteries effected a few small breaches in the works; and these Jackson, with ready ingenuity, caused to be filled up with those cotton-bales which have since given their name to that entire breastwork. It marks the calmness of the general's mood, after this long period of sleepless days and nights, that when one of the excited merchants of the city came out to com-

plain of the seizure of his cotton-bags, the general coolly put a musket into his hands, and pointing to the bales in the breastwork, replied—"There is your property. I know nobody that has any better right than you to defend it!"

At last the morning of the eighth of January dawns on the valley of the Mississippi. Nine thousand British troops, who for the last eight days have slept or watched upon the field within sight of our works, are seen advancing with admirable precision to attack, for the last time, that famous breastwork, behind which stand three thousand seven hundred brave, though undisciplined Americans, ready to fight and to die for country and for home, for glory and for freedom!

The front ranks of the British columns bring fascines to fill the ditch, and scaling-ladders to surmount the breastwork. Their national pride and personal courage are stimulated into full exercise: their cupidity and lust have been kindled into flame by that infamous watchword of "Beauty and booty;" and already they revel in the anticipated license that is to follow their easy victory. They advance under cover of a storm of shot and shells and rockets. They are met by the thunder of our own artillery, and by that deadly volley of musketry, which rolled along our breastwork with one incessant peal that knew no pause in its portentous music. An invisible foe mows down their ranks, as if the very scythe of death were swinging from end to end of their columns. Their three leading generals are killed or mortally wounded, when, flying from this shower of death, that boastful soldiery find refuge beyond the range of our fire. Rallied and re-formed by their remaining general, they again advance; but again that incessant volley of musketry is heard, like the roll-call of fate, and again they fly!

The battle of New Orleans is ended! *Thousands* of British dead encumber the battle-field. The American loss, in killed and wounded, is but *thirteen!*

History records no victory like this. It was the last great act of the war. Its character impresses itself upon all minds and hearts beyond the power of words.

Twelve days after the battle the victorious general enters that grateful city, in the midst of a triumph as enthusiastic and sincere as ever greeted the approach of a conqueror.

"These," says the historian of America, "these were great deeds for the nation. For himself, he did a greater. Had not Jackson been renowned for the vehement impetuosity of his passions, for his defiance of others' authority, and the unbending vigour of his self-will? Behold the saviour of Louisiana, all garlanded with victory, viewing around him the city he had preserved, the maidens and children whom his heroism had protected, stand in the presence of a petty judge, who gratifies his wounded vanity by an

abuse of his judicial power. Every breast in the crowded audience heaves with indignation. He—the passionate—the impetuous—he, whose power was to be humbled, whose honour questioned, whose laurels tarnished, alone stood sublimely serene: and when the craven judge trembled, and faltered, and dared not proceed,—himself,—the arraigned one,—bade him take courage, and stood by the law, even in the moment when the law was made the instrument of insult and wrong on himself,—at the moment of his most perfect claim to the highest civic honours!"

The incident thus alluded to deserves a more minute recital, for it shows that though, in the hour of national peril, the man we mourn was ready, with heroic courage, to save his country by the boldest exercise of military power, he was equally prompt, on the return of peace, to sacrifice himself to maintain the ordinary workings of the ordinary laws and institutions of his country.

After New Orleans had been placed under martial law, Judge Hall, by a writ of habeas corpus, undertook to interfere with a military arrest. Jackson forthwith ordered the intermeddling judge beyond his camp. On the return of peace, the judge also returned, and resumed his judicial functions, summoning the general to appear and answer for this alleged contempt. Jackson appeared, and his counsel, when they would have argued his defence, were silenced by the judge, who proceeded to impose upon the general a fine of one thousand dollars. This act was most deeply resented by the people of New Orleans, who filled the court, and whose enthusiasm for the saviour of their city knew no bounds. But General Jackson restrained and rebuked their fervour, declaring his cheerful submission to the law, and giving them to understand that the same arm which had saved the city, should be raised, if needful, to protect the court. The citizens, indignant at this act of judicial revenge, were nevertheless withheld from violence. They offered to replace the thousand dollars which had thus been wrung from their general; but he refused their offer. He foresaw the day—too long delayed—but which came at last, when 20,000,000 freemen, speaking through the national Congress, should vindicate the rectitude of his conduct, and declare to mankind, that America does not willingly allow her valiant defenders to be fined and reproached for effecting their country's salvation.

Two years of peace and private life now intervened. The Seminole campaign of 1817, recalls General Jackson to military activity. He is once more ordered to suppress Indian hostility and Spanish perfidy, along the borders and in the very heart of Florida. Again, as three years before, and for similar reasons, he takes possession of Pensacola, and humbles the pride of the Spaniard. The Spanish minister complains of aggression, but our executive replies to his murmuring, and demonstrates to the world that our

conduct is just. Congress itself takes up the subject, and although party vehemence assails, the national will protects the character and conduct of Jackson.

Some of his political adversaries have complained that the force which he led against the Seminoles was so large that the Indians were overpowered almost without striking a blow in self-defence, and with little effusion of blood. We cannot join in any such censure. We are content to approve the wisdom of his policy, and to admire the energy of his action, the celerity of his movements, the brilliancy of his success.

Others of his political foes have loudly condemned him as a monster of cruelty, because, under his impartial direction, the laws of war made no discrimination between bloodthirsty savages and English outlaws, associated with them in their enterprises. The two Englishmen, who thus felt the severity they deserved, have awakened far more sympathy in the gentle bosoms of American partisans, than in the breasts of their own countrymen. Parliament, ever ready to assert the extremest right of British subjects, investigated the case of Arbuthnot and Ambrister, and found in their execution no cause of complaint.

The fatigues and exposures of the Seminole campaign exhausted the physical energies of the commander, and his weeping soldiers carried him homeward through the swamps of Florida in an almost dying condition. But his wife now flies to his side, and her gentle arms rescue her husband from death, that he may still further serve and save his country.

There is not time for us to follow him through his subsequent career as governor of Florida, or as member, for the second time, of the Senate of the United States.

Higher dignities and a wider sphere of action await him. A grateful and admiring people, long familiar with his patriotism, his courage, and firmness, summon him to the highest honour in their gift. He is elected president of the United States, and enters upon his duties on the 4th of March, 1829.

It was my good fortune to witness his inauguration, and never can I forget the image of that great man as he then appeared—the snows of age scattered upon his reverend head, but with unbending form, and eye of youthful fire—the visible representative of the true American spirit!

He came to the presidency in an hour when his country most needed his aid.

In our relations with various foreign states, there existed perplexities and embarrassments, which no spirit less resolute, and no name less potent, than his, could well have resolved. It was his happy lot, carrying into vigorous action the just policy of "the Father of his Country," to remove every embarrassment, and main-

tain undisturbed the honour of our government, and the blessings of peace.

In our domestic condition and internal policy, there existed evils, and there impended perils far more alarming. The government of the country, its financial condition and commercial prosperity, were groaning under the almost despotic control of a vast and corrupt—an insolent and domineering—moneyed monopoly; *that Bank of the United States*, which now lies buried in an infamous grave, but which then stalked boldly into our national halls of legislation, and approached the conductors of the public press, offering its golden bribes as openly as if venality were a merit, and corruption were a virtue. There was no living man save Andrew Jackson, who could successfully encounter this monstrous corporation—resist its encroachments—defy its power—expose its corruptions—and prostrate its pride. And it required all his unrivalled popularity—all his wonderful power of inspiring the hearts of other men with his own opinions and feelings—all his amazing inflexibility of will—and all his indomitable courage, both physical and moral—to commence, conduct, and conclude, that battle of the giants—the war betwixt the people and the bank. Let us thank God, that such a man was found to deliver his country from the curse of that corrupt institution! Let us thank God, that in stormiest and most perilous times, when the political heavens are darkened, and the earth is shaken, and the elements are thrown into wild uproar, and the hearts of most men fail them by reason of fear, He doth, in his Providence, raise up and send amongst us, those dauntless spirits, which can

"Ride on the whirlwind, and direct the storm."

At the period of Jackson's election, the legislation of this country had broken over, and wandered wide from the true republican channels. *A high protective tariff* then inflicted intolerable burdens upon the many, for the exclusive benefit of a small and favoured class. In order to sustain this tariff by a seeming public necessity, the public liabilities were every year increased by some new scheme of expense, under the name of internal improvement; and thus millions of money were wasted, on land and on sea, that the revenues of the country, so needlessly and so unjustly levied, might find an outlet, and the burdens of indirect taxation be more and more firmly fastened on the reluctant shoulders of the people. This double political sin, it was Jackson's high mission to abolish. He paid off every dollar of the national debt. He put an end to that delusive system of extravagance which was thus eating out the substance of the citizens. He reduced the revenue of the country, by a reduction of the tariff to the exact standard of the public necessity. His first step was to impose the restraint of the executive

veto upon every extravagant or unconstitutional appropriation, and thus, almost for the first time, gave a living force and virtue to that hitherto neglected part of our national constitution.

Most fortunately for our national UNION, also, was such a president, at that peculiar crisis, intrusted with the supreme executive authority. Himself a friend to a moderate tariff, so framed as to give equal protection to every form of American industry, yet resolved that the revenues of the government should be graduated by its wants—himself an earnest defender of the rights of the several states—opposed to a wide and lax interpretation of the general constitution, yet devoted, heart and soul, to THE UNION—he, of all men, was the appropriate and fitly chosen agent of the people, at that great epoch, when his own native state, her patience exhausted by that legislation of the general government which she deemed destructive alike of her interests and of her rights, resolved to assert her individual sovereignty and cast off her allegiance to the Union.

Then came the darkest hour in the history of our government—black as midnight—to be followed, however, by as bright a dawn as that which ushered in the birthday of our national freedom.

Who has forgotten that eventful crisis? Who has forgotten that immortal proclamation? The declaration of our independence has consecrated the name of its author. The proclamation of President Jackson shall, in like manner, embalm his name in the affections of his countrymen! Its spirit-stirring appeals, its impassioned eloquence, its unanswerable logic, its words of solemn warning, smote upon the national heart as the rod of Moses upon the rock in the wilderness, and the deep fountains of universal feeling were broken up; and amidst the wide rushing tide of patriotism, the dreary waste of intestine discord and domestic war was swallowed up for ever.

The eight years of Jackson's administration, full of stirring events and strong political excitements, have not yet passed so far from our sight as to have allowed all the passions and prejudices of that period to subside and die away; but we rejoice in the conviction that all men, of all parties, are now found ready and willing to admit his patriotism, and to admire that heroic energy with which he dedicated himself and all his powers to what he believed the interests of our common country.

Let us now turn with him from the turbulent career of public action, and behold him once more established in the seclusion of the Hermitage. Old age and years of hardship have written their rough history upon that bending form and furrowed countenance. He rejoices to lay down the burden of both office and honour. The cherished wife of his affections is no more; and now his longest and most frequent pilgrimage is to her tomb, in which he hopes ere long to lie down by her side. An orphan himself, he has no

children, save such as his warm heart has adopted. The Hermitage is, indeed, filled with devoted friends, and is resorted to by almost worshipping crowds. The regard of an admiring world still follows him in his retirement. His eye is still open and intent to discern the progress of events, and the growing greatness of his country. His heart still throbs with its accustomed pulse of patriotism, and with his youthful love of freedom. Every foot of our national domain, every point of our national honour, every star and stripe in our country's flag, is as dear to his heart as when, in the ardour of young blood, he devoted himself to the cause of America.

But, nevertheless, his few remaining years are years of quiet meditation and communion with his God. Another world is dawning on his vision. His heart is holding converse with spiritual truth. The Infinite, with its endless being, its illimitable extent, its immeasureable power—that grand idea, before which the soul of the greatest stands reverent and humble—that Infinite, and he, the greatest of living men, are now face to face; and Jackson bows down before the presence of his God, as a little child in his docility and meekness—as a little child in his love of faith.

In his sick room, behold his constant companion in that well-thumbed Bible! From his evening solitude, hearken to the accents of his prayer! Around his dying pillow, give ear to those words of comfort and those ejaculations of Christian joy and hope that fall from his venerable lips. "Do not weep," said he to those who beheld his bodily anguish, "my sufferings are less than those of Christ upon the cross!"

The hero's last hour has come, in the stillness of the Sabbath, in the sweetness of early summer, in the presence of all who are dearest to his affectionate heart. He speaks to them of the goodness and glory of God; of the love and atonement of Jesus; of the joys of heaven. And now, as his family cluster around him, and the last breath flutters upon his lips, he exclaims, "Dear children, servants, and friends, I trust to meet you all in heaven, both white and black—*all*, both white and black;" and with this affectionate farewell, the spirit of him, "the foremost man of all this world," escapes to immortality!

"Socrates died like a philosopher;" but it was the happier lot of Jackson to die like a Christian. Fit consummation to a life like his. Devoted for nearly eighty years to the cause of the republic, his dying breath bears witness to the truth of that religion on which alone the republic can safely found its institutions. His life is its own best monument—his own best eulogy. It sprang from the dark valley of obscurity, like the peaks of his favourite Alleghanies from the valleys of the west, into the sight and the admiration of a world—rough, rugged, and sublime, piercing through every cloud, it towered aloft till its summit was bathed in the light of Heaven.

EULOGY

DELIVERED AT WILKESBARRE, PA., JULY 4, 1845,

BY THE

Hon. HENDRICK B. WRIGHT.

Fellow Citizens:—The Roman triumvir said in Cæsar's funeral "that he came to bury Cæsar, not to praise him." He knew too well that the trophies, recent in the recollection of the people, which graced the car of the mighty conqueror, in the triumphal entry into the gates of the imperial city, required at his hands no eulogy. The history of the great warrior was fully recorded on the battle fields of the whole Roman empire. The subjugated nations which acknowledged the Roman empire, and which, by the law of arms, were made tributary to it, were matters familiar to the lowest classes of citizens. The meanest scavenger who swept the streets of Rome, knew "Great Cæsar," and could recount his history—and when Mark Antony desired to obtain the public ear, to have commenced by telling the people that he was going to speak in praise of *him*, while they were as well acquainted with the subject as the speaker himself, would have been but poorly calculated to command their attention. He therefore said, "He came to bury Cæsar." He came to bestow the rights of sepulture—to tender the last offices to the distinguished and illustrious dead.

On this day, and in the hearing of this audience, no finesse is required on my part, in reference to the subject and the occasion that have called us together, to obtain from you a patient and attentive hearing. It is true, we come to bury the illustrious dead; but also to *speak* of his many virtues—his valour, and his love of country.

I see collected before me, old age, supported by the tottering staff; vigorous and matured manhood; and buoyant and elastic youth; men who belong to the two great political parties of the land, are here; but they come *here* under no flags and banners of partisan devices. A call has summoned us together; 'tis the funeral dirge, which announces to us that one of the nation's great men has gone

to the receptacle of the dead. That spot, sacred (at least), because it terminates the warm and excited feelings of political strife; sacred, because the tenant in his winding sheet is relieved from the throes which too frequently lacerate the bleeding heart by the obstacles which are reared up by emulous ambition! *Sacred*, because, however much the living man may be censured and condemned, who has the temerity to assail the dead?

We come *here*, on this, our nation's birth-day, as the children of one parental government; with one mind, and one object only; sons of the same soil; supporters of the same republican liberty, and endowed with the same equal and unalienable rights, to show our respect, and bear honourable testimonial to the memory of a man, who, through all the vicissitudes of an eventful life, has ever been found, in peace or war, *between* his enemies and the altar of our common country.

With such opinions, then, on the part of those whom it is my pleasure to address, I can assure you in all sincerity, I feel an honest pride and gratification, of which the power of speech can convey but a vague and indefinite notion. It presents a grand moral and instructive spectacle, that, although the nation is bereaved of one of its brightest ornaments, there is a consolation foreign to most governments on the globe, that the *individual* sympathies of that nation are most sensibly and keenly manifested. It is alike honourable to the American heart and American character. It affords most ample evidence that the republican simplicity of our constitution and laws, operate upon the finest feelings of the heart, and produce a generosity that is strictly national in its complexion, and elsewhere unknown.

It is a matter of profound congratulation, and of the deepest moment to our country, that among all the distinguished generals and statesmen who, from time to time, have been invested with command in the field, or at the head of the government in its civil regulations, with but one or two exceptions, they have proved true to the great cause of republican freedom, and civil and religious liberty. During the great struggle of the Revolution, there was but one Arnold, and his fame is eternal infamy. During the late war, there was but one Hull. Cowardice was the crime of this—treason of that one, and as regards the national fame, or their own, there is but little to choose between the two. The example of lofty and sincere patriotism set by Washington, reached the subordinate as well as the ranks; and the examples of Hancock, and Adams, and Jefferson, and Franklin, and Henry, in the councils of the nation, were of such a stamp and character, as to leave their impress upon the whole American people. They lived for their country; and rather than soil the escutcheon of the nation's flag, they were ready at all times to offer up their lives.

That matchless instrument which has just been repeated in your hearing, shows by its language the determination of its framers, and the actions of the men corresponded fully with the nature and tone of the instrument itself. The pledge to the cause of their "lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honours," was no idle boast—no vain and unmeaning cant.

The same patriotism which kindled up the hearts of the colonists in 1776, to a blaze, was equally manifest in 1812, and the sons of the heroes of the former war proved most conclusively that their ancestors' blood coursed through their veins. How widely different has been the fate of other nations. Bonaparte was the volunteer of a republic, and at the outset of his brilliant career in arms, held himself out to France and the world, as an advocate of representative government; but with unlimited success, these notions, if he ever seriously entertained them, vanished with the rapidity of the succession of his victories, and when the government of France changed rulers it was under the name of a consulership; but for no other reason than to allay the tide of the popular commotion. It was in fact a dynasty—and a little more assurance, and the accumulation of a little more power, made the consul an emperor. Simon Bolivar, more recently, was dignified by the high-sounding title of *Liberator*, but who, after the sceptre of power passed into his hands, heard of his republican principles or acts? Till power was obtained he was for a free government—when obtained he became a tyrant. The same results have almost uniformly attended the efforts of every people to become free but our own. And do I assume too much in imputing the cause, in our case, to the stern virtues of the men who commanded our armies and achieved our victories? They were honest. Their subsequent conduct corresponded with their professions. Republicans at the commencement —republicans at the end! *In* power, and out of it the same stern and unbending patriots.

Probably among them all, this spirit was not more manifest than in the exalted character whose death has brought us together on this occasion. Because, however much the nation may be divided as to some of the leading measures of his administration, and the effect they are to produce hereafter—there is but *one opinion* as to his long and successful career as a soldier. And that opinion is recorded deep and lasting on the hearts of his grateful countrymen —an opinion that finds a ready response on every tongue—that the laurels that covered the brow of the hero, and which will grow green for ever—were the honest reward of true merit, and about which there is no dispute. This feature in the life of Andrew Jackson, together with all others, has now become a part, and an important part of the history of the age in which he lived—and let me say, there are few indeed, during that time, who will occu-

py so full a page. Nor will I confine the assertion I have made to the narrow limits of the lines which designate the width and breadth of the United States of America—no indeed. His fame as a great captain, and most accomplished and brave soldier has extended "to the utmost limits of the civilized world." And by common consent, in all nations, professing civilization, the name of Andrew Jackson will be classed among the most distinguished generals of ancient or modern history.

The space of time for an exercise, like the present, will not allow me to go into detail. A glance at the most distinguished events in the life of this individual must answer the occasion. Andrew Jackson was born on the 15th of March, 1767, in what was then the colony of South Carolina, whither his father, an emigrant from Ireland, had settled some years anterior to that date. Thrown into life at a time when the long and angry disputes about taxation and the right of representation, between the colonies and the mother country were fast approaching a crisis by an appeal to arms—and at a time, too, when the aggressions of Great Britain were the subject and theme of conversation in all circles and upon all occasions, it is not a matter of surprise that his youthful mind was strongly operated upon by those aggressions.

At the age of fourteen, we find the youthful soldier armed, and fighting for his country. The school-books give place to the musket and bayonet; and the retirement of domestic life to the bustle and turmoil of the camp. Taken a prisoner of war, and treated with all the rigour and harshness which signalized the Southern campaign, over any other portion of the country, it helped to mature and cherish those feelings of a strong love of country, which his whole life exhibited in after times, as well as a most inveterate dislike of his country's foes. All are familiar with the insult offered him by a British officer in directing him to perform a menial service, and an indignant refusal of which very nearly cost him his life. His arm received the sabre which was directed at his head. The same brutal treatment caused the death of his only surviving brother, who was in confinement with him at the time, whose life was the forfeit for refusing to discharge the mean drudgery of the British camp. His elder brother having fallen in battle, Andrew was the only son left of this noble and gallant family. This treatment, and the entire destruction of his own family, created in his breast a feeling of the most inveterate hostility, and his career in after life, at every step, was marked by this precept of his early education, toward the British government. Having gone through the exciting scenes of the Revolution, we pass from this period of his history, omitting his legal education—his removal to Tennessee—the several engagements with the Creeks and Seminoles—the battle of the Horseshoe, and the many incidents, which the pen

of tne nistorian will record in honour of the man, and come down to the period of the war of 1812, to the memorable battle of New Orleans, which occurred on the 8th day of January, 1815.

In some respects the achievement of the victory of New Orleans is without a parallel in the history of nations. It exhibited a boldness of design and an admirable foresight as to consequences and results without precedent. One of the leading and important objects on the part of the British army during the late war was to effect a landing of their troops and destroy our property and raze our large towns and cities. Knowing well the impracticability of possessing by force our territory,—plunder and the fire-brand were the means adopted by the British soldiery. For this purpose a fleet ascended the Potomac, and the capitol at Washington was demolished—a landing was effected near Baltimore, and a descent made upon that city for the same purpose.

General Jackson was invested with the command of the Southern army, consisting of some two or three thousand men, while that of the British was under the command of Sir Edward Packenham. The British had made several lodgments on the coast of Florida, and a short time previous to the battle of New Orleans, had occupied the neutral town of Pensacola, and to which the Spanish government had assented. Against this General Jackson remonstrated to the Spanish authorities; but in vain. Seeing the necessity of driving the enemy from the coast, he requested permission from the president to attack Pensacola, which was departing from its neutrality, the Spaniards permitting it to be the head-quarters of the enemy. This permission was not, however, granted, and he determined to advance upon the town and expel the English and Spanish soldiery at the point of the bayonet, which he effected after a short but unavailing resistance, and in the month of November, 1814, he marched into Pensacola at the head of three thousand troops, and planted the American standard within that neutral town. In this that bold and fearless trait of his character is fully exhibited. Without the consent of this government, and against a principle of international law, he not only advances upon neutral ground, but occupies it with his own troops, driving out the enemy as well as the citizens who openly professed neutrality, but who, in fact, were aiding and abetting the English cause. This the commanding general knew, and therefore assumed the responsibility of doing that which seemed to him to be of the utmost importance, but for which he had not the authority of law.

In this act also, we find a corresponding measure in the history of his great cotemporary in arms, the emperor of the French. At Toulon, Napoleon Bonaparte, who was then only a lieutenant of artillery, assumed the authority of acting against orders, proclaimed by his superiors, and which, in his own language, had he failed,

"would have forfeited his head." Although General Jackson did not disobey orders, as was the fact with Bonaparte, still he entered a neutral town, relying on his own knowledge that Pensacola had forfeited all the rights of neutrality, and in this, he risked his fame and reputation, if not his life. In the two cases there is a parallel, and shows that a truly great mind is not narrowed down and confined to those limits with which the law, in all its potency, is pleased to circumscribe. There are times when the necessity of the crisis (and of which a commanding general should judge), sweeps away the barriers which the law has established for ordinary life, as though they were but cobwebs, in the place of legal fetters; and there are times, too, when the conduct of a commander could not be sustained unless he violated the law. The cases of Toulon and Pensacola are in point; and, although the responsibility be great, still the stretch of mind, and the depth of intellect, must fathom it. What, pray, would have been the condition of the city of New Orleans, had not the bold and original mind of Andrew Jackson declared the civil authorities usurped to the military—declared martial law to be in force? Rapine and murder would have strode through the streets of that fair city unmasked. The licentiousness of a brutal soldiery would have been surfeited to excess, and which was the daily boast and conversation within the British camp. Fire and the sword would have finished the consummation of a plan, at the rehearsal of the details of which, the enlightened mind stands back overwhelmed, and stricken with awe! Who, at this day, will say that Andrew Jackson *violated* the law by his disregarding the law? A city, a portion, at least, of whose population, was disaffected to the American cause, and who were constantly throwing obstacles in the way to its defence—the legislature of Louisiana in session—the commanding general makes application to it to suspend the habeas corpus; they deliberate, but they do not act, and while in this state of suspense, and the momentary dangers which threatened, the intrepid and brave general declares that done which the civil authorities either had not the nerve to carry out, or the will to execute! His troops become free from the civil process —the property of the citizens at his disposal—the ground a military camp, and under military law. He at once proceeds to put the city and the country in a state of defence, and the result not only justifies the measure, but sanctions the precedent. Here the commander went in opposition to the law, but by doing so he saved a large city; *property* from plunder, *virtue* from beastly assault, and conferred illimitable blessings upon its people; and, although a fine of one thousand dollars was imposed upon him, in reference to his course at New Orleans, a grateful country has refunded that sum, with interest from the time it was imposed, which act, proceeding from the legislative council of the land, shows how and in what

light it was censured. That instead of being worthy of the sentence, he was entitled to the commendation and approval of all.

But I come now to speak of the battle of New Orleans. After the British forces had been expelled from Florida, the next move was to be upon New Orleans. Sir Edward Packenham being fully apprised of some disaffection there; and also knowing, that this post, once obtained, he would hold in his hand the great key to the whole of our western and south-western territory—and that the possession of the city would be of immense importance to his army and his king.

To this place, General Jackson repaired at the head of an army of some two thousand men, which, on the memorable 8th, was augmented to the number of some four thousand—while the force under Sir Edward Packenham amounted to nine thousand! The whole plan for the arrangement of this battle, furnishes proof of the master mind of the great architect who projected it. The city was put in a state of defence by fortifying the approaches to it, and when he ascertained the dangers which threatened within, declared, as I have already said—martial law—and, although there had been some brushes between the contending armies, the 8th of January was the day on which the great issue was to be decided. To prepare for this, entrenchments were made to secure the Americans from the British fire. On the 8th, the British advanced in two columns under Sir Edward Packenham, and in consequence of the heavy fog at the time, they came within a short distance of the American lines; when they were discovered, "a terrible and unceasing fire kept them back, and Packenham fell mortally wounded." The British columns were again and again led up to the breastwork, and as often mowed down by the constant vollies of the American soldiers. Finding the charge to be against an invincible barrier, and that the only result was an awful destruction of human life, they fled, *leaving three thousand* of the flower of the British army upon the field of carnage and blood. The loss of the Americans in this battle was "thirteen!"

Taking into consideration the comparative strength of the two armies, and the comparative loss—there is no battle on the recorded page of history that will compare with this. It was this battle that crowned the military career of Andrew Jackson! It was this battle that gave him a fame and reputation imperishable in all future time. And now that his name and his acts have become the property of his country, the voice of emulation and discord is hushed for ever—that full justice will be done the man, which may have been heretofore partially withheld. His conduct as a soldier on the field of New Orleans, entitles him to a place in no way inferior to the best general of the age. The memory of that battle will be perpetual. It will live for ever—so long as the great father of

waters shall continue to roll on his turbid billows to the ocean—the field of New Orleans, which rests upon his banks, will be transmitted from generation to generation—if letters are forgotten, and history buried in the dark caves of oblivion, tradition will do the work; and alongside of Yorktown, and Monmouth, and Bunker Hill—Waterloo, and Austerlitz, and Jena—Marathon and Thermopylæ; it will go down to the latest posterity. In our own history, it will be a memorable spot—a lasting monument to the skill and bravery of the generals, who, on that day, added new honours to the American cause, and a bright example for the imitation of the American soldier, who, in days to come, may have occasion to draw his sword in vindication of the nation's honour.

To Jackson's fame, the honour of two successful wars may be added. Few, indeed, have had the same duties to perform in the service of their country—and none have discharged them with more personal credit to themselves and to the nation. He has never had the charge of cowardice imputed to him in times of highest political strife—he has never been charged with an ambition which was irreconcileable with the best interests of his country. Like the immortal Washington, when he had finished the work of doing battle for the republic, he retired to the scenes of private and domestic life, until called on by the people to act in a more exalted sphere. It has never been imputed to him, that any other motive impelled him, than an honest and patriotic desire to serve the sacred cause of freedom—to maintain and perpetuate those principles of government, which had their origin in the dawn of the Revolution. Honest, patriotic, brave—he was ever ready to draw the sword from the scabbard when duty called him, and as willing to return it when the day of duty was done. The fame of the soldier, which, in his case, was exalted, was never used for purposes of personal aggrandizement, or popular promotion. Generous to a fault, courteous and agreeable, he gained with the soldiery an influence, which, with an evil mind, he could have converted to the lasting injury of his country. He shared with them, their wants and privations—was a friend—their companion—in a word, their regard and affection for him were unbounded. He was the idol of the camp.

Thus much of General Andrew Jackson as a soldier. Allow me now to turn your attention to him as a statesman. For with him the historian will have quite as much to do in this character as the one which I have already dwelt upon at some length. Indeed, it is a remarkable feature in the management of our government, that from the very time "the experiment" was put in motion—that the men who fought our battles have been the favourites among the masses, and have almost invariably been rewarded by elections to posts of honour and trust. Of the American presi-

dents, three of them have been distinguished military men; and men, too, who seemed to have enjoyed the confidence of the people to a greater extent than the others. Washington was unanimously elected by the people; and subsequently Jackson and Harrison by immense majorities. If a digression be pardonable, permit me to say, that under our system, where the will of the majority is the fundamental law, I have seldom thought, if in fact ever, that the popular voice, when fairly ascertained, was incorrect. The masses of the people are not generally excitable, they take time for consideration and reflection, and under our laws of education, the result the public mind arrives at is very generally, if not always, correct. Where the people have the power they seldom fail to reward the faithful public servant. And this very circumstance is an inducement that presents itself to the mind of the youth of our country—and these examples to which I have already referred, prove the position, that republics are not ungrateful. There may, no doubt, be individual cases, where the people have been deceived. There are demagogues now, and there will be, so long as there is vitality in men or governments. But when they are found out, you have never failed to notice that they are scouted out of the paths of honest men, and become the subject of manly contempt and popular abhorrence. Even among the chosen twelve, there was one Judas, who was ever making protestations of friendship, and desiring, by his fawning acts and conduct, to be considered as the chief of apostles. So it is now in the civil and political relations of men.

The career of Andrew Jackson, in a civil capacity, has been one of remarkable success, and although some of his measures, while president of the United States, have been and will continue to be subjects of political difference among party men; still, I think all, at this day, will ascribe honesty of purpose, and a desire on his part to serve the country, in what he regarded the most wholesome measures, however much they may differ in opinion with those who profess to be governed by the same political creed. And a great proportion of the leading and prominent points of his administration met the hearty approval and concurrence of the *whole* American people.

Ordinarily, the hard and severe school of the soldier is not the proper place to learn the principles, as well as manners, that make the best qualifications for the statesman. There usually is a severity of discipline, and an impetuosity of character imparted in the bold and rugged manœuvres of war, which are not among the recommendations that make up the accomplished civilian. There is, too, contracted, from long and continued command, a tendency to arrogance, and a self-esteem and personal importance that are also out of place in the cabinet of state. From all of these the good sense

and strong mind of Andrew Jackson entirely relieved him. In the discharge of his duties he was not only agreeable, but remarkably complaisant. He was bold and original in his designs, but not arrogant; and although decided and firm, he proved that his premises were the result of reason and thought, and not of arbitrary will and perverseness. Strong and fervent attachment to his friends, sometimes brought down upon him the censure of those who were less fortunate. But if there be any trait in the human character which recommends itself as the peculiar object of praise and commendation, it is the conduct of the man who knows how to appreciate an invaluable friend, and knowing so, has the magnanimity to acknowledge it in a suitable and appropriate way. The whole course of the life of Andrew Jackson is a rife example and a bold and prominent testimony to the fact that his friendship was enduring, and that no man ever had cause to censure him even of forgetfulness, who had enjoyed *his* confidence and good opinion. With the man possessing such a trait of character you can bury up an ocean of faults. It is this that ennobles the human mind, and a desertion of it sinks the possessor to the *creature* whose only estimate of personal worth is added up and multiplied into pounds, shillings and pence! Borne into power by the strong feelings and the affections of the people, the millions who live by dint of hard labour and continual industry—the great aim and object of the president seemed to be to devise the best means during his administration to serve the *people*—emphatically THE PEOPLE; to pursue that course of policy which would confer the "greatest good upon the greatest number;" and no president ever seemed to have so deep at heart the object of providing for the masses by proper and judicious legislation to the same extent. This spirit runs through all his messages and state-papers, and with him it was a theme of constant remark. Neither was it the offspring of a mean and selfish design.

Accustomed to share the coarse food with the commonest soldier, and lay side by side with him in the tempest and the storm, he not only learned to feel for men in the lower walks of life, but to enter most keenly into their wants, and devise means for their protection and happiness. Andrew Jackson was the friend of the poor man. He was so from the generous impulse of his heart, not from a sinister design, and out of this feeling mainly, he advanced those notions with regard to a solid currency which have for a series of years agitated the country.

As this, however, is neither the time nor the place to speak of the policy of this and other prominent measures, about which there may be, and is a difference of opinion, my audience will excuse me in alluding to them for the purpose of showing the design with which their author and originator brought them forward. Through honesty of purpose none, I think, will deny. But while here and

there may be a state measure about which political men may cavil, let me refer to the question of French indemnity, and I hazard the assertion, that from the pine clad hills of Maine, to the sands and everglades of sun-burned Florida, there is but one opinion in the public mind. All must agree in sentiment, that the tone of the president on this occasion was that of a high and lofty statesman. The stern and decided manner of the executive silenced opposition, and a word brought to final conclusion a subject, in which half of the nation saw the spark of war.

With him there was no temporising policy; prompt, efficient, and decided, he first thoroughly examined, and then acted with that peculiar firmness which ever characterized the man on the field amidst the din of arms and the deadly embrace of foes, or in the council hall of his country.

His views, too, on the great question of the construction of the constitution, were the result of an anxious desire to protect the states in their sovereign capacity, and prevent the encroachment of the general government, and in this, secure individual rights and privileges. A desire that sought out the means of individual good, and the welfare of the states. This manifestation, openly and privately exhibited to serve the great cause of popular government, endeared the man as much to the masses, as driving the foot of invasion from our soil; and now that the head of the hero and statesman is laid low, I feel as though, having undertaken to speak his eulogy, I would be derelict in my duty to the *dead*, as well as the *living*, were I not to speak openly, and in defence of the character of this man, who has commanded the public eye, and public attention, for more than half a century. It is seldom, indeed, the country goes into mourning at the decease of her sons. Now and then, the death of a distinguished and illustrious man produces a universal shock, and reaches the hearts of the *whole* people, but it is indeed seldom. There are few men, who, by their public acts and private virtues, can become familiar to twenty millions of inhabitants. Within the limits of our own knowledge, few and far between, have been the occasions that have thrown the black pall of grief over the whole land. In the enumeration of the deaths of Washington, Adams, Jefferson, La Fayette, Harrison, and Jackson, we have them all. All told in this brief catalogue. The feeling of deep regret, and the public sorrow in each case, showed that these patriots had a deep hold on the affections not only of the American people, but through the civilized world, wherever a bosom throbbed for universal freedom. What a proud and enviable distinction! What a rich and glorious renown! The lives of these glorious men have been the theme of history, and the inspiration of song, the models after which the most profound statesmen of Europe have copied, and copied largely. Think you

not that the most humble devotee at liberty's shrine in the isles of Greece, down-trodden, forsaken, obliterated Poland, or the Alpine hills of frozen Switzerland, has not heard of the acts and deeds of these Anglo-Americans—has not studied *their* creed with the same devotion he did the book of his religion!

Nor has their fame been confined to the pale of civilized life—it has entered the tents of savage and barbarous hordes: it has rung in the ear of the swarthy Moor, the black and ill-favoured African, and the despised and beastly inhabitant of the South Sea Islands. To their fame, it is not in the power of man, civilized or barbarous, to set up a barrier; it pervades the space of "the great globe itself," and is eternal as the vast and heaving ocean!

But the history of Andrew Jackson establishes two points beyond disputation. The first, that true merit, sooner or later, meets a suitable reward—the second, that the oft-repeated charge that republics do not reward men who have served their country faithfully, is an idle and empty allegation, meaning nothing.

We all know the fact that the distinguished individuals I have named, enjoyed the principal posts of honour and trust in the Union, and that they have been the unsought and unsolicited offering of a grateful people. Their services in the cabinet and in the field, have, time and time again, been rewarded by all those tokens of the popular will, which could satisfy the largest and greatest ambition.

It was the fortune of Jackson to go through all the inferior grades in the councils of state, to the exalted post of president of the Union—and it was all gratuitous—conferred upon the man because of his merits and deserving. The duties, too, he discharged with an eye single to the prosperity and happiness of the people.

Connected with his life and history, there is a moral lesson, imposing as it is grand. To the youth of the country, it is a volume written in letters of gold, and establishes a precedent for imitation, that is beyond price. It points to the great highway of fame and distinction—it tells him that the man who honestly serves his country, in whatever position it may be his fortune to be cast, will as surely bring down upon him the gratitude of that country, as the fulfilment of prophecy. In this land of equal rights, the humblest youth, with honesty, talents, and perseverance to recommend him, enjoys the same opportunities with the high-born and the wealthy, for political honours. The first blow at Lexington, in the revolutionary struggle, not only knocked to atoms the bonds and fetters of Great Britain, but also all the orders and titles of nobility—levelled the political condition of the American colonies to a common standard, and made merit, in the place of hereditary fortune, the republican test. Who would have even conjectured, at that early day, that a young man of the tender age of fourteen years, a captive in the British camp, but who had the courage and bravery,

unarmed, to face the same weapon which had already drank the blood of an only brother, rather than stoop to the menial service of becoming the boot-black of an English officer—would be at the head of the grandest government on the face of the earth? An orphan child, unprotected, without friends, without influence. It is this trait in the features of a popular government, that truly makes it the *grandest* in the world. In following the course of that young man, we find him, when the war is over, pursuing the profession of law—representing his state in the nation's councils—upon the bench—again, at the head of the American troops, pushing on to glorious victory—and finally, the chief executive officer of the United States of America. What a theme for contemplation—what a subject for thought! Let the young man who is ambitious for durable fame, read and reflect upon the noble example which he will find in the life of Andrew Jackson. Let him believe that the gigantic obstacles that lie between him and the summit of his hopes and anticipations, will vanish like snow-flakes beneath the rays of the sun, by labour—temperance—perseverance, and virtue.

There is no ordinary obstacle that can thwart or defeat a well-directed and prudent ambition—momentary it may be, but the courage and determination of the human heart are not easily foiled, and when a point is fixed in the distance, it is almost invariably attained. The subject of our discourse is full proof of the position, and the experience of every day's life confirms it.

The American presidents were all "self-made men"—by perseverance, they were elevated to a point of political prominence, which is above and beyond all others. Let the proud motto of our flag be engraved upon the heart of the American youth: "Virtue, Liberty, and Independence," and the perpetuity of that government, which our ancestors regarded as an "experiment," will be certain. And the illustrious hero of New Orleans, by his acts and deeds—by his habits and conduct, has been among the foremost of those who have given a character and tone to our country, that have placed her high upon the great scroll of nations. Let those who would share his honours, imitate his example.

But the voice of wisdom, and patriotism, and advice, from the Hermitage, is hushed—hushed in the deep silence that pervades the grave. That voice which was so powerful and overruling in the affairs of state, has ceased, and the pulse of that heart, which beat quick and strong amidst the shouts of victory on the plains of Orleans, has also ceased for ever.

Full of years, full of honours, and full of gratitude to the great Father of the Universe, the sage has gone to test the realities of that holy religion, without which, the pomp and pageantry of this world is but the dust of the balance; which was his solace upon earth, and the hope of a glorious inheritance in Heaven—

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest
With all their country's wishes blest!"

The great valley of the Mississippi contains his sepulchre. That vast region, destined to become the seat of populated millions, contains his funeral pile. Think you not that the consecrated ground that covers the bones of the hero will not become a modern Mecca, where the foot of the pilgrim will pause on his route to his new home in the far and boundless West, and his eye drop a tear upon the tomb of the brave? His warm heart will gush with sympathies once kindred with the inanimate dust that lies beneath it. Virginia has her Mount Vernon, and her Monticello; New England is the repository of the remains of the compeers of Washington and Jefferson; Tennessee has her Hermitage!—as if the decrees of fate had ordained that the ashes of the immortal founders of this giant government should commingle with the soil that drank the first blood of the Revolution, as well as *that* of our second independence. Let this be the symbol of the mystic tie that shall bind us stronger and stronger together in the union of our confederation. That the wayward, the weak, the vacillating, in whichever part of the land he shall be, may be brought to a sense of duty to the cause of popular right, by casting his eye over the registered marble that covers the last relics of the mighty dead. Think ye that the iron nerve of treason could remain unsubdued at the base of the mausoleum of Washington, or Adams, or Jefferson, or Jackson? Nay! at such a spectacle, if there be a second Arnold, his brain would reel to and fro, as did that of the Babylonian monarch at the feast when the solitary finger upon the wall wrote the awful characters of his destiny.

We have paid this day, the last solemn rites in honourable testimony of the distinguished man whose death brought us together. To you, fellow-citizens, who have joined in the exercises of this occasion, allow me, if it be not arrogance, to thank you in the name of the friends of the departed hero and statesman—in the name of the people of the Union—and in the name of every human creature whose heart throbs for universal freedom throughout the civilized world.

EULOGY

DELIVERED AT RICHMOND, VA., JUNE 28, 1845,

BY

ANDREW STEVENSON, Esq.

To consecrate the memory of illustrious men—to record their actions and celebrate their praise, has been the laudable usage of all ages, and the grateful duty of every people.

The rudest nations have thus dispensed the rewards and motives of virtue, whilst the arts and sciences of polished society have contributed their noblest efforts to this, their best and highest application.

Exalted virtue and public services emphatically demand the confidence and gratitude of freemen. It is this which not only infuses into free government its public spirit, but cherishes emulation and exalts patriotism. To great abilities, it is an incentive, and brings them into action; to the good and useful, in whatever degree, it intimates and yields encouragement! Hence, that strong desire, which is inseparable from our nature, to live after death; to embody our names in the annals of our country, and descend to posterity with the admiration of the wise and the blessings of the virtuous. And it is this love of fame, when subordinate to the general good of mankind, that is inseparable from those who are truly great! Singularly impressive in this respect were some of the customs of the most highly improved nations of antiquity.

The Egyptians, besides celebrating the names and actions of their great and good men, embalmed their bodies, that they might long be kept before the public view as examples of virtue, and though dead, yet speaking. If there were, then, no other reasons for honouring the dead, these would be more than sufficient.

But there is another obligation of a still higher moment. Great virtues, like great men, are the offspring of great occasions; and the doctrines of our holy religion teach, that eminently great men are qualified for work, by an overruling and wise Providence—and that, in honouring them, we honour Him!

Influenced by these sentiments and those usages, rendered holy by the best feelings of our nature, we have assembled this day to perform one of the highest and most solemn duties which the living owe to the dead! And can there, under Heaven, be a more interesting spectacle, or one more deeply touching to the human heart, than that of a whole nation of freemen rising up as one man, and with one mind, to do honour to the memory of an illustrious and beloved fellow-citizen, by public demonstrations of sorrow and solemn acts of devotion to God? This crowded and solemn assembly; these banners which surround this sacred desk;* the gloom which has overspread our whole country, like a visitation of darkness, and struck a pang into the bosom of every American patriot, proclaim an event—a grief—of no ordinary character. They announce to us, that the aged and venerable patriot of the Hermitage, has at last gone down to the tomb, in the ripeness of age, crowned with the honours and loaded with the benedictions of a beloved country! They announce to us the solemn truth, that America has lost its greatest benefactor and friend; earth one of its noblest spirits; and the world one of its greatest men!

In coming to do honour to such a man; one who, in the language of our own Jefferson, "had filled the measure of his country's glory," let us show that we know the difference between the ostentatious pomp and mockery of grief, and that ardent and spontaneous affection with which a free and grateful people can cherish and honour the memory of an illustrious patriot: let us come to it with those feelings of gratitude and admiration which belong to the character of American freemen, and which are now poured out in every corner of our land! Let us do it, moreover, uninfluenced by party or political feeling. Whatever the spirit of party may be in the ardour of our political contests, here it should not enter! Although, in life, it spares neither elevation nor humility, but goes forth regardless of everything but its own gratification, high-minded and liberal men will not consent that it shall poison all the charities of social life, much less invade the sanctity of the tomb!

Let us not suffer the week-day paltriness of life to profane the sacredness of this occasion, or chill its solemnities. Let it not be said, that we refused to lay upon the altar of our country, and on the graves of its heroes and patriots, our party bickerings and strifes.

Who is there that will withhold from the patriot the gratitude due from the patriot's heart? What free and proud Virginian—what generous American is here, who, like the Carthaginian of old, is prepared, not only to bring his enmities and his children to the altar of his country, but to the very graves of its benefactors, and there swear the oath of undying hate? None!—I trust, none!

* Mr. S. spoke from the pulpit of the Old Baptist Church.

Charity to ourselves, gratitude to the illustrious dead, and love of country—these, these are the feelings which belong to this occasion.

And you, too, my fair and beloved countrywomen, whose first honour is in the gentleness of your nature, will you not unite your sympathies and tears over the grave of that man, who, above all others, was the most devoted friend and admirer, might I not say romantic, that woman ever had?

Who so prompt to defend and protect her rights, or guard her from injury and insult?

Who ever cherished or exalted more the purity of the domestic and social virtues, so infinitely more important to human happiness than all others? Whose valour was it that protected our mothers, and wives, and daughters from the savage tomahawk, and a licentious soldiery, and one of our finest cities, with its "Beauty and booty," from ruthless invaders?

Whose, but Andrew Jackson's?

And will you not act with the firmness which becomes the wives and daughters of freemen, and by your example invigorate the spirit of patriotism in your countrymen? From the spirit which pervades this assembly, I anticipate your answer.

Come, then, and mingle your sympathies with those of your country, and pour out your tears over the grave of this great and good man.

And here in this temple, dedicated to the living God—here, over the ashes of an illustrious and beloved patriot, I invoke the spirit of peace and patriotism to shed around its holy calm, refreshing alike to the feelings and the intellect.

In consenting to become your organ on this occasion, I am not only sensible of the difficulty and delicacy of the undertaking, but I feel that your too partial choice has devolved on me the performance of a duty, to which powers, much higher than any I possess, would alone be equal.

For, if it be true, that next to the performance of great actions, is the difficulty of representing them, who shall attempt to delineate justly the character of a man that was the type of everything chivalrous in valour, generous in honour, and pure in patriotism, or, in what language, tell the story of that eventful life, whose every action was worthy of praise?

To confer the just meed of eulogy on a character so remarkable —to entwine the blended glories of the hero and statesman, and with them to mingle the milder radiance of religion and morality, would seem, indeed, to require little less than an inspiration, not only of the feelings and sentiments which pervade the hearts of millions of freemen throughout our whole country, but of those

opinions which his great virtues and character have so strongly and deeply impressed upon the world:

Of legislators, in whose labours and honours he was associated by all that was useful and dignified:

Of armies, to whom he was endeared by every obligation of gratitude and glory:

Of a people, by whom he was regarded as their protector and benefactor:

Of ministers of our holy religion, by whom he was beloved and admired:

Of enemies in war, by whom he was alike dreaded and revered:

And of the wise, and just, and generous of all nations, of whom he was an ornament and example.

This is indeed a high duty, and I would to God, it could have passed into other hands, more worthy and competent to do it justice. But you have determined otherwise, and in yielding to your wishes, as I readily do, I feel that I am but performing a sacred duty; one that I owe to you; to the mrmory of the illustrious man whose death we commemorate, and to myself. And, although I know that private friendships are not fit topics for such occasions, yet it would be difficult, standing in the relations that I did for so many years, to this great man, and bound to him by so many ties, not to be allowed to mix up with higher motives, those of a more humble and individual character. The incense of public praise will not ascend with the less grateful odour, for being mingled with the aspirations of individual gratitude.

The suffrages, perhaps the prejudices of mankind, have concurred, with what propriety, I shall not stop to inquire, in assigning to the profession of arms, the first station in the ranks of glory. On this occasion, the decision can be of no importance. He, whose memory we now honour, was alike pre-eminent in peace and war; in the cabinet and the field; and the olive and the laurel have equally contributed their honours, to form the chaplet of his great renown. It is, therefore, only in the order of his distinguished services, that I shall first ask your attention to his military career, noticing, however, very briefly, before I do so, some circumstances connected with the history of his early life.

The birth, parentage, and early portions of General Jackson's life, belong to history. We are here to commemorate the character of the hero, statesman, and patriot. I shall say nothing, therefore, of his ancestors. Virtue and greatness have no need of birth. Born a simple citizen, of poor, but respectable parents, he became great by no other means than the energy of his own character, and being, as he seems to have been, the favourite of nature and Heaven! Had he been born to wealth and influence, he might probably have lived and died, an obscure and ordinary man!

Severe discipline and poverty, inured him, in early life, to great hardship and industry; and it has been justly said of him, that he seems to have been an orphan from the plough to the presidency. He must, therefore, be regarded as the architect of his own fame and fortunes! Although too young to have taken any distinguished part in lighting up the beacon fires of our glorious Revolution, or unfurling the banner of liberty with our revolutionary heroes and patriots, the close of that memorable struggle found him, though a boy of only fourteen, in arms in the corps of the gallant Davie, and soon afterwards, with a brother, a prisoner in Camden; where he underwent severe hardships and suffering, and was finally, at the intercession of his mother, liberated by an exchange of prisoners.

These early scenes of our Revolution, were not lost upon such a mind as Jackson's. The bravery and devotion of our fathers; their stern determination to meet coming events, and vigorous preparation to meet them successfully; the great battles which had been fought; the services and sacrifices which had been made; the renowned men of those times, both in the field and the cabinet, and the imperishable glory they achieved—were ever fresh in his recollection, and contributed mainly to form, in after times, the bent and character of his great mind. They made an impression on him, which ceased only with his last breath, and were the examples that stimulated his patriotism, and formed his own heroic heart.

He drank, and deeply too, at the pure fountain of the Revolution. From his boyhood, he was distinguished by many of those noble traits of character, which marked his progress through life. There was an openness, a simplicity, a good faith, an affectionate ardour, an elevation of soul, with an invincible physical and moral courage, and boldness, and love of truth, which irresistibly made way to the hearts of all who nearly approached him, and rendered him the object, through life, of a zealous and enthusiastic attachment almost unexampled. These qualities adhered to him throughout his eventful life, and signally marked, as you will see, its close.

It is said, that in his youth, he had no relish for literary and scientific pursuits. This is, no doubt, true. His education was certainly nothing more than that which was afforded in those days to the children of the poorer classes, and was confined principally to the rudiments of the English, and the lower and practical branches of mathematics. Regular and classical education has been thought, by some distinguished men, to be unfavourable to great vigour and originality of the understanding; and that, like civilization, whilst it made society more interesting and agreeable, yet, at the same time, it levelled the distinctions of nature. That whilst it strengthened and assisted the feeble, it was calculated to deprive the strong of their triumph, and beat down the hopes of the

aspiring. Be this as it may, truth requires us to say, that the mind of Andrew Jackson escaped the training and dialectics of the schools, and so far, at least, as our distinguished countryman, John Randolph, once said, "it had certainly fair play."

His writings were plain and pointed, made up, generally, of short sentences, but characterized by admirable good sense, great clearness and solidity, and a manly fortitude of thought, firm and unshrinking.

Without saying anything to the disparagement of scholarship or science, he had no claims to the character of a scholar or man of science, much less to that of an orator or rhetorician. Through life, he was fond of reading history and the Bible, the latter of which was his constant friend and companion. You cannot but have been struck with his declaration on this subject, a few hours before his death—"That the Bible was the bulwark of our free institutions, and the comforter of our present and future safety."

From youth to old age, he seems to have had a just estimation of his own great mental powers and natural resources, and hence, never felt

> ————"How hard it was to climb
> The steep, where Fame's proud temple shines afar."

Having determined to devote himself to the profession of the law, he removed from South to North Carolina, and under the auspices of Judge McCay, and Colonel Stokes, read law, and obtained a license to practice; and as a proof of the estimation in which he was then held, he received, from the government of North Carolina, the appointment of solicitor for the western part of that state, being the present state of Tennessee.

At the age of twenty-two, General Jackson crossed the mountains for the purpose of discharging the duties imposed on him by this appointment, and making the West his permanent home. Tennessee was of course then a wilderness, and denominated the "Bloody Land." Happy was it for this patriotic state, that such was the destiny of this great man!

He resided there until she became a state, and soon ranked among her most distinguished men, and filled, at different periods, most of the high offices of the state, civil and military.

He was a member of her convention, and had a large share in forming her constitution. He was her first representative in the House of Representatives of the United States, and soon afterwards became her senator in Congress. He was then translated from the national councils, and became a judge of the Supreme Court of Tennessee, which office he held for some years, and then resigned, to devote himself to military pursuits and studies, and soon rose to the rank of major-general of militia. At a later period, he was again in the Senate of the United States, and only retired from it

when nominated for the presidency. And well may the people of Tennessee regard him as their especial benefactor and friend. He grew up with that state from her infancy; gloried in her expansion and destiny; and to her government and people devoted his affections and his life. And the larger portion, both of Tennessee and the adjoining country, conquered by his sword, is filled with the monuments of his valour and skill.

So much for this early portion of his life: we will now pass to a brief notice of his military character and services. And, in the first place, I will take occasion to say, that there are few men, probably, who have ever lived, more justly entitled to the character of warrior—a great warrior, than Andrew Jackson. Indeed, the very name of Jackson irresistibly carries to the mind of every American the impression of a great military commander, and as such, he must ever stand high amongst the highest on earth. Who is there that ever combined in a greater degree all the distinguishing and endearing qualities of openness of heart; the manliness of pride; the benevolence of feeling, and that chivalrous and daring courage which the imagination ascribes to the perfection of a great warrior, than General Jackson, excepting always the father of his country? Or who is there that has ever stamped the impression of his military genius and virtues more strongly or more deeply upon his own times?

Besides, there was another quality which distinguished him as a commander, over most other men; and that was, a coolness and presence of mind, and entire self-possession, never so great as in the midst of danger and the heat of battle, and which nothing could baffle or disturb. This was strongly evinced in boyhood, and marked his character through life. Among numerous occurrences in illustration of this, let me mention one, which occurred during the battle of New Orleans, and which I had from one of his aids, who was present: A ball passed very near him, in the heat of battle, and he bowed his head; and said to one of the aids nearest him, that it was not customary with him to salute in battle the balls *en passant*, but as the one which had just gone by was the first *British* ball that he had particularly noticed, he could not do less than pay his respects to it. How characteristic of the man and the hero!

The first important services rendered by General Jackson, in a military capacity, were those in our early and bloody Indian wars, in the north and south-west.

Whilst Tennessee was a territory, and after her admission into the Union, the frequent depredations and incursions of the neighbouring tribes of savages, made it necessary that the whole country should be under arms. In all these engagements with the Indians, he was ever amongst the most active and foremost, and displayed always great energy and valour. It gave him a high

military standing at that early day in Tennessee, which continued steadily to increase. This state of things, with little intermission, continued down to the period of the war in 1812, with Great Britain. Soon after it was declared, the Creek Indians became allies of the enemy; and perpetrated some of the most signal and dreadful massacres that ever disgraced humanity. The state of Tennessee immediately called into the field some three or four thousand of her militia, and placed them under the command of Jackson. The first great battle was that of Talladega, in which the Creeks were defeated with great slaughter; and afterwards followed, those of Emuckfaw and the Horse Shoe. These victories annihilated a nation that had, for twenty years and more, kept our frontiers in continual dread of massacre and bloodshed, and gave peace to that part of the country. They attracted the notice of the general government, and General Jackson received, unsolicited, the appointment of a major-general in the United States service.

In appreciating the importance and difficulties of this peculiar service, we must look to the circumstances under which they were performed, and the hardships and trials that were to be undergone, amidst the horrors of desolation and death. It was a matter of no trifling importance, for a man, like Jackson, to quit his home and fireside, to become an inhabitant of a wilderness, surrounded by savage tribes and savage men, to prosecute, in the midst of blood and carnage, a savage war. Those who have never traced the footsteps of the savage by desolation and blood; who have never heard his midnight yell and war-whoop; whose peaceful habitations have never been wrapt in flames; who have had no parent, or wife, or child, or friend, massacred or butchered under the scalping-knife or tomahawk of the Indian; who know nothing, and have felt nothing, of the dangers and horrors of a savage warfare—will never be able justly to realize the perils and hardships, which this gallant man and his hardy warriors had to undergo, in restoring peace to the western country. In relation to the particular character and importance of these services, we can form no just idea, unless by comparison with those of other commanders. If we look back, however, to the early history of our Indian wars, and especially to the battles fought by Sullivan, after the massacre of Wyoming; to those at Point Pleasant, under the gallant Lewis, who there lost his life; or to the more recent ones under General Wayne; and compare them with those of General Jackson, we may then be better able to appreciate his merits and qualifications as a military commander, and the services he rendered. The victory alone over the Creeks has been regarded as unprecedented in Indian warfare, and gave to our country that rich and valuable domain embraced within the state of Alabama. These victories would alone have stamped him as a great military captain.

But time presses, and I must pass on to that scene of glory which awaited him, and which closed the bloody drama of our last war with Great Britain. This scene was reserved for Louisiana—gallant Louisiana!—that state which had, but a few years before, come to us by treaty and alliance, and was now to have an opportunity of binding herself to us by her blood. And it was in her bosom, that the gallant Jackson was to receive his great reward, and finish his career of military glory.

History and experience teach, that great military powers can only be displayed where great exigencies point a field on which to act, and that these occasions are the means which conduct men, as well as nations, to eminence and glory.

It was the battle of New Orleans, which was now to afford the opportunity for the full display of all those high qualities which were to stamp General Jackson as one of the first generals in the world, considered either in relation to the battle itself, or the magnitude of its consequences.

Whilst the offices of this day, I am aware, do not admit of a recital, which would include even the leading incidents of this great struggle, belonging, as they do, more properly to history and biography; yet it is needful, in order to appreciate justly the general importance of the victory, but especially the vast and varied powers of him who achieved it, to glance very briefly at some of the more important incidents, and more especially to the situation of the country, before and at the time of the battle.

It will be borne in mind, that Louisiana was yet amongst the youngest of our sister states, and formed one of the remotest parts of our Union. Its population was small and scattered, and it was filled with a coloured population, which required a constant force to prevent its becoming a domestic enemy.

Its remote situation; the pressing dangers on the whole Atlantic coast, and at the seat of the national government; together with other causes, had been the means of leaving this part of the country destitute of defence, and depending, in a great measure, on its own resources. Although accessible by numerous inlets from the sea, there were but two fortifications, ill provided, and inadequately garrisoned; and a few gun-boats, the only maritime defence. The military force amounted to not more than two incomplete regiments; the militia and volunteers of the city. There were a few cannon, and no arms in the arsenal. All intercourse had been cut off with the sea, by a blockading squadron of the enemy, and which it was known preceded the arrival of a formidable fleet, and an invading army of great force.

This was the perilous and almost defenceless state of New Orleans immediately previous to the battle.

It was at this juncture, that General Jackson was called to defend

this extreme point, with a small force, unpractised in war, and with few, or no other resources, than their own spirit, against a proud nation, in possession of all the means, and strong with all the sinews of war, and able to carry its hostilities against any part of this extensive country, which had drawn within its limits the greater portion of the wealth and industry of the country. When thus summoned by his country, he did not hesitate! In an instant he resolved; and his resolutions, let me tell you, were as firm as the decrees of Heaven. His mind once made up, he was impatient of counsel or control, as all know who knew him well—and few better than myself; and when he felt conscious that he was right, and must act, he would proceed, regardless of what might happen, and without the slightest dread of consequences; and never were the words of the poet more applicable, than to him—

> "From orbs convulsed, should all the planets fly,
> World crush on world, and ocean mix with sky;
> He, unconcerned, would view the falling whole,
> And still maintain the purpose of his soul."

He repaired to New Orleans. Great as the difficulties and dangers were that encompassed it, and which might have appalled the stoutest heart, he instantly resolved to surmount them, or perish in the attempt. Having taken this lofty stand, he summoned to his aid his gallant countrymen, and especially those who had served with him in his Indian campaigns; and, at the first tread of danger, the west, and more particularly gallant Kentucky and Tennessee, poured forth their sons like legions of armed men! Tennessee furnished nearly one-fourth of her physical force. Then it was that confidence revived, and the great work of preparation began. He intermitted no watch against the wakeful foe. He visited the forts, organized the forces that were placed under his command, and instilled into his soldiers confidence in themselves, and ultimate victory. He appealed to their passions, their prejudices, and love of country. He kindled up a spirit of determined resistance—a lofty and unconquerable spirit, and what was more, a contagious spirit, which proved terrible to its opposers. He raised money on his own credit, roused the people to a sense of their danger, and soon filled the ranks of the army by volunteers, drawn from every part of the western country. Like our Revolutionary patriots, he did not fail to count the cost of the contest. He felt that it was no common one in which he was about to engage, and no common enemy to whom he was to be opposed. On the contrary, it was a contest which was again to put in hazard of the sword the honour of our name, and the liberties and glory of our country! The sentiment of ancient patriotism, "never to despair of the commonwealth," was deeply rooted in his heart. He consequently always went into battle with the spirit of victory! He never admitted

that he could be conquered, and never was; and the lesson which he invariably impressed upon his soldiers was, that the day of battle with him was always the day of victory. It was upon his banner that

——"Victory, like a dazzling eagle, stood."

Besides, he was to fight under the same standard that Washington had unfurled; against the same enemy, and in the same glorious cause; with the hearts of his devoted followers, and the spirit of their fathers, and how could he fail to conquer? Thus he argued, and glorious was the result. I have no disposition, certainly, to aggravate the dangers to which the country was exposed, or swell its obligation to its defender. But the moment was one of great peril and danger, and a problem of vital importance was to be solved—what a militia force of freemen against regular armies, could do, in defence of their altars and firesides. Besides these difficulties, what was the situation of the country elsewhere? Contrast the defence of New Orleans, with the disasters of our arms, at other points. There was Hull's disgraceful surrender! The defeats and massacres of the Raisin, and Miami! The capture of Washington and the conflagration of the capitol; and a long list of depredations and pillage, on the whole of our Atlantic borders, by British squadrons. Besides—what was the impression in many parts of the country, as to Jackson's defeat, and the fall of New Orleans? Will you pardon me for a moment, in referring to one or two historical facts, to show what the fears and opinions in certain quarters were, at the very moment that the battle was about to be fought, and when this great man was standing like a mighty colossus in the midst of the sea of dangers, and with the eyes of the nation looking to him for succor and safety.

In one of the gazettes of Washington, (the Republican,) of January, 1815, it was said:—"Mr. Madison has scarcely raised his little finger to preserve New Orleans. The suspicion gains ground, that the government is in possession of the official account of the capture of that important city." Again: on the 17th of January, is the following: "That Mr. Madison will find it convenient, and will finally determine to abandon the state of Louisiana, we entertain no doubt. Let the issue decide whether we do him injustice. An inquiry by Congress, into the fall of New Orleans, when the intelligence transpires, will fix the blame upon the executive." And, again: On the 3d of February, a member of Congress said, absolutely, that the government was in possession of information, that the British had taken New Orleans. And, in a New York gazette, of the 30th of January, after dilating on the terrible mismanagement of government, in permitting the troops from Kentucky to go unarmed, it said: "It is the general opinion here, that the city of New Orleans *must fall*."

I allude to these things, fellow-citizens, in no unkind spirit. Far from it. I do it as a part of the history of the times, to show what the impressions were as to the danger and difficulty of defending New Orleans, and especially its defenceless state, at least in the opinion of a portion of the country, and the astonishment which must have ensued, when the result of the battle was announced. And that such, too, was the calculation of the British government, is scarcely matter for doubt. Soon after the close of the war, it was stated on authority entitled to credit, and so challenged, to the day after the news reached Paris of the capture and conflagration of Washington, a member of the French government expressed to Lord Castlereagh his doubts as to the fact, on which his lordship replied: "Sire, it is true beyond doubt; and I expect, at this moment, that most of the large seaport towns in America are laid in ashes—that we are in possession of New Orleans, and have command of all the rivers of the Mississippi and the lakes—and that the Americans are now little better than prisoners at large in their own country!" Thus shadowing forth what might and would probably have been the consequences, if indeed Great Britain had gained possession of New Orleans, and with it, the command and keys of the Mississippi! It was under these circumstances that this great battle was fought—a battle in which, with a little more than half the numbers, the Americans were victorious over more than twelve thousand of the finest troops that ever appeared on our shores—troops that had driven the warriors of France, the conquerors of continental Europe, from the pillars of Hercules to the Pyrenees. The loss on the side of the British was four generals and major-generals, ten colonels, fourteen majors, thirty captains, eighty to one hundred lieutenants, and some five or six thousand men, killed, wounded and prisoners; while our losses were a few officers and one hundred and fifty men, killed, wounded, and missing.

When we take into consideration the great disparity of loss, and the inequality of force in the two armies; the difference in their discipline and experience; the hardships to which the enemy had been habituated in more than one quarter of the globe—hardships which our troops had for the first time to encounter and overcome; well may this battle be regarded as one of the most extraordinary in ancient or modern times. In the long and devastating annals of the wars that desolated all Europe, the probability is that there never was a more signal victory; and that such will be the opinion of posterity, few, I presume, doubt. Indeed, in after times, it will be embellished with all the fictions of poetry and romance. And to whom is this victory to be ascribed?

Spirits of the gallant Coffee and Carroll! of Villery and Labatut! what say you? Ye brave men of the West! who followed the footsteps, and witnessed the godlike bravery and devotion of your

illustrious chief! do not your hearts, big with mighty emotion, responsive say—It was Andrew Jackson? Yes, it was his mighty spirit, and the fruitful and varied resources of his great mind, that did this work of death and glory. It was in his dauntless exposure, and individual prowess, in the midst and indeed in every part of the battle, that we realize all that we read of in heroic stories, of the warrior streaming like a meteor through the fight, and working wonders by his presence and single arm. It is said of him, and truly, that for five nights and days he scarcely slept, and when he did, it was by snatches and in his clothes—that his horse stood always near him, and equipped, even when in council. The world has and will continue to regard this victory as one of those master-strokes by which great events are achieved and great characters stamped, as it were, by a single blow, and which bespeak that rare combination of genius to conceive, promptness to decide, and boldness to execute; and if we admire his presence of mind and dauntless valour in the hour of danger and battle, we are not less struck with his modesty and self-command amid the flush of triumph. A courageous heart may and will often carry a man stoutly through the battle; but it argues some strong quality of the head to drain, unmixed, the intoxicating cup of victory.

How strikingly was this illustrated in his simple and concise letter, announcing the victory, and in answer to one of the numerous addresses which were presented to him in honour of the victory: —"I hope you will believe that I feel all that I should feel on this occasion; for my country's gratitude is the best reward for all the soldier's toils. To the defence of New Orleans I was called by duty; and in the performance of it, my best exertions were used. But to *Heaven and the bravery of my soldiers*, we are indebted for the victory. To Heaven and them, let it be awarded."

Can there be any thing more touching and sublime? And surely, if there be an overruling Providence, who directs the destiny of men and nations, this great man seems to have been destined by Heaven to tread the wine-press. Conquerors of the mighty Napoleon! half thy laurels shall deck our warrior's tomb!

Those who wish to see how a country can defend itself without a regular army, and what sort of succour is to be obtained when the hour of peril and trial comes; they, who wish to satisfy themselves whether the bravery and patriotism of freemen can preserve itself under the calamities of desolating war, should read the history of our last war with Great Britain, and especially the defence of New Orleans, and the lessons of General Jackson's life and experience. Well may our country, then, proudly claim for him the high character of a renowned warrior!

His military services in Florida were also of an important character. He was engaged there for some time in expelling the

Birtish and savages, and punishing the perfidy and insolence of the haughty Spaniard. He was afterwards made governor of the territory; secured by his energy the rights of the government and people; organized a territorial government; and then resigned his appointment: and, in his letter of resignation, with his characteristic frankness and boldness, he expressed the hope that Congress would not again invest any person with such large powers. He was subsequently offered the appointment of minister to Mexico, which he refused, and, amongst other reasons assigned for refusing, was this, that he would go to no court, whose chief officer was an usurper.

And now, fellow-citizens, passing from this review of the military services and character of General Jackson, we come to that equally important, but more delicate part of his life, connected with his civil administration of the government for a period of eight years.

In the presidential contest of 1824, his name for the first time was presented to the American people by the legislature of his own state and numerous bodies of his fellow-citizens throughout the Union, as a fit person to fill the presidential chair. In that election, he was, however, defeated, by the vote, not of the people, but the House of Representatives, upon whom the choice was cast by the constitution, under circumstances of peculiar interest and excitement. Of these, I propose to say nothing here. They are not subjects for this occasion. He submitted, as he should have done, to the decision of the constitutional authorities of his country; and his conduct was marked, on that occasion, with that propriety and dignity so characteristic of him.

In the ensuing election, he was again taken up by his friends, and then took place one of the most exciting and bitter contests known in our country's history. To exhibit to you his character, I cannot do it better or more strongly, than to present, very briefly, the grounds upon which his claims were presented to the American people for this high office. He was supported upon the ground, that having been distinguished, if not for great talents, yet for useful services in all the civil offices, under the governments both of Tennessee and the United States, of councillor, legislator, senator, and judge, some of which he had filled more than once, and the duties of which he had discharged with ability and satisfaction to those he represented, he was qualified for any office under our government. That it was not probable that he could have been selected to fill high offices, so various and responsible, without possessing distinguished talents for civil duties; or that he could have discharged them satisfactorily, without considerable acquirement; that this should satisfy his country that his mind was not exclusively of a military character, and that his election to the presidency would

not therefore rest exclusively on his great military services. That, like Washington, he had been a citizen soldier, and like Washington, was qualified for high civil command. That it was the command of armies, and brilliant services rendered by both, that first endeared these great men to their country, and operated, doubtless, with both, in recommending them to the chair of state. That, if neither had been warriors, it is probable that neither would have been distinguished statesmen. That General Jackson was eminently qualified, by his great capacity for originating and directing measures, for governing men, for bringing order out of confusion, and, by that prudent judgment and foresight, securing the good which many too often attribute to fortune. That he was fitted for the chief magistracy of such a country and people, by all the qualities of his great mind and character, and by all the habits of his public and private life. That it would be vain to say, that a man nurtured in the bosom of freemen, every one one of whom was by birthright a politician—successively filling, by the choice of such a people, high and important offices in the legislative, executive, and judicial departments of government — was, notwithstanding all his experience, and such proofs of public esteem and confidence, incompetent to the administration of a popular government. That called, as he had been, from the pursuits of civil life to military command, he had become at once, and without regular military tuition, a great captain. That having to trust to his own resources, and to depend for success on the active and commanding energies of his own mighty mind, he did not then disappoint his country. That his combinations and conduct established a skill, a sagacity, and judgment, that would have done honour to the most renowned commander that had ever devoted a whole lifetime to the profession of arms. And that if such had been the results of General Jackson's capacity and talents, in a profession which he had but little followed, the results would not be less beneficial or glorious, when the same capacity, and talents, and integrity, should be devoted to an office more congenial to his habits. That it was true, he was not a man of great learning and genius, but, in lieu of these, he had a common sense, a discretion and prudence, which nothing could supply, and without which, knowledge was useless, and genius contemptible. That he was a man who never mistook *what to do*, or *what he was doing*. That in regard to the fundamental questions of constitutional doctrines and national policy, he had been politically nurtured in the school of our republican fathers, and that to these tenets of his youth, he still adhered. And that, lastly, in the language of Mr. Jefferson, he was "Honest, sincere, firm, and strong-minded—of sound public principles; and that, if he should be brought into the presidency, to correct the alarming tendency towards favourite, and otherwise irremedial evils, which were be-

ginning to develope themselves in the administration of the federal government, he (Jackson) would be found entirely faithful to the object." These were the grounds on which he was presented to the country, and in the election of 1828, he was placed by the people in the presidential chair.

The duties of his administration, though less arduous, in many respects, than those of his military command, yet required all the fortitude and sagacity, which his previous command had so conspicuously displayed. He accordingly declared, that to guard against the evils which Mr. Jefferson had shadowed forth, to retract the government back to its republican track; and give it stability and energy, and preserve to his country her blessings of union and peace, should be the first and great object of his duty. And, as his friends had rightly supposed, few men had clearer conceptions of the public good, or greater discernment in the selection of measures and men to promote it, than General Jackson. None knew better the great interests of his country—its history—domestic and foreign relations—the points of its public policy—the temper of the people—the genius of our political institutions, and the spirit of free government! He knew that the genius of our own institutions; the experience of other governments; the records of history; and the sad and melancholy fate of a long train of fallen republics, admonished us that liberty was only safe, when guarded by the wisdom and vigilance of frugal, industrious, and virtuous freemen! And it is not, therefore, wonderful, that the result of his administration should have been, that as a statesman he was no less distinguished than as a warrior. Throughout his whole public career, we look in vain for any of those vices, which oppose the prosperity of nations, and the peace of the world, and which, at one time, was so much apprehended, from his rule, by his political opponents. His state papers and administration, afford abundant proofs of the purity, as well as solidity, of his principles; and it is impossible to read them, and trace the whole course of his public career, without admitting that he performed justly, skilfully, and magnanimously, all the offices, both public and private, of peace and war. That there was a considerable, nay, a large portion of his countrymen, who had settled down in the conviction that General Jackson committed great errors in his administration, and inflicted deep injuries upon his country, is true; but this hostility was to be expected, and must therefore be regarded as the result of party feeling, under our institutions and form of government, rather than the evidence of deliberate and candid judgment. Indeed, in a government like ours, where opinions are free and spontaneous as the light which surrounds us, who expects that we should all agree in the means to produce any given end? It is this difference which creates, and must ever continue to create, parties in free governments. To time

and experience must, therefore, be left the decision of many of these great questions. But who knows that these convictions and opinions, even when uninfluenced by party feelings, may not have been the result of less profound views of the understanding of many of those measures of his administration! National virtue, national freedom and greatness, and the issue of a mighty experiment in free government—these were the great objects and purposes which absorbed most of this great man's attention, and in connexion with which, his administration must be regarded. May not the views of others be too much overstrained to national wealth and national display? Have they looked to the consequences, as regard posterity, as well as our free institutions? What, if avarice, and selfishness, and national vanity, should supplant the love of country! What, if these vices should be cherished and nurtured into a growth that shall chastise those simple and manly virtues, without which, men care little by whom, or in what manner, they are governed! Our warriors and patriots of the Revolution, were not dandled in the lap of pleasure, or pampered with foreign luxuries. They sought not substance and wealth amidst the skirts and quicksands of monied institutions, nor fought for the trappings which deck factitious greatness, only to conceal the miseries accumulated in its train. No man ever dreaded, more than General Jackson, the baleful influence of a passion for gain, in its progress, often so degrading to national character, dangerous to the tranquillity of the world, fatal to every ennobling sentiment, so destructive to social feeling, and which, becoming the vulgar passion of free governments, enslaves their people. He dreaded, moreover, that extension of the spirit of traffic and trade, apart from legitimate commerce, which can only flourish in the intrigues and artifices of remorseless speculators. He had before him, the experience and history of the world; the long catalogue of fallen nations, and the annals of that ruin and decay, produced by the love of gain, and the ravages of luxury and corruption. He had not forgotten that Lacedæmon, with her savage manners, her rigid sumptuary laws, and her stern Ephori, was, at last, so contaminated by wealth and luxury, that the most illustrious virtues and examples could not restore her ancient institutions—and that Rome, the mistress of the world, and the arbiter of the fate of nations, was overturned, more by the excessive love of wealth, and the profligacy of her manners, than the arms of the Goths and Vandals! It was under these views, and to these ends, that some of the most important and efficient measures of his administration were directed. It was the boast of one of the Roman emperors, that he found the city of brick, and left it of marble. It was General Jackson's, that he found the government one of paper, and he determined to leave it one of gold!

I know, fellow-citizens, that it has been charged against him,

that he mistook the lust of power for the love of liberty; and that power and ambition, were the predominating passions of his soul; to acquire which, he would sacrifice everything else—that he sought to govern by terror, rather than opinion, and that one great passion swallowed up every other—the means of acquiring and perpetuating his own authority. Never, never were there more unfounded accusations. His ambition was to deserve, not acquire, the admiration of his fellow men; and it was, therefore, never too strong to leave him, at all times, honest. His ambition was to serve his country, which he had loved too well, as his whole life attests. He never ceased to remember, that those who would do public service, must forget themselves—that their reward was from within. When did he ever attempt the artifices of the demagogue, to enlist the passions and feelings of the people? Whom did he ever court? To whom did he ever bow? What dissimulation did he ever practise? What office did he ever solicit? What office did he ever fill, in which he proved himself unworthy of power, or public confidence? When did he ever attempt to disguise his designs, or, under the pretence of consulting the public good, gratify his own selfish passions or venal wants? Let his unstained and spotless life answer these questions. That he desired his administration to be popular, is admitted—but it was not for his own selfish purposes, but the general good. He knew that, in every country, however despotic, much must depend on the will of the governed, and that no government, much less a free one, could long hope for success, whose measures did not fall in with the wishes and feelings, nay, the passions of the people: that, in our country, this must ever be the case. No one knew better than this great man, that, with a people laborious, long trained to freedom and independence, and in the possession of that liberty and industry which enables wealth and influence to be disseminated amongst all classes of society, the voice of such a people formed, and must ever form, the support of free government; and hence it is not to be wondered at, that his administration should have been one of the most popular that this country ever had. So far, the principle of his heart was democratic!

But he was simply a military chieftain, and like Alexander, and Cæsar, and Cromwell, and Bonaparte, must be ambitious and dangerous! Yes, he was a military chieftain, and a glorious one too, as I trust I have shown; but where were the armies of Alexander? the legions of Cæsar? the soldiers of Cromwell? or the guards of Napoleon? I'll tell you, my beloved countrymen: they were only to be found in the brave and honest citizens of this free country, whom he led to battle and victory, in vindication of its liberties and glory! This was the ambition of Andrew Jackson! But was he ambitious? No! His spirit soared beyond ambition's reach.

He loved glory, but still more loved his country. That was his master-passion; and, with resistless might, it ruled his every thought, and word, and deed. But he was vindictive to his opponents and to those whom he disliked! Of those whom he regarded as dangerous and bad men, he certainly had great distrust. He regarded distrust, in public life, as a defensive principle, and thought with Burke, that there was no safety for honest men but in believing all possible evil of bad men, and acting with decision and steadiness on that belief. So far, and no farther, was he distrustful.

With all his fondness and acquired propensity for military glory, and with every incentive to the exercise of arms, peace was the ruling principle of his conduct, and the tranquil prosperity of his country the dominant object of his ambition. This was finely illustrated throughout his whole administration, and especially in its intercourse with foreign states. And I shall never forget, in the moment of my departure for England in 1836, his last words to me as he bid me adieu, and it proved to be for ever, and which still ring in my ears: "Take care, my good friend, to defend manfully the rights and honour of your country; but, for God's sake, keep the peace!" How often was it said to me, while abroad, by the most enlightened and distinguished men—"Why, this General Jackson of yours must be an extraordinary man—we expected from what we heard, that he was to be the terror of the age, and the disturber of the peace of the world—that war was to be the great object of his administration. As it is, he has taken us all by surprise, and may now be regarded as the great pacificator, and the most illustrious and peaceful of all your rulers!" All Europe felt and acknowledged his pacific policy. They saw the wisdom and vigour of his measures, and acquiesced in his neutral peaceful policy. And it may not be unworthy of notice, that one of the greatest gratifications which he felt in laying down his high trust, as I know, was, that he had preserved the peace of his country! He often said, that he came in with that determination, and had looked to it with unsleeping anxiety. He felt it was necessary to our prosperity, and thought, with Fox, that there was no justifiable cause of war with civilized and enlightened nations, but national honour!

With respect to his administration, it is, perhaps, impossible, at the present moment, to make up an impartial opinion, as to its effects and benefits. It is not the time for calm and deliberate judgment in relation to those troubled scenes. The tendency and effects of some of his great measures, posterity, probably, will alone be able to appreciate. But when the angry passions shall have been allayed; the judgment unwarped by excitement and prejudice; the heart no longer embittered with disappointment or revenge; nor the mind carried away by the imputation of unwor-

thy motives; when the tendency of opinion and measures shall be examined by the test of reason and experience, then, and not till then, will full justice be done to this great man, and the distinguished actors in those troubled scenes. Then will the full nature and the extent of public obligation be felt and acknowledged.

It is, however, honourable to him and his opponents that, amidst all the contests and collisions of party, and those storms and strifes which, for so many years, agitated our country, his integrity and patriotism remained unsuspected and unimpeached. Even those who believed his political errors to have been the most numerous and mischievous, yet acknowledge that they were errors of the mind, actuated by the purest wishes, and pursuing, with undeviating rectitude of intention, the public good.

And all now must admit one thing, and it is this, that at the close of the eight years of his administration, he laid down his high trust in the midst of the wealth, prosperity, and happiness of his country, and his own most unbounded popularity. Indeed, his popularity seemed to be that of eternal youth—like the sun, its light was always new, yet always the same.

The question will doubtless be agitated by posterity, whether he was the greater general or statesman. Those who read attentively the history of his administration and his official papers, will be inclined to pronounce in favour of the latter; while those who may not have duly considered them, but, more narrowly scanning his difficulties and sacrifices in war, will be inclined to decide in favour of the former. The controversy will therefore only be solved by admitting, as all must do, that he was great in war, and great in peace.

We come now, in conclusion, to say a few words of this venerable man, in retirement, and of his private and domestic virtues.

In March, 1837, General Jackson retired from public life to his residence in Tennessee, followed by the fervent admiration and gratitude of a devoted country. And what liberal and generous mind might not have been deeply moved, in seeing the man whose whole life had been devoted to his country, now abandoning power and dedicating himself in retirement to his family and his God?

And it was here that he exhibited a striking illustration of the truth, that true greatness is perfectly compatible with every thing that is amiable and engaging in man!

He who had occupied so important a page in his country's history, who had possessed a popularity and influence exceeded only by Washington's, who had filled every high station of dignity and trust which his country could confer, both civil and military, became, when in the domestic circle and around the social hearth, as simple as a child, distinguished by the suavity of his deportment and an intuitive felicity of making every one around him happy.

Such was Andrew Jackson, in private life; and it is there that true greatness waits to be exhibited. In the world, men rise superior to each other; but it is here that man rises superior to himself. The region of politics, at best, is baneful; and too often "the soil, the *vices* like." In his private attachments, he was governed by the same steadiness that sustained his public conduct. His friendships were, therefore, sincere and fixed. If he loved you to-day, he would love you still more to-morrow, the next day, and for ever, provided you did nothing to forfeit his regard and good opinion. Although, in a character marked by such strength of features, the lineaments of the softer virtues could scarcely be expected to mix; yet those who knew him best in private life, and in the unbendings of retirement, knew the genuine indications of their existence, and the childlike simplicity and tenderness of his nature.

His manners, though naturally dignified, were never haughty. There was the same gentleness without timidity, and decision without presumption. He blended dignity with condescension, and the greatest as well as the humblest objects received his attention. Born with strong passions, often the concomitants of genius, he had acquired great command and ascendancy over them; and, among all his personal qualities, courage, both physical and moral, were allowed to him, in an eminent degree. It was these only, which, amidst those formidable agitations of party which, for so many years of his administration, convulsed the American people, could have enabled him, as they did, to remain firm and immovable. In all matters of pecuniary concern, his dealings were dictated by a punctual regard to his engagements, and, at the same time, distinguished by great liberality; without indulging in excesses which bring on embarrassment.

His honesty can scarcely be said to have claimed the rank of a virtue. It required no effort, and could therefore boast no triumph; and it may not be deemed unimportant to remark, that among all the various calumnies which malice has endeavoured to cast upon the fame of this distinguished man, the tongue of slander never whispered the imputation of a single act of mercenary meanness.

An inflexible consistency of principle, equally proof against casual failure, and the most insurmountable difficulties—an erectness of principle and a pride originating in and supported by conscious talents and integrity—were among his chief characteristics.

His hospitality was proverbial. The friend and the stranger were received with cordial welcome at his hospitable mansion, and his benevolence and kindness to his neighbours were acknowledged with affectionate gratitude. Friend to the poor—for surely that godlike virtue was his—he comforted and blessed them by his private liberality and his public largesses. Bear witness, ye mourners around the Hermitage, and you, good people of Tennessee!

He was married but once, and had no children or blood relatives; but the fraternal love which he bore towards the relations of his beloved wife was as exemplary as it was sincere; and the munificent presents for all her relatives attest the affection and devotion which he bore to her (and she was worthy of it all!) and her kindred. Nor was his munificence bounded by these limits. The institutions of freedom and science were annually consulted and most generously rewarded.

And who is there that must not have been struck with the preservation of his intellect, and the fortitude and resignation which he exhibited to the last hour? In the scenes which closed his earthly career, his death was in every respect conformable to his life. Never was he more true to his great character! Even in the moments of great bodily pain and approaching dissolution, when it might have been expected that a man's every feeling would be concentrated in personal suffering, his thoughts were occupied by the awful event impending; and even in these moments, all selfish considerations were put aside, and the sentiments still uppermost in his mind were, God and his country. And his death was marked by the coolness and serenity which are thought to belong exclusively to health of body and a mind at ease.

> ——————— "To live with fame
> The gods allow to many; but to die,
> With equal lustre, is a blessing Heaven
> Selects from all her choicest boons of Fate
> And with a sparing hand on few bestows."

One part only of his character now remains to be noticed; and that is, his reverence for religion. In all his public documents, God is honoured! A man of General Jackson's strong and superior mind could not but have had the strongest impressions of religion; and doubtless, in his last moments, they smoothed his pillow and whispered comfort to his soul.

It was therefore around his deathbed, that an additional lustre, as well as sacredness, was thrown, by the manner in which he met death, and the resignation which marked his last moments. He felt that his time was come, and that "*the paths of glory lead but to the grave.*" He died, as he had lived—a Christian; and his last words were, "God and my country."

Of the military exploits of this truly great man, the hero shall tell. Our young warriors shall be ambitious of emulating them. The sage shall speak of his counsels—the statesman shall follow them. All shall reverence his great virtues, to teach the rising generation to imitate them. Millions yet unborn shall speak his praise, and over his ashes hang the free tribute of gratitude and tears; and, when marble and monuments shall moulder in the dust, the name of JACKSON shall still live. With you, my beloved

countrymen, he will *never* die! He will live in your liberty and glorious institutions! He will live in that national prosperity which he laboured to secure, for generations yet to come! He will live in his own great example, which has shown you how to preserve what your fathers had so gloriously won! By all his inestimable services and splendid actions—by the respect and veneration in which you hold his character—by the wisdom of his counsels and the dignity of his example, appreciate, I beseech you, your conceptions of his memory, *by serving your country as he served it, and honouring God as he honoured him.*

EULOGY

DELIVERED AT LOUISVILLE, KY, JULY 3, 1845,

BY

THOMAS L. SMITH, Esq.

THROUGHOUT all our vast country, we hear the voice of mourning. A nation grieves for the loss of a loved and honoured son. The people who compose this great assemblage, in like manner with others of their fellow-countrymen elsewhere, have spontaneously gathered together to do honour to the memory of a departed hero and patriot. Men of all parties, and of all grades, pursuits and occupations, are united on this occasion. All are sensible that the shaft of death has reached an illustrious mark, and has removed from the connexions of this earth, one, who, for a long series of years, has been intimately associated in the minds of his fellow-citizens, with some of the most brilliant eras in the annals of the country, and one who has long been regarded, by a large proportion of the people, with the highest degree of veneration and esteem.

I know not how I shall give utterance to the sentiments which so obviously pervade the whole country, in reference to the decease of Andrew Jackson. Though we feel that his loss is a public calamity, yet we cannot complain. Full of years, and of honours, the venerable patriot has been gathered to his fathers. For more than the full average period of human life, he has been spared to his country, and few, indeed, have reaped such rich harvests of all that human ambition is wont to crave whilst sojourning upon earth. Nor was this event unlooked for, or unexpected, to himself, or to us. For several years past, his increasing age and infirmities, gave melancholy warning that he must ere long prepare for that dread change to which all mortal men are subject. Still, we are not the less sensibly affected, now that our natural anticipations have been realized, and that the spirit that so long shone a brilliant light in our sphere has been quenched, to us, for ever, and taken home to its Heavenly Father.

A sensation, solemn, profound, universal, pervades all sections of

the Uuion. A united people attend as mourners at his funeral. They consign his mortal remains to the tomb of his own choice, beneath the green soil of the land he loved so well, and by the side of the beloved partner of his domestic joys and sorrows, who had preceded him in death. There they will rest in honoured repose, until the archangel's trump shall sound the summons to an everlasting resurrection. But the memory of his illustrious deeds will live—they will be familiar to the ears of unborn millions, and in future ages, his example, and his counsels, will continue to exert a beneficial influence over the destinies of his beloved country.

No other man, of his time, was so ardently beloved by a majority of his fellow-citizens—no other wielded such influence over the masses of the people. How much of that influence was beneficial, and how much evil, in its results, has been the subject of violent party contests, and it is, therefore, perhaps, not for the present generation to determine; but all admit that his intentions were always pure, and dictated by an ardent desire to promote the true interests of the country. He was, in all respects, a hero and a patriot. At all times, and in all seasons, he was ready to devote his energies, and to sacrifice all personal considerations of safety, interest, and even popularity, for the common good. He never hesitated in the performance of a duty, which he believed was required of him, whatever personal consequences might result to himself or others; and, on the other hand, no motive, either of personal advantage, or compromise, or conciliation, could induce him, for one moment, to entertain the idea of performing an act, which he believed was wrong, or in violation of the obligations imposed upon him.

This well known inflexibility of purpose, was, unquestionably, one of his most remarkable characteristics; and was, to a considerable extent, the cause, both of the great admiration, and violent hostility, with which persons of opposite political sentiments regarded certain leading measures of his civil administration. His political friends had unbounded faith in the honesty and disinterestedness of his intentions, in his comprehensive judgment to foresee threatened dangers, and provide measures for the public security, and in his dauntless courage and abilities to persevere in the accomplishment of those measures, at all hazards, and in despite of all difficulties. Nor was this faith granted blindly, or gratuitously. It was based upon their experience and observation of his whole course of action, and upon the knowledge that each successive development of his views and objects, were, after the severest scrutiny, fully sanctioned by their own reason and judgment.

General Jackson certainly possessed all the elements of greatness —a clear and comprehensive intellect, a quickness of conception that seemed intuitive, and an incomparable energy, and power of action in carrying his conceptions into effect. This rare combina-

tion of the powers of deliberation and execution, almost necessarily rendered him the leading spirit in all the positions which he occupied through life. While yet a mere youth of thirteen years of age, he bore an active and conspicuous part in several severe and sanguinary skirmishes with the English troops and Tories, in his native state, South Carolina. In 1788, at the age of twenty-one, he removed to Tennessee, and in a very few years, we find him a member of the convention elected to frame a constitution for the state, of the House of Representatives, and of the Senate of the United States. Thus, at the age of thirty, a period of life when ordinary men have but just entered upon their career, he had already filled some of the most important and exalted offices in the gift of the people, amongst whom he had made his residence.

Yet he never courted offices or honours. Those that were bestowed upon him by his fellow-citizens, were granted by their unbought suffrages, and naturally resulted from the general sense of his incorruptible integrity, and his superior qualifications. These were equally manifest in all situations, in peace, and in war, in the cabinet, and in the field. Wherever he appeared, the people beheld in him, the man of the age, who, more than any other, was qualified to direct the helm on important or difficult occasions. So little did he covet official station, that, in 1799, while yet a young man, he voluntarily resigned his seat in the Senate of the United States, one of the most honourable, dignified, and desirable offices, which this country affords. Soon after, he also resigned his seat on the bench of the Supreme Court of Tennessee, to which he had been appointed on his retirement from the Senate. It has been said, that he resigned these offices in consequence of his own sense of a want of suitable qualifications. If so, this is but another proof of the innate greatness and magnanimity of his mind. What ordinary men resign high and lucrative offices from such motives? It is rare, indeed, that common men retire from such positions from a sense of personal unfitness, or a disinterested desire to make way for others better qualified to promote the public interest. It is, perhaps, still more rare, that men of common minds can perceive their own deficiencies, when possessed of the unbounded confidence of the community, and elevated to distinguished station, without desire or solicitation on their own part. Experience proves that it is only men of superior intellect and capacity, who are thus liable to doubt their own abilities, and such men, notwithstanding their distrust in themselves, have always been found to be the most faithful and able depositories of public trusts.

Andrew Jackson was not ambitious, in the ordinary sense of the term. Had he been so, it would be impossible to account for his absolute relinquishment of the abundant means which were thus early placed within his reach for the gratification of that passion,

and that too, at the very period of life when most men are strongly influenced by its promptings. He preferred peaceful tranquillity, and domestic felicity, in the bosom of his own family, to all the allurements of ambition. Nothing had power to call him forth but necessity. While his country enjoyed peace and prosperity, he only aspired to be the humblest of its citizens, and to dispense around him the comforts and blessings of domestic life. A lover of peace, he was yet prompt to obey the first calls upon his duty as a man and a patriot. When all was calm and peaceful, interest or ambition could not lure him from his privacy; but when dangerous clouds darkened the horizon, and the alarms of war broke upon the startled ears of his countrymen, then were all eyes turned to him, the master-spirit of the times, whose unerring sagacity, dauntless courage, and resistless energy of purpose, plainly marked him out as the man, of all others, most fitted to take the lead in the hour of danger. How nobly, and how well, he fulfilled the hopes and expectations which were thus inspired, is written on many bright pages of our national history.

Well may the nation mourn for Andrew Jackson. We shall not soon behold his like again. All sections of our wide extended country, will feel the loss it has sustained. The people of the southern states grieve for their most gallant and chivalric defender. When the lone settlers upon the frontier wilderness, were exposed to the horrors of savage warfare, he was the guardian genius who protected and avenged them. Their trials and dangers have long passed away, but they are not forgotten by the inhabitants of that section of the country. Many an aged veteran still sits by his fireside, and recounts to his children the history of those troubled days. He tells them how men were wakened in the dead of night by the wild and fearful warwhoop—how they were shot down upon their own thresholds, or fled by the light of their burning cabins—how old men, and women, and helpless babes, were put to death with cruel tortures—how distracted mothers, with their trembling children, wandered many a weary mile through the wild woods, seeking refuge and shelter—all these, and many other stirring scenes of Indian wars, he will narrate in the long winter evenings and the summer noons. And when their young blood boils at these recitals, he will tell also of the gallant deeds of the heroic chieftain who is now no more—how promptly and expeditiously he flew to their relief—how victory followed his banners wherever he appeared, and how, from place to place, and with many a bloody and hard fought contest, he drove back the savage warriors into the recesses of their forests, and gave permanent peace and tranquillity to the distressed country.

The people of the west have also lost, in him, their bravest and most successful champion—and thousands who followed under his

victorious standard will mourn him as their chieftain, father, friend. A rigid disciplinarian, and of iron inflexibility of purpose, he was yet all these to those who faithfully served under his command. Cheerfully he shared all their dangers and their privations. The sick and wounded always found in him a most faithful and attentive guardian, watchful to provide for their security, and anxious to relieve their slightest necessities. He possessed a heart overflowing with kindness to his friends, and an attachment to his comrades-in-arms that no distance could weaken, no time could eradicate. The tears of those faithful companions of his perils and his glory will fall like rain drops upon his grave. They knew him well, and none knew him but loved him. Sooner might the heart's blood be extracted from an old western soldier than his love and reverence for the memory of Andrew Jackson.

The people of the whole Union will honour him as one who has shed imperishable lustre upon the American name—who raised up the drooping spirit of his countrymen in the hour of their greatest despondency and gloom, and electrified all hearts by the glorious victory he achieved over a foreign foe upon the plains of New Orleans. Ah! what recollections throng around us, as we recall to mind the memorable day when that noble army of western citizens, headed by their dauntless chieftain, met and conquered the choicest veterans of Europe, on the banks of the Mississippi. The despondent fears of our own countrymen, and the vauntings of the enemy, as they came careering on, with their watchword of "Beauty and booty," and with songs, and jests, and revelry, despising the undisciplined militia of the west, are still ringing in our ears. Conquerors of Spain, veterans in war, and flushed with recent victory over the far-famed legions of France, they but anticipated a march of pleasure, to plunder and ravage a defenceless city. How they were disappointed, is now familiar history to every inhabitant of this country, and England will long remember that bloody field where thousands of the bravest chivalry still sleep, not in the arms of beauty, but in the cold embrace of death. And well do the citizens of that day remember, how the glorious news of that great victory spread from town to town, and from state to state—how shouts of joyful exultation went up, and bonfires and illuminations lightened all the land—and how the heroic Jackson, and the brave hunters of Kentucky and Tennessee, were hailed and cheered as the defenders and saviours of their country. Ah! the glory of that day will never be forgotten, while the star-spangled banner flings its glorious folds "o'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave." When they think of that day, and its results, immediate and remote, all classes and conditions of men who love their country, and are proud of its fame, will honour the memory of Andrew Jackson. How proudly they do think of them, and

how highly they estimate his services, is manifested by the sincerity and unanimity with which they join in the general testimonials of respect a grateful nation now awards him. All join in these funeral solemnities. The plain citizen honours his devotion to his country, his obedience to the laws, and the spotless integrity of his private life; and the citizen soldier comes with martial tramp and muffled drum, to do respectful homage at the tomb of a departed chieftain, whose military achievements will bear honourable comparison with those of the most celebrated heroes of ancient or modern times.

Of the civil services of Andrew Jackson, although they form so large and important a part of his public life, it is not my purpose now to speak. The time has not yet arrived when the country can form a united judgment with respect to them. At some future time, when the remembrance of the fierce contests and the interests and passions, which came in collision during the party conflicts of the day shall have passed from the minds of men, posterity will do him impartial justice and pronounce a proper verdict upon his political course. To that tribunal let us commit the task of setting the conflicting opinions which now exist in reference to this portion of his public life. It is honourable to those who have entertained sentiments of hostility to his political acts, that they can thus bury all feelings of resentment in his grave, and join in a cordial manifestation of respect for those virtues and services which all can acknowledge and all approve. So may it ever be, with all parties in this country. Certainly, I would deeply regret, on an occasion like the present, to give utterance to a single thought that could mar the general unanimity.

We may, however, look back upon some of the circumstances connected with his administration of the general government, without disturbing the elements of party discord. Stern and inflexible as he was, in pursuing himself, and in compelling others under his control to pursue the strict line of policy which, in his judgment, was correct, he yet possessed a charm in his manners and deportment, that insensibly won the affection and esteem of all with whom he habitually came in contact. In his intercourse with all men, he was remarkable for his plain republican dignity and graceful courtesy. His kindness of heart and amenity of manners were so apparent and unaffected, that all who knew him, with but few exceptions, personally loved and admired him. Yet no man could approach him, without being sensible of the presence of an individual possessing extraordinary powers of mind and of influence. It was plain, indeed, that the same master-spirit, which all men had recognised and acknowledged in the camp, ruled in the councils of the nation and in the halls of the presidential mansion. The same comprehensive intellect, the same quickness of perception, and the

same rigid inflexibility of purpose marked him as the leader of other men as well in one situation as the other.

Vehement as he was in despotism, he was yet patient in investigation. No great public measure was ever commenced in rash haste—no individual was ever injured by intentional injustice, or by inconsiderate or careless action. The remarkable powers of influence that he wielded, were not confined to our country or people. They were sensibly experienced by all nations with which we were on terms of intercourse. Negotiations that seemed interminable, were suddenly cut short, and brought to a satisfactory close. Losses sustained by our citizens, by the illegal seizure of their vessels, during the previous wars in Europe, were promptly adjusted and repaid. What all the skill of the most able diplomatists could not accomplish in many years, was brought about at once by the magic influence of his character. These effects were the result of the same convictions of his integrity of purpose, and his inflexible resolution in adhering to his determinations, which had given him such extraordinary power over the minds of the people of our own country. At no period did our national character stand higher abroad than during that of his administration. There was no civilized country where our flag was not honoured and respected. We can look back to the condition of our foreign relations during that period with pride and gratification—confident that we shall find nothing to blush for or regret in any of the transactions of the government with other nations. A liberal, enlightened, and high-toned self-respecting policy was always adhered to. Though strict in requiring even-handed justice, General Jackson on all occasions endeavoured to promote a free and profitable intercourse with all foreign countries. Advantageous commercial treaties were made with almost all the principal nations of the globe, most of which are still in force. His comprehensive views extended to everything which could improve the old or open new avenues to the enterprise of the people.

But the public life and character of Andrew Jackson, forms a continuous portion of the whole history of the country for a long series of years. I am sensible how extremely imperfect must be any attempt to give even a scanty outline with the means and opportunies at my command. The task of delineating them in full must be reserved for other and much abler pens. They afford abundant materials for the occupation of future historians, philosophers, and statesmen.

Perhaps in no part of the whole career of the venerated patriot, was the greatness and magnanimity of his character more truly manifested, than in the closing years of his eventful life. Providence granted him length of days, and he filled them well unto the end. After enjoying all the fame and honours of a military con-

queror, and all of power, station, and dignity his country could bestow, he retired to spend the remnant of his life in humble privacy, and to dispense around him in his domestic sphere, the benign influence of a life of Christian piety and resignation. Men had been accustomed to contemplate him as he appeared on the theatre of the world, surrounded with martial trappings, or dispensing power and patronage from his exalted official positions. They were well acquainted with the splendid characteristics by which he was so distinguished amongst his contemporaries—his military genius, his bravery, probity, vigilance, activity, and firmness—his lofty bearing and magnanimity, which had attracted the admiration of all nations. All these traits were familiar to the public, but it remained for him to prove, how cheerfully, after he had finished his public tasks, he could disrobe himself of all the paraphernalia of rank and power, and devote the remainder of his days to the faithful performance of his duties as an humble citizen and pious Christian. Such was Andrew Jackson in his retirement. Kindness, gentleness, and the holy influence of fervid religion reigned around him. As a parent, friend, and neighbour, he was beloved beyond expression. In his household all was peace and tranquillity. Though long suffering with disease and infirmities, he was patient and forbearing—full of gratitude to his Creator for the blessings and favours he had enjoyed though life, and calmly awaiting death, in the hope of immortality through the medium of the Redeemer of Mankind.

I have attempted, briefly, to sketch some of the most prominent traits of the character of the illustrious man whose loss we lament. I am fully conscious how feebly I have done so, but I know also that there is little need of recalling them to the minds of the people of this country. The recapitulation is but a form, for they are felt and appreciated in the minds of my hearers more vividly and truly than I have power to portray. No man ever exceeded him in the love he bore his country—none but one ever rendered that country more eminent services. He was the man suited to the times and emergencies in which he lived. May an over-ruling Providence rear up in the future days of our republic, others who may equal him in ardent patriotism, and with qualities equally suitable to guard its interests and its safety.

EULOGY

DELIVERED AT EASTON, PA., JUNE 28, 1845,

BY

WASHINGTON M'CARTNEY, Esq.

Citizens, Soldiers, Americans:—No man liveth unto himself, and no man dieth unto himself. This is a moral law of our race, revealed by the spirit of divine truth, and felt through the world. Andrew Jackson has lived—Andrew Jackson is dead. Did he live unto himself? Did he die unto himself? The history of his country declares that he did not so live and die. The solemn dirge, whose tones have just sighed along these walls, announces that he did not so live and die. He obeyed the moral law of his race. Had he lived unto himself, and died unto himself, why these funeral weeds, these dismal symbols, these memorials of the departed one? What does a nation say of him, whom dead, we now lament? Listen to its voice,—through the valleys, and along the streams, from the western prairie to the eastern city, from the thousand waters of the Mississippi to the Atlantic border, there rises up the voice of mourning. A nation tolls the funeral bell. A nation puts on the garments of sorrow. Andrew Jackson is no more. No more? No more, did I say? Recall that phrase "no more." It grates too harshly. It harmonizes not with the religious faith that promises immortality. It accords not with the fond feelings of a nation. Faith follows the departed hero beyond the grave, at the Hermitage, and forbids us to say "He is no more." Our inward nature re-echoes to our faith. The nation's hero still lives. He belonged to a race which enjoys immortality. He lives, too, in his country's history. Though dead, he still speaketh. He speaks to a nation in his worthy deeds. He speaks from the battle-field, from the hall of state, and from the Hermitage. He has, this day, brought you together.

But what does this day's gathering say of Andrew Jackson? What says the muffled drum, the solemn music, the crape-shrouded flag? They announce that he had a place in the hearts of his

countrymen. They announce that he has been recalled to give an account of his mission to earth. They announce that he has *lived* not unto himself, and that he *died* not unto himself.

During his life, he received honours from his country, such as few men have received. Upon his grave, a nation bestows the testimonial of its sincere affection.

What *was* Andrew Jackson, and what did he *do*, that he should receive such honours while living, and when dead, should gather a nation round his tomb? What *was* he? He was the imbodiment of the true spirit of the nation in which he lived. What did he do? He put himself at the head of the great movement of the age in which he lived. This was what he was, and this was what he did. For this, a nation admired him while living, and for this, a nation pays him those cypress honours in which we this day join. Let it be our theme to show that Andrew Jackson did imbody the true spirit of his nation, that he did put himself at the head of the great movement of his age, and that because he *was* this, and *did* this, he received, and yet receives, the admiration and the honour of his countrymen. Around this theme, we might cluster the thrilling scenes of his military life, the prominent actions of his political, and the praiseworthy deeds of his domestic life. For all these enter into the description of what he *was*, and what he *did*.

We have said that Andrew Jackson imbodied the ruling spirit of his country, and entered heart and soul into the great movement of his age. Run the eye across the history of the world. You observe that there are certain cycles, or ages, or periods of time, which have their peculiar spirit, their ruling passion, their great, characterizing, distinctive movements. He, who imbodies in its greatest fulness, the spirit of such an age, and enters with most earnestness into its movements, receives the admiration of his cotemporaries. They bestow their honours upon him while living, and when dead, they embalm his memory, and inurn him in their warmest affections. And why? because they see in him their own image. Because, in him is concentrated the spirit that has burned in their own bosom. Because, in him exists, in bodily form, in living flesh and blood, the spirit that gives them life and motion. The spirit of God descended upon the Saviour of the world in the form of a dove. The spirit of an age sometimes descends to future generations in the form of a man. An individual sometimes appears, who becomes the dove-like incorporation of the spirit, that moves through vast masses of men. The admiration merited by him, and bestowed upon him, is in proportion to the nature, extent, and intensity, of that Spirit which finds its fulness of existence in him. The Redeemer of man, when upon earth, was the imbodiment of the pure spirit that moves and directs all humanity in its regenerated life. Beside him, all approaches towards the imbodiment of the

pure, life-giving spirit of the race, have been local, partial, imperfect. But in proportion as an individual concentrates within himself, the spirit which works through masses of men, and which moves, and should move them through the greatest cycle of time, in that proportion, he becomes entitled to their admiration and praise. In William Tell, the spirit of Switzerland's liberty existed in its fulness. Switzerland gazed—admired—roused itself at the twang of his bow, and still honours the hero. Luther was the typing out, in human form, of a spirit that circulated all over Europe. When the nations saw their image in him, they admired the man. Europe did him reverence. Nations gathered around him. Washington was the typing out, in living flesh and blood, of that burning spirit of liberty, that pervaded three millions of freemen. In him, it existed as in its dove-like imbodiment. Hamilton and Jefferson, became each the type and image of his party. Thousands saw in them the fulness of their own ideal of political perfection. Therefore Hamilton and Jefferson were admired But why add to the muster-roll of names, to verify the truth, so widely felt, that he who gains the admiration of a nation, must be the type, the image, the imbodied spirit of the nation. The historical heavens are full of stars—but one star differeth from another star in glory. One shines brighter than its fellows, because it has more of the matter of light within it. But all who shine as the stars of history, derive their brightness from the degree of perfection in which they imbody the spirit that pervades vast aggregations of men. Because his countrymen saw their image and spirit in Andrew Jackson, they bestowed their honour and admiration upon him. Begin then, at the lowest grade of those who receive the praise of their fellow-men. Fill up the catalogue of stars. Go from the dimmest to the brighest. Advance from the village hero, upwards, and upwards, and upwards, till you arrive at the impersonation of all human perfection. Where, on such a list, would you inscribe the name,

ANDREW JACKSON.

The position of his name upon the list of honour, will depend upon the degree of perfection in which he was the image of his fellow-republicans.

To see in what degree of perfection he imbodied the spirit of his countrymen, look at him

As a military man,

As a politician,

As a citizen.

Contemplate him first as a military man. What *was* he, and what did he *do?* A native of South Carolina, he was early engaged in the cause of his country. An Irishman, by descent, he inherited the ardent character of his race. A republican, in all his youthful feelings, the fires of the Revolution brought him into the field.

Engaged in an unsuccessful skirmish, he became prisoner in the hands of the enemy. He was then fourteen years of age.

"Black my boots," said a British officer, to the captured Jackson. "I am a prisoner of war, and entitled to be treated as such," replied Jackson, and refused. A stroke from the sword of the officer nearly terminated the life of the bold prisoner. Here was the beginning of the warrior. Here was the first exhibition of that American spirit which existed in him in a bodily form. The incident may seem a trifle; but it was connected with a great principle; for the Americans had been stigmatized as rebels during the Revolution. Captured rebels are not treated as prisoners of war. By claiming to be such a prisoner, Andrew Jackson asserted that he belonged not to a band of rebels, but to a *nation* that was warring against another nation. His country had already become the idol of his boyish heart. To assert her honour, to maintain her national character, he put his life in his hand, and took the "responsibility" of disobeying the debasing command. Here was the spirit that then pervaded revolutionary America! To maintain the national character, to assert the high and honourable motives which impelled the colonies to the war, to be and to be regarded as a nation of upright men; to accomplish this, was a desire which in those days glowed in the breast of every American—Tories and Cowboys excepted. This spirit had a complete habitation in Andrew Jackson, the "prisoner of war."

But the Revolution ended, and thirty years of peace circulated over the country. When the aggressions of Great Britain plunged us into the war of 1812, where was Andrew Jackson? What military exhibition did he then make that in him was imbodied a double portion of the spirit that fired his countrymen? Let his military actions speak. They are known to all the world—to the American world, at least; and, I might add, they are known to the British and to the Southern Indians. To him was committed the management of the war in the South-west. Placed at a distance from the seat of government, he was compelled to rely very much upon his own judgment in the conduct of his military operations. Orders written at Washington city for his direction, sometimes did not reach him until three months after their date. In this position, he was frequently compelled to risk his own reputation and honour for the safety of his country. Thus left to himself, he waged war upon the Indians of Alabama and Georgia. As an illustration of the difficulties of his position, look at the manner in which he was brought into contact with the Spanish government. Florida belonged to Spain. Florida gave shelter to the British and Indians, who prepared within its limits those expeditions that spread desolation along the South-western frontier. General Jackson remonstrated with the Spanish governor of Florida, upon this iniquitous

procedure. He demanded that the Spanish government should preserve, not only a nominal, but an actual neutrality, and put an end to such expeditions. The governor quibbled, promised, delayed, discussed the rights of neutrals, did nothing, and finally made some observations upon General Jackson's *diplomatic character.*

"I will announce my *diplomatic* character at the mouth of my cannon," replied General Jackson, and marched his army into Florida, sacked Pensacola, and destroyed the nest in which had been hatched the Indian massacres. Spain murmured, but his country approved the daring and the doing, and Spain was quiet. Here was the man—here was the general, who risked reputation and honour for the peace and prosperity of his beloved country. Here was a moral heroism that far excels the heroism of the battle-field. Here his country admired the man, because he acted from motives which they honoured, and which they felt would long preserve American republicanism.

Through all his operations against the Indians and their British instigators, he exhibited that same bold, fearless, cautious conduct, which drew forth the admiration of his country. They admired it because it was such conduct as they felt was needed in a republic in such a crisis. In all his marches and victories over the Indians, he displayed a vigilance, activity, perseverance, and daring, that have seldom been equalled—never surpassed. But it was at Orleans that he filled up the measure of his military renown. The glories of that memorable defence need no recital here. The country knows it by heart. Often as the cannon of the 8th of January awakens the recollection of the great deliverance of that proud city of the South, the American republic echoes and re-echoes the name of Andrew Jackson. But in working out this deliverance, General Jackson was compelled to take a responsibility which has seldom fallen upon the generals of the republic. In that city were congregated Spaniards, Frenchmen, Italians, adventurers, spies, traitors, villains of all grades and of all hues. To control this mass, and defend the city, General Jackson extended his camp to include Orleans, and subjected it to martial law. Here was an exercise of authority which his duty compelled him to make. But the results of the measure were immediately beneficial. Order rose out of confusion; the energies of the populace were rallied round their defender. Judges became soldiers; villains disappeared. The success of the final hour of trial adorned the brow of the hero with military laurels such as have been seldom worn. In the whole work of the defence, in its grand operations, in the hour of battle and in the hour of victory, he was everywhere the general which the republic needed at such a time. The thirtieth anniversary of this brilliant victory carried notes of rejoicing to the veteran general in the Hermitage. It announced to him that

his military character was such as a republican nation rejoiced to find in one of its generals.

It seemed to be the peculiar characteristic of the military operations of General Jackson, that they all involved the decision of most important questions in municiple or international law. We have seen the responsibility thrown upon him in his conduct of the Indian war, when he invaded Florida, and in his defence of Orleans, when he declared martial law. A similar responsibility rested upon him in the Seminole war of 1817 and 1818. In this war the old difficulty was renewed. Florida still belonged to Spain; but within its boundaries were congregated the runaway negroes of the South, the disaffected Indians, the buccaneer Spaniards, and other impracticable materials. Instigated by British adventurers, these renegades and savages waged predatory wars and massacres upon the South-western border. To General Jackson was committed the defence of this region. He remonstrated with the Spanish authorities of Florida. Again his remonstrances were unavailing. Thinking that the best way to terminate such a war was to carry our arms where our enemies were, he again invaded Florida, took St. Marks and Pensacola, hanged the British adventurers, Arburthnot and Ambrister, and put an end to the hostilities. Again his country justified his measures. Again his country said that he had done what, in all the circumstances, a general of a republic should do.

Such was the military daring and doing of General Jackson. Obedient to the call of his country, he assumed the command. Placed in circumstances of peculiar difficulty, he acted the part of an energetic and consummate general. Deciding momentous questions of national and municiple law, he maintained the honour and safety of the country, in the hours of greatest peril. He put himself in the first rank of military men. He became emphatically General Jackson. He was at the head of the military part of that American influence which has long been acting in the world. It was because in him the nation saw a proper type of its own national spirit that he merited and received the honours paid to his military conduct. Preceding, and during the war of 1812, much was said, between the political parties of our country, about foreign influence. The federalists accused the democrats of being under French influence. The democrats recriminated by charging the federalists with being under British influence. But the brilliant military career of General Jackson told that there was something more in the country than either British or French influence. The victories of Talladega, Tohopeka, of Pensacola, and of Orleans, announce pretty decidedly that there was an *American* influence on this side of the Atlantic. What part did General Jackson take in this American influence? He was its military chief.

His cannon announced his participation in it. His countrymen saw in him the fulness of that national ardour, and of that military sagacity which they felt would preserve their country against a world in arms. For this reason the nation responded to the celebrated toast of Mr. Jefferson—"Honour and gratitude to the man who has filled the measure of his country's glory."

Let us next look at Andrew Jackson as a political character. Let us see in what degree he was a proper political type and representative of the American republic. In his political career, he manifested the same devotion to his country, to its honour abroad, and to its welfare at home, which had made him so much admired in his military life. By education a lawyer, he was intimately acquainted with the origin of our government. A young man, in the days when our present constitution was ordained and established, he knew its true intent and object. Appointed attorney-general of the territory now Tennessee, he was familiar with the judicial peculiarities of our constitution. A prominent member of the convention which framed the constitution of his state, he was well acquainted with the origination and provisions and nature of our republican system. In rapid succession, a member of Congress, a senator of the United States, and a judge of the Supreme Court of Tennessee, he saw the practical operation of the national and state governments. He saw their interaction. He saw their harmonious movements, and penetrated deep into our republican organization. Brought, during his military life, into conflict with the Spanish government, he understood our national rights and foreign relations. Appointed governor of Florida, immediately after the purchase of that territory, he was placed in a position of more than ordinary civil responsibility. Clothed with undefined powers, he was entrusted with the entire executive, military, and judicial administration of that region. Nicholas of Russia never had as unlimited authority over a district as had Andrew Jackson over Florida. What did he do? Become a tyrant? Hear him:

"I am clothed," said he, "with powers which no one under a republic ought to possess, and which I trust will never again be given to any man. Nothing will give me more happiness than to learn that Congress in its wisdom shall have distributed them properly, and in such a manner as is consonant to our earliest and deepest impressions. Yet, as I hold these powers by the authority of an act of Congress, it becomes my duty to discharge the sacred trust imposed upon me according to the best of my abilities, even though the proper exercise of the powers given might involve me in heavy personal responsibilities. It has been my misfortune to be thus circumstanced in my various relations as a public servant. Yet I never have, nor never will I shrink from the discharge of my public duties from any apprehension of personal responsibility."

Spoken in the true tone of an American! Could Washington have spoken more to the republican heart? His actions conformed to his words. Here was the true republican.

Schooled by all this preliminary exercise, he was nominated to the presidency of the United States, in 1828. On this occasion, he passed through a political canvass, which, for searching inquiry and party earnestness, has seldom been equalled, and certainly never surpassed. But he was the man of the people's choice, and entered into the highest office in our republic. Twice was he called to the same exalted station, and then, like the Father of his Country, he bade farewell to the cares of office, and retired to the enjoyments of domestic life.

His administration is too recent to be correctly appreciated. Its results are not yet all developed. His policy was the constant theme of political discussion during his continuance in office. The measures of his administration can be more properly valued when time shall have healed the wounds of party. Future years alone can do full justice to the presidential life of him whose memory we this day honour. When time mellows the passions of men, and pure reason sits in judgment upon the illustrious dead, then is pronounced the historical sentence of posterity. What judgment will this posterity pass upon Andrew Jackson's presidential life? We venture the prediction that it will leave his name surrounded with the brightest radiated circlet of glory. Our faith in this approbatory decision of posterity, rests upon one single fact, and that is, that in his presidential as in his military life, he was animated by the pure spirit of republicanism. The institutions of his country were his idol. For their preservation and purity he laboured. To this labour he brought all the enthusiasm of his energetic soul. He saw in the institutions of the republic the means of developing the most excellent attributes of our nature. He viewed a republic as the only government fit for man; and he looked upon the one over which he presided as the most perfect of all republics. To preserve it, to exalt it, to render it prosperous and permanent; this was the ardent desire of his patriotic heart. This desire was his guide through the eight years of his administration. Here is the foundation of our faith. It was because this desire, this ardour, existed in him in its fulness, that we believe posterity will pronounce an approbatory judgment.

If we look at the particular acts of his administration, we find among them many of very great importance and interest. There was the subject of Internal Improvement, the charter of a National Bank, the Distribution of the Surplus Revenue, Nullification, the French Indemnity, and others. Altogether, they made up a series of measures, such as had not been exceeded in magnitude since the organization of our government. Not to enter into a detail of these

presidential measures, look at one or two of them—Nullification, and the French Indemnity, for example. What position did he occupy, when Nullification threatened a dissolution of the Union? He rallied to his support, the talent and political wisdom of all parties. It was in his own native state, that the commotion originated. The execution of the laws of the Union, threatened serious collision with South Carolina—South Carolina, the land of his birth—South Carolina, where in his boyish days, he was made "prisoner of war." Yet, what did President Jackson do? In language not to be misunderstood, he announced that the laws of the Union should be executed. He issued his proclamation, explanatory of our republican system. He requested peaceable acquiescence in the laws of the government. Perfectly comprehending the origin and nature of our republican organization, he hesitated not to declare, that nullification should hide its head. Men believed that he would be as good as his word. The wise and patriotic of the land came up to his help, and the Union was safe. Here was the man. The nation saw that his heart and soul were devoted to the preservation, and permanent greatness, of the institutions of his country. Such earnestness, such energy, such singleness of purpose, pointed him out as a man who had drunk deep of the pure water of republican life.

Look at one measure more of his administration. Our citizens had claims upon France, for spoliations of our commerce, committed many years before Jackson was chosen to the presidential chair. Careful of the interests of the people, he negotiated with the French government, a treaty of indemnity. After the treaty was ratified, the French government began to hesitate—to raise difficulties, to delay paying the money, according to stipulation. What did the president then do? Stand still and be trifled with? That would have been neither President Jackson, nor General Jackson. He demanded of the French government, direct compliance with the treaty. He put an end to French trifling, as unceremoniously as he had, in former times, put an end to Spanish trifling, in Florida. His country saw his energy. His country approved his decisive tone. France paid the cash, and the trouble ended. Here again, was conduct, such as flows from bold, and fearless, and incorrupt patriotism. The nation saw again the man, and felt that he was a man after their own heart. In him, they saw the predominance of that republican spirit which fired their own souls. A similar energy and devotion to the permanent greatness of his country, characterized the other acts of his administration. Who will say, that the judgment of posterity will not harmonize with the sentence of approbation, which, by your presence here, you have this day pronounced? Who will say that such a man lived unto himself?

Look, finally, at Andrew Jackson as a citizen. What is he there?

A republican indeed. Liberally educated, he understood his duties in all his relations. As a citizen, he had a high reverence for the laws of his country. He inculcated, by precept and example, a due obedience to them. Look at him at New Orleans, after the battle was ended. The enemy had departed. The country was safe. Millions were rejoicing. He was the hero. In this hour of triumph, he was brought by a civil process before a court, to answer for alleged violations of municipal law, during his defence of the city. He appeared. The citizens gathered into the court-room. The judge announced, that he had violated the laws of the land. The crowd murmured. The judge hesitated; feared to pronounce his sentence. "Fear not," said the general, "fear not, your honour, the same arm which repelled the invasions of the enemy, will protect the deliberations of this court." He waved his hand, and the multitude, like the mountain warriors of Roderick Dhu, obeyed the signal. Here was submission to a penalty, out of reverence for law and order. Here was the genuine republican citizen. Fearless and bold in the field, he paid his respects to the majesty of the laws of his country. Soldiers! imitate Andrew Jackson in the field, and Andrew Jackson in the court-room at Orleans, and our republic will endure

"Till suns shall set, and rise no more."

But why multiply examples, confirmatory of the truth, that Andrew Jackson was, in private life, a very proper man, a pure republican citizen. By a pure republican citizen, I mean a man imbued with a spirit that harmonizes with republican institutions, which works in them, which sustains, and which would sustain them, through all generations of men. That Andrew Jackson was such a citizen, is shown by the doings of his life. Such was the soldier, the statesman, and the citizen, who has been gathered to his fathers.

In what age did he live? For half a century he mingled in the affairs of the world. And where, in all the records of all history, is to be found a half century in which the human race made mightier movements. In this half century occurred the formation and dissolution of European republics, the frightful commotions which carried the eagles of France all over the continent, the attempts at democratic government, the attempts at imperial government, and the triumph of our republican system. Through this living, moving, half century, lived Andrew Jackson. How much of its life, how much of its real spirit found a home in his bosom? Let the honours freely bestowed by an admiring people answer. Such honours spontaneously given point to an excellence that has a monument more durable than brass. The Persians, for successive generations, adored the very name of their conquered Alexander

the Great. What does that signify? It points unerringly to him as a man possessing excellencies of great estimation in the eyes of a Persian. The French continue to revere the very name of Napoleon. What does that signify? It points unerringly to him as the imbodiment of certain excellencies highly valued through the French nation. We likewise honoured the father of his country while living. When dead the whole country is his monument. What does that signify? It points to him as a man who entered with all his talents, and soul, and heart, into the great movement with which America moved. In like manner, the national honours paid to Andrew Jackson, point him out as a man who lived and moved, and had his being under the influence of that spirit which pervaded his beloved country. What was the great peculiar movement in human affairs which marked the age in which he lived? The movement was towards the building up of republicanism in government. Our own country was the place where this movement produced its most permanent results. Kings had tried to plant and govern colonies in North America, but they failed in the attempt. Great corporations had tried to plant and govern colonies in North America; they too failed. Feudal nobles had tried to plant and govern colonies in North America; they too failed. The people, the masses, then came up to the work, and North America became the home of republican institutions. When Andrew Jackson was born, in 1767, this movement of the masses was here already begun. The whole country, like old ocean, moved in its lowest bed in the cause of free, democratic political organization.

This cause succeeded here. Republicanism became ingrained into the very staple and essence of our political being. It became inwrought into the whole frame-work of our national organization. The picture on the shield of Minerva was so deeply engraved that it could not be erased without destroying the shield itself. Republicanism has been so inwrought into our political and social system that it could not be plucked out without tearing to pieces the system itself. To preserve, defend, perfect, and perpetuate these republican institutions, has, from the nation's birth-day to the present hour, been the great work of North America. His share in this work crowned Andrew Jackson with all his laurels.

It would be idle to seek elsewhere for his title to a country's gratitude and praise. Other qualities, some good, others blameworthy, he possessed in common with mankind. For these his country sits not in judgment upon him. Let it not, however, be supposed that his merit is lessened by representing that it springs alone from his protection and promotion of republican institutions. For grant that the human race is advancing to a higher perfection of its nature. The establishment of democratic government, we believe to be one of the system of agencies by which the energies

and talents of the race are to be more fully developed. It is a means of moral discipline. Andrew Jackson, therefore, by his devotion to republican institutions, was devoted to the advancement and moral elevation of mankind.

The body of the statesman and hero has been consigned

> ———— "To the dust,
> His good sword to rust,
> His soul is with the saints, we trust."

The heart loves to sympathise with such a man in all that relates to him. In his pleasant abode at the Hermitage he enjoyed the tranquillity of domestic life. Among neighbours he was a most neighbourly man. To all who visited him he was a most hospitable man.

In the latter part of his life he connected himself with the Presbyterian church in his vicinity, and acknowledged, by profession and practice, the power of religion. He seemed in the evening of life to open his eyes on more magnificent visions. He looked upon the republican institutions of his country, and saw in them not the *end* nor the highest good of man. He saw in them the *means* of more fully developing the intellectual and moral life of humanity. He saw in them the *means* of a higher civilization, and looking farther on he saw this higher civilization linking in with christianity, and becoming animated with the pure life of the gospel. He seemed to see what the individual and the race would become if all would drink of the pure river of the water of life, which flows from the throne of God and of the Lamb. He fixed the eye of faith upon the Redeemer of the World, looked forward to a purer state of being, and troubled not himself about the *theological* discovery of 1844, that there is no resurrection of the body. But full of faith, full of heavenly hope, conscious that he had lived not unto himself, he closed his eyes on the Lord's day, June the 8th, 1845. He retired like one who, having, laboured through a long toilsome day, when evening comes,

> ———— "Wraps the drapery of his couch
> About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

EULOGY

DELIVERED AT NATCHEZ, MISS., JULY 12, 1845,

BY

Dr. SAMUEL A. CARTWRIGHT.

The ends of living having been fulfilled, our beloved Andrew Jackson, on the 8th of June last, closed his earthly career. No age will come so ignorant or unjust as not to see and own his efficient agency in promoting the honour and glory of his country. "No age will come when he will appear less than he is in the history of America."

Born on the 15th of March, 1767, in Waxhaw Settlement, South Carolina, at the early age of thirteen, he took a part in the Revolutionary war. His life affords proof that it was a gift of Providence, being miraculously preserved until the great object of living had ceased. His death also affords a strong proof that Providence smiles on our country's benefactors. Washington and Jackson, living together in the pages of American history and in the hearts of their countrymen, are not separated in time and in eternity. To their country they live, and live for ever. Dying, they have both left the world a light. Bright examples of Christianity, united with the greatest heroism and patriotism.

Most sensibly do I feel every way unqualified to do justice, on the present occasion, to the memory of our glorious Jackson, save only in a strong and abiding love and admiration for his character; and having treasured up his noble deeds in my memory, impressed there as their recital came warm from the hearts of some of his nearest and dearest friends. Should I dwell on those actions and achievements, which are well known to all the world, I would only be a lame imitator of what a thousand presses and a thousand orators have already proclaimed in strains far surpassing any thing I could hope to reach. Rather let it be my humbler task to call to mind those occurrences in the great hero's life which more particularly connected him with the people of Mississippi.

Natchez, and Adams county, was the theatre of a most remarkable event in General Jackson's life, worthy of particular study and remembrance in all time to come. In the year 1812, after the disasters on the Canada frontier, General Jackson hoisted the standard of liberty in his own neighbourhood, and soon had twenty-five hundred brave fellows around it. He wrote to the secretary of war, that he and his troops, were at the service of the government, and "were ready to go where duty and danger called them." The secretary ordered him to Natchez. On the 7th of January, 1813, they left Nashville in flat-boats, breaking their way through the ice, in the Cumberland, and the Ohio, and soon arrived in Natchez. He pitched his camp in this vicinity, four miles distant, on what is now Mr. M'Cullough's plantation. Here, while occupied in disciplining and drilling his troops, he received orders to disband them, and deliver every article of public property to General Wilkinson, of the regular service. He refused to obey the order, because he could not obey it without violating a higher authority, than any that mortal man can give—his moral obligations. He had pledged the faith and honour of a soldier, to his men, to their mothers, and to their wives, before he took them from home, that he would act as a father towards them, and would see them all safely back, that did not gloriously fall in the service of their country. To leave one hundred and fifty of his men on the sick list, fifty-six not able to raise their heads, and the balance of his troops, without money, or means to defray their expenses home, thus forcing them to enlist in the regular service against their will, would, he thought, be a moral delinquency on his part, which nothing could excuse.

Wilkinson tried to terrify him, and turn him from his purpose, by admonishing him of the "awful and dangerous responsibility of an officer refusing to obey the orders of his superior." But Andrew Jackson was thinking of the duty he owed to his troops, not of any personal consequences to himself. He had never been in military service before. To begin his military career, by refusing to obey the orders of the secretary of war, would, he knew, be a death-blow to his ambition, as an officer under the government; but he was more ambitious of fulfilling his promise, and keeping his word, than of trying to ingratiate himself into the good opinion of the government. Hence, in the outset of life as a military man, he fearlessly met the frowns of Wilkinson and the secretary of war, for the peace of an approving conscience. He told Wilkinson that he "had promised to take the troops back, and back he would take them, and abide the consequences." He also threatened to drum any recruiting officer out of his camp, who should come among his men to decoy any of them into the regular service, until he got them home. He was their protector, and he would not let

them be forced by their necessities to enlist. The quarter-master refused the necessary supply of wagons, to transport the sick. General Jackson gave up his own horses to them, borrowed on his own account, five thousand dollars, of a merchant in Natchez, to defray the expenses of the troops, and went on foot with the common soldier, through the wilderness to Nashville. Arrived there, he wrote to the secretary of war, that, although he had refused to obey his orders, to disband his army at Natchez, it was not from any disposition on his part to be disobedient to the higher authority; that he considered such obedience most binding, in all cases not plainly and palpably conflicting with higher, and more sacred duties, as his late order did; but that, if he would order him to Canada, he promised, not only to obey the order cheerfully, but to try and plant the banner of his country, on the British forts at Malden.

Fortunately, for us of the South, the secretary did not accept of his services. General Jackson's conduct here, in 1813, if well studied, gives the key to his whole character. What he believed to be his first duty, he would always perform, regardless of personal consequences to himself. As it was his first duty to protect the young men entrusted to his charge, and to see them safely home, so likewise, when entrusted with the defence of this south-western country, his first duty, in his estimation, was to protect the inhabitants from the enemy. He did not believe that he was sent here to quibble, argue, or discuss, mooted points of constitutional law, or the law of nations, but to save New Orleans from seizure by the enemy, and the inhabitants from a brutal soldiery. To defend the country, was his first duty, and if, in the discharge of this high duty, he should do anything, not warranted by the constitution, or in violation of the laws, he stood ready to pay the penalty. What though Andrew Jackson suffers, is fined, or imprisoned, provided he drives back the British invaders, and rescues the women and children of the Mississippi territory, from Britain's savage ally, of the tomahawk and scalping-knife. Love of country filled his whole heart, and in bending all his energies to the defence of the people, who looked to him for protection, he seems never to have thought of Andrew Jackson. Self, and all considerations connected with self, were banished from his bosom, and his country, one, and indivisible, filled and swelled his whole soul. Acting on the principle, that he belonged to his country, and should freely risk health, fame, fortune, life, everything, in its defence, induced many persons to misunderstand the man, and to suppose, that he was acting on the principle of Cæsar, Napoleon, and other tyrants—as if the country belonged to him, and not he to the country. His submission, however, to the civil authority, when all danger was over, and his bowing, in meekness, to the decision of Judge Hall, and

cheerfully paying the fine, imposed upon him for alleged violation of law, is the best proof in the world, that he was not a tyrant, come to destroy liberty, but a whole souled-patriot, come to defend it, and ready, if need be, like a martyr, to suffer in its cause. He was patriotism personified.

One among the many instances wherein his countrymen have not been unanimous in doing justice to General Jackson's character and services, his invasion of Florida, and taking of Pensacola, in 1814, stands conspicuous. Mr. Adams has given an elaborate defence of his conduct on that occasion. Nevertheless, it is still viewed by a respectable minority as an unwarrantable stretch of power, and as a dangerous example—more especially as General Jackson wrote to the government, asking for permission, and the government did not choose to reply. As nearly a tenth of his whole army, on that occasion, was composed of Mississippians, a portion of whom are still living, and present in this vast assemblage, here congregated in honour of his memory, it may not be unappropriate to call to mind a few of the facts and circumstances, in justification of the invasion, in addition to those adduced by Mr. Adams, while the witnesses are still living to substantiate them. General Jackson had authority to invade Florida, at least on authority which no Mississippian can gainsay. It was written in the blood of Mississippi, of her women and children, and more particularly, in that of a gallant officer of this our city of Natchez.

General Jackson had frequently complained to the governor of Pensacola, by repeated letters and special messengers, of his violation of the laws of nations, for permitting that town to be used as a rallying point of the enemies of the United States, both British and Indians. One of the messengers whom he had sent to Pensacola, Captain Gordon, a most gallant officer, reported that he saw in Pensacola and its vicinity, one hundred and fifty British officers, a park of artillery, and about five hundred Indians, dressed in British uniform, and under drill by British officers, and that the incendiary, Colonel Nichols, had taken up his quarters at the governor's. But to make assurance doubly sure, our townsman, Lieutenant Murry, of the Adams County Guards, with twenty-five men, was sent to reconnoitre Pensacola and the Barrancas, to report the truth of the matter. They saw seven British armed vessels in the bay, and the British Jack hoisted by the side of the Spanish flag, on the walls of the Barrancas. Returning, within three miles of Pensacola an Indian warrior started up, threw up his hands in token of peace, but soon picked an opportunity, and gave Lieutenant Murry a mortal wound. The report of the Indian's rifle was answered from the fort and the town, and the detachment had to hasten onwards to avoid capture. The desperate savage, who, like the rest of the Creeks, had been inflamed to madness, by such incendiaries

as Nichols and Woodbine, was despatched on the spot, and Lieutenant Murry was put on horseback, and the troop proceeded. It had gone but a short distance, when it was perceived that the lieutenant was dead. In full hearing of the whoops, yells, and firing, indicating a pursuit, the troop halted at a little hole in the earth, or ravine, and laid the body of our townsman therein, "with his martial cloak around him;" a little earth and leaves were hastily thrown over his remains, our worthy fellow-citizen, Mr. Robert Dunbar, assisting in the mournful obsequies, and speedily they pushed forward to the American camp.

Arrived there, as soon as General Jackson found that the detachment had lost its leader, and heard the circumstances of his death, how he was treacherously murdered on the neutral territory by a desperate savage, and that hundreds of such savages were fed and fostered by the Spanish authorities, and drilled and armed by British officers, "he gave orders to march on Pensacola." In a few days thereafter he was before the city—when our gallant army came to the line, separating the United States from Florida, it did not stop to chatter about constitutional law, nor to demand of their general his authority for crossing. They all saw his authority. It was written in letters of blood, and the fresh blood of a fellow-soldier, shed on the neutral territory, was crying from the ground for vengeance. "When we came within a mile," says General Jackson, in one of his despatches, "we were in full view. Never was my pride more heightened, than in viewing the uniform firmness of my troops, and with that undaunted courage they advanced, with a strong fort ready to assail them on the right, and seven British armed vessels on the left, strong block-houses and batteries of cannon on their front, but with unshaken firmness they entered the town." They stormed the batteries at the point of the bayonet, soon had possession of the place, and the governor suing for mercy at their feet. General Jackson required a surrender of the forts. The governor promised to surrender them, if a force were displayed before them. The Mississippi Dragoons were ordered to display before one of the forts, and the treacherous garrison fired on them. The cannon was then ordered up and pointed at the fort, and it surrendered. General Jackson, under the rules of war, might have put the garrison to the sword, but he was a tender-hearted and humane man, whenever his country's interest did not require him to be hard-hearted and severe.

In the mean time the British vessels in the bay were annoying our army with their guns, anchored off, as they supposed, in safety from the American fire. But to their great astonishment they saw two pieces of heavy cannon move down upon the beach, where open, exposed, and uncovered, Lieutenant McCall gave them a fire so brisk and well aimed, as soon to drive the flotilla off.

As yet, the Barrancas and the adjacent fortresses, ten or fifteen miles west of Pensacola, were in the possesssion of the British. General Jackson had got everything ready to take the Barrancas by storm. But the British blew up the forts and retreated from the bay. Their Indian allies, being abandoned, fled to the Appalachicola. Major Blue was sent to pursue them, and to break up a depot of supplies the enemy had provided for them there.

Two days after entering Pensacola, General Jackson restored it to Governor Manrequez, and withdrew his troops, informing the governor that he held himself responsible for any injury that the public or private property of the Spaniards had sustained by the American troops. The Spaniards lost the Barrancas and the adjacent fortress, by their friends, the British, who also took with them three or four hundred of the Spaniard's negroes; but they lost not a cent's worth of property by the Americans. The British, mistaking General Jackson's character, and supposing him to be a lawless invader, coming not only to seize, but to hold the province, determined to deprive him of the Barrancas, and the neighbouring fortresses, and hence blew them up. They thus unconsciously played into the hands of General Jackson, from ignorance of his character. The British, in blowing up the forts of a neutral power, themselves violated the laws of nations, gained the ill will of their late friends, the Spaniards, deprived themselves and their savage allies of protection and shelter in Florida, and thus accomplished every object, that General Jackson had in view, by the very means used to counteract his supposed designs. The blows levelled against the ideal tyrant, were only so many blows to assist the real patriot.

One of the principal reasons why General Jackson was never conquered in the field, and no matter what the odds against him, never lost a battle, and never failed, as a statesman, to carry out every measure he recommended, was owing to his opponents misunderstanding him, and directing all their energies against an imaginary personage, while he, with bosom bare, and eye fixed on God and his country, was approaching his object, unharmed by the blows which fell thick and heavy on some imaginary character that had been mistaken for him. Thus, at Emuckfaw, the Indians, mistaking the character of the man they had to deal with, planned an attack against a sleepy-headed general, ignorant of the woods, and unconscious of danger, intending to surprise him in the night, and utterly exterminate his little army. But he seized hold of the very means, which he foresaw that the enemy were about to use against him, and gained a glorious victory.

With a little army of raw recruits, wearied with long marches, with nothing but parched corn to eat, General Jackson found himself surrounded by nearly the whole nation of Creek Indians, lying in three bodies near the Emuckfaw Creek. So far from retreating,

he boldly encamped for the night, and lit up fires, as if he apprehended no danger; the Indians supposing that they would have nothing to do but to surprise him and cut off his men by the light of their own fires, while they stood securely in the dark. A little before day, they made the attack, but instead of surprising General Jackson, he surprised them by a well-aimed and most destructive fire. To their utter astonishment, General Jackson had, on this great emergency, used darkness as a mantle to cover his men from their view, and had, at the same time, made a circle of light outside of his camp to expose the enemy. All this he effected by camp-fires, built just far enough beyond the hollow square, on which he formed his little army, as to compel the Indians, as soon as they got in good rifle range, to come within the circle of light, where blinking, they could see nothing, while the lurid glare of light encircling the camp exposed their bodies, like so many red targets, to the American rifle from the dark circle within, where stood the great hero and his little band, with the imponderable elements of light and darkness pressed into his service to make him equal to the enemy.

When morning came, so many hundreds of the bravest Indian warriors had fallen, that the hero was enabled to maintain his ground against the remainder. They, however, fought him nearly the whole day, and two days afterwards they came very near defeating him, owing to a panic that seized the troops on being attacked while crossing Ennotochopco Creek. A few men alone stood firm. Carroll was left with only twenty men. Armstrong, of the artillery, had fallen, badly wounded. Captain Quarles, Bird, Evans, and Captain Hamilton lay dead at his side. Hamilton's father and his two sons, Russell, of the spies, and his three sons, the venerable Judge Cocke, of Columbus, and some few young men, maintained the fight around the cannon, until General Jackson could form his panic-stricken army, recross the creek, and come to their aid. The gallant Coffee, though wounded through the body two days before, sprang from the litter on which he was carried, mounted his horse, and assisted greatly in restoring order —General Jackson pointing at General Coffee and telling his men "We'll whip them, the dead have risen and come to our aid." Armstrong, though wounded, and supposed to be dead, called out from the heaps of dead bodies around him—"*Save the gun.*" This is the individual to whom General Jackson left his sword.

The English, as well as some of our own countrymen, are very prone to attribute too much to cotton bales, in making General Jackson a great man, and enabling him to triumph over the veteran soldiers of Wellington. Still they confess that they cannot understand why troops, that in Spain scaled forts and ramparts of solid rock forty feet high, strongly garrisoned and mounted with heavy

guns, should not have been able to leap over a breastwork of a few cotton bales at New Orleans. If they will read the light and darkness battle at Emuckfaw, and the battle of Ennotochopco, Talledega, Talleshatche, and the Horseshoe, they will understand it. At all those places, General Jackson met and subdued an enemy, native born sons of the American forest, so brave, desperate, and ferocious, that his subsequent battles with the British were only play in comparison to his hard fighting with desperate and well-armed savages in their own wilderness.

It is too common to look upon his Indian battles as mere skirmishes in comparison to the great battle of New Orleans, on the 8th of January. Yet, at the Horseshoe, about as many Indian warriors were killed as British soldiers on the 8th of January. The Indians were also strongly fortified, were well armed, and fought more desperately than any British soldiers ever did. Let it also be remembered, that on the 23d of December, there were no cotton bales between the few regulars, militia, and volunteers, under General Jackson, and the flower of Wellington's troops; so far from it, several times during the battle, in open field, the British troops, though superior in numbers, retreated behind ditches and fences for shelter, and were as many times driven from their position by the Americans charging them in their fastnesses, until they made the boastful conquerors of Europe give ground about a mile.

Are these things so? There are some in this assembly who know that they are so. One in particular is here* present, who defended the American artillery, at the battle of the 23d December, in open field, against, I think, no less than three several charges made against it by the veritable wall-scalers, the pride and boast of the British army. The remnant of the Natchez and Adams county soldiers is here, whose gallantry at New Orleans on the 8th, in promptly crossing the river to meet the forces that were in pursuit of Morgan, won for them the appellative of "honourable and conspicuous."† A portion of the remnant of the Mississippi dragoons are here, whom General Jackson, on the plains of New Orleans, pronounced to be "*the glory of one army and the admiration of the other.*" (See Niles's Register, vol. vii. p. 404.) One at least of those brave tars is here,‡ who fought on the 8th of January, under Commodore Patterson, as gallantly at New Orleans as he had before done under Decatur, at Tripoli. But, alas! I see none of Lieutenant Jones's men here, who with five boats against forty-three, and one hundred and eighty-two men against twelve hundred, twice repulsed the enemy, in Lake Borgne, in attempting to board; with immense destruction sunk two of his boats, one of them car-

* Col. H. Chotard.
† Letter of General Jackson to Colonel J. C. Wilkins, their captain.
‡ Captain J. B. Nevitt, of the American tars.

rying down one hundred and eighty of the enemy, and never surrendered, until their officers were cut down and themselves overpowered by superior numbers — thus preserving unsullied the American flag on the sea.

It is not to inflate national vanity or to swell a light and empty feeling of self-importance in our people, that I call to mind those noble exploits of by-gone times. The hero under whose eye and direction they were performed is no more; and we are here assembled, with a small remnant of his gallant army amongst us. The frosts of thirty winters have whitened their locks since those exploits, cooling ambition and the fire of youth. They are not before the public for any office. My object is not to flatter them, though they deserve all praise; nor is it to draw an invidious distinction between the older settlements and the newly-settled portions of Mississippi. It is well known that a large portion of General Jackson's Tennessee riflemen have found happy homes in that portion of Mississippi lately acquired from the Indians; and there is not a state in the Union, not even Tennessee, which has a larger proportion of his old soldiers in it than our state of Mississippi. Allusion, therefore, has been made to their noble deeds, to induce the present and rising generation, as well as all emigrants to our state, come from what quarter they may, to look back upon our veterans and their noble chief for lights and examples in all questions touching the well-earned glory, honour, and fame of Mississippi in particular and the United States in general.

America is bound up in fortune and fate with the great interests of free government, religious toleration, common-school instruction, and in every thing tending to the universal diffusion of knowledge, liberty, and happiness among the masses of the people. We have heard the immortal words of our great chief, "*Extend the area of freedom.*" To carry out that design, we must cherish the virtues and principles of our fathers. The diffusion of knowledge, the cultivation of the moral virtues, encouragement to the industry of our mechanics, manufacturers, artisans, and those engaged in commerce and agriculture, and the maintenance of an unsullied reputation before the world, will, if we look back upon the whole life of him whose memory we this day celebrate, be found no less essential, in his estimation, in the great work of "extending the area of freedom," than our late territorial acquisitions.

It is good to look back occasionally to see what we were and to see how much has been done for us, that we may the better understand what it becomes us to do. In 1813, no American freemen were residing in the South-west, except a few living in little scollops cut out of an immense wilderness filled with hostile savages. Our whole numbers, put together in all the country now composing the three states of Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana, did not

amount, according to the census of 1810, to as many as 150,000 souls, nearly half of whom were negroes. Adams county alone contained one-seventh part of the whole population of the territory now constituting the states of Alabama and Mississippi. The population of Louisiana was but 76,000. The whole country south of Kentucky and the Carolinas, from the Atlantic on the east to the western limits of Louisiana and to the Gulf of Mexico and the American boundary line south, did not contain as many inhabitants, including Georgia, as Georgia alone now contains. It now contains more than the whole United States in the days of the Revolution.

Georgia was one of the original thirteen states, and ceded the territory now constituting Alabama and Mississippi, on condition that the United States would remove the Indians from beyond her present limits. It was not until General Jackson's administration, that the United States fulfilled its stipulations with Georgia. The fairest and largest portion of that state remained a savage wilderness from the days of the Revolution to late in General Jackson's presidential term. A large part of Tennessee and a good portion of Kentucky, nearly the whole of Alabama, and more than three-fourths of Mississippi, in 1813, was occupied by Indians, most of whom were bitterly hostile, and continued to be thus occupied until General Jackson came into power.

In 1813, our country was engaged in war with the most formidable power of Europe—a power which had not only excited the savages on our northern border to raise the tomahawk against us, but had sent missionary fire-brands, Tecumseh, Colonel Nichols, Woodbine, and others, to inflame our southern Indians to hostility, and even to stir up our negroes.

Late in the year 1813, the Indians began their massacres in good earnest. All along the Tennessee line, and the Georgia frontier, we began to hear of families butchered by the Indians, the men shot down, and children butchered, and torn to pieces with dogs, in view of their mothers. Even on Duck River, scarcely a day's ride from Nashville, such scenes are heard of. At length, about the 1st of September, 1813, three huudred of our Mississippians, including men, women, and children, were butchered and burnt at Fort Mims—the Indians dancing around the houses on fire, and with savage joy, beholding our men dead in the basement, and the women and children, in the upper story, encircled in the lambent flames—the very Indians whom we had, for twenty years or more, been trying, at great expense, to civilize and christianize.

There was then living on the banks of the Cumberland, an individual whom the world knew not of. He had lately been unfortunate in mercantile business, sold his plantation, paid his debts, and built a cabin in sight of the plantation sold, and went to work to

retrieve his fortune—setting an example of industry, method, and economy, worthy to be followed by all agriculturists. He wielded the axe, guided the plough, and made, with his own hands, the most of his farming utensils—as nature had made him a mechanic, besides making him a statesman and soldier.

But what brought him to the Cumberland. He visited the place, for the first time, in 1789, while the people were living in stations, to avoid the Indians, the chief station being where Nashville now is. He found, among the good and honest people there, a club of lawless characters, who had combined together to put down law, and order, and evade the payment of their just debts. For this purpose, they had got the resident lawyer in their interest, and the creditors had no one to appear for them.

They engaged the young Jonesborough lawyer to undertake their cause. The club of desperadoes, finding that he was not deterred from the undertaking by their threats of vengeance, taunted him with being a non-resident, coming among them only as an itinerant, under the protection of the courts. That taunt, it is said, was the true cause of his leaving Jonesborough, and settling at the Nashville station. The lawless characters pitched their bullies against him, yet he maintained his ground against the whole of them. Washington, the very next year after his removal to Nashville, appointed him United States attorney, for the whole district south of the Ohio. How far, the stand he took in favour of law, induced Washington to give him the preference over the older lawyers of the district, history is silent. At length, having made a fortune, he retired to a farm, ten miles from Nashville, abandoned the law, and commenced farming and merchandising. Failing in the latter, he sold his farm, paid his debts, and built him a log-cabin on the Cumberland, and by economy and industry, had again, by the year 1813, accumulated a comfortable independence.

On this farm, he was residing, when news of the massacre of the people of the Mississippi territory, by the Creek Indians, at Fort Mims, reached him. He raised his eyes to Heaven, as if in prayer, and in his own strong language, said, "Let them repent it in bitterness and tears. Let the torch, which they have lighted, blaze in the heart of their own country." He, forthwith, appealed to the patriotism of his country, and soon found himself at the head of an army, bending his footsteps towards the Mississippi territory, without money, provisions, or camp equipage.

In the meantime, the people of the Mississippi territory were in utter consternation, the few inhabitants, in what are now our seashore counties, had fled to the islands in the Gulf of Mexico. The settlers on the Tombigbee, and Alabama, sought refuge in Mobile, and did not consider themselves safe there. Our eastern counties, poured in their population upon Natchez, and Adams county,

coming here, as they supposed, to make their last stand against the numerous hordes of Indians of the wide world of wilderness around. They breathed a little freer, on hearing that the Indians thought there was not blood enough in Natchez, and Adams county, to satisfy their thirst, that they wanted to drink deep and full, in the more populous settlements in Tennessee, and were on their way there, intending to give us a call on their return.

At length, in Marschalk's little newspaper, the only one in the territory for a long time, a despatch appeared, dated November 4th, 1813, a little more than two months after the massacre at Fort Mims. It began thus:—"*We have retaliated for the destruction of Fort Mims; one hundred and eighty-six of the enemy are dead on the field, and about eighty taken prisoners.*" At the bottom of the despatch, was a name, then unknown to fame, it was the name of ANDREW JACKSON, his first introduction to the American people as a soldier. While the people are wondering, if it were possible that such good news could be true, and if this was the man who had disobeyed orders at Natchez, another despatch arrived, containing the particulars of the great battle of Talladega, fought a week afterwards, giving the glorious news that two hundred and ninety of the murderers of our citizens, at Fort Mims, were left dead on the field—signed ANDREW JACKSON, his second appearance before the American people. But then the bad news arrives, that General Jackson is starving in the wilderness, deserted by his men, and he, and they, are on their way home, eating acorns, for the want of food.

Two months afterwards, he again introduces himself to the public, the third time at the head of a new army, by a despatch, containing an account of the three great battles fought at the Emuckfaw, the hardest he ever fought. Again, he is forced to retire from the enemy's country, for the want of supplies, and troops refusing to serve longer. Yet, in less than two months more, he is again in the heart of the enemy's country, with a newly raised army, and fights the battle of the Horseshoe, or Tohopeka, killing eight hundred warriors, and ends the war, as far as the Indians are concerned. This battle was fought the latter part of March, 1814.

We next find him at Mobile, repairs Fort Boyer, which had been abandoned, putting a garrison in it, under Major Lawrence, who beat off ten times the number of British and Indians, who attacked the fort in September, by sea and by land; then at Pensacola, and on the 1st of December, 1814, arrives, for the first time, in New Orleans, where he wound up the war in a blaze of glory, and immortalized his name.

General Jackson was not, as some suppose, a bigoted party man, driving principles to extremes, for the sake of the principle, regardless of its effects upon the country. He looked upon principles, as

upon all human things, as finite, as having a terminus, like mountain ridges, affording good, firm roads, for a greater or less distance, but ending in precipices, or morasses, if pursued too far. When on principle, he pursued it with ardour; his driving was like that of Jehu; it was furiously. If he went farther than some men would think prudent, yet he knew when, and where, to stop in safety. If he thought the safety of his country required it, he would press the principles of either political party into his service. Thus, when he believed that his native state had misunderstood, or was pushing Jefferson's principles too far, he did not scruple to throw all his weight on the opposite, or Hamiltonian principle. But before doing so, he recommended, in his message, that measures be taken to remove the grievances complained of. On the great tariff question, he stood between the two extremes, with the word "JUDICIOUS," inscribed on his flag; not so little as to make us dependent on Europe, yet not so great as to foster oppressive monopolies.

His letters to President Monroe did much to soften the asperity of party feeling, which, in the war, a short time before, had run so high as to make some men forget that they had a country to defend. His country, his whole country, and nothing but his country, was the corner-stone of Jackson's political creed. Unlike Robespierre, who, in the French assembly, cried out, "Perish France, and the colonies, but save the principle, or the party;" General Jackson would have exclaimed, "Perish principle, perish party, but save the country." "*The Union must be preserved*," not that the principle must be preserved, whether Jefferson's, or anybody else's, but "*The Union must be preserved.*" General Jackson seems to have viewed principles and systems, in the same light that Hippocrates, the father of physicians, viewed them in medicine. This or that principle, system, or theory, to be acted on, according to the circumstances of the case. The heating, the cooling, the let alone, or the forcing; anything, to save the patient. Pushing principles to the extremes, for the sake of the principle, regardless of its effects, is what ruined the French republic. Bolivar, in trying to be a greater patriot, and more of a republican, than Washington, ruined his country. He pushed the principles of liberty so far, as to apply it to the negroes of Colombia. Where is Colombia? Torn to pieces by factions, growing out of loose or fanatical notions of liberty. Liberty, consistent with subordination, order, law, human happiness, and human improvement, seems to have been the kind of liberty, and the only kind of liberty, that Andrew Jackson, and, in fact, all of our Revolutionary fathers, cared for, fought for, or wished to establish.

If he should be called a benefactor of mankind, who can make two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, what are

we to think of our glorious Jackson? Answer, ye two millions of happy people, who have made the wilderness in Georgia, Tennessee, Alabama, and Mississippi, so lately the abode of ferocious savages, blossom as the rose. Ye, of the older settlements in Georgia, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Florida, and Louisiana, what think you of the man whose policy has put two millions (a number about equal to the whole population of the United States, in 1776) of friends and defenders in that very wilderness around you, so lately filled with discontented savages, ready to fall upon you with the tomahawk at the instigation of incendiaries, or whenever they found you pressed by an enemy? You are thankful, you are grateful for the peace and security which Andrew Jackson has been instrumental in giving you, beyond what tongue can tell. As we pass away, others will come to honour the memory, and bless the name of Andrew Jackson. The two millions, now in the territory he so lately acquired from the Indians, will ere long become four millions. As time rolls on, each generation will bring with it increasing millions to swell the throng of Andrew Jackson's admirers, and to gaze on his star in the galaxy of American patriots, the brightest of all save one, our glorious Washington. Ere long, innumerable multitudes, towards the setting sun, will rise up to thank him who brought them into the fold of the American Union, and as they pass away, others more numerous will come to lisp his praise, and to vie with the other patriots of this great empire of republican freemen, in honouring the name of him whose memory we this day celebrate.

In New Orleans General Jackson won a large portion of his worldly fame, by gaining a victory over the conquerors of Europe and Napoleon; but here in Natchez, fifty-four years ago, a kind Providence, that we blind mortals saw not, gave him a pilot in pious woman's form, who showed him the way to gain the victory over self, to conquer death, and he won a place in Heaven.

EULOGY

DELIVERED AT LANCASTER, OHIO, JULY 12, 1845,

BY

WILLIAM IRVIN, Esq.

My Fellow-Citizens:—By the Providence of God, a grateful people are called upon to pay the last sad tributes of respect to one of its greatest benefactors. Andrew Jackson, the hero, the patriot, and the sage, is no more. He has gone down to the tomb, full of years and full of honours. How deeply enshrined he is in the hearts of his countrymen, let the tributes that are now being paid by a nation to his memory express. When we cease to feel gratitude to those great men, who, by their courage in the field, and wisdom in council, won for, and secured to us, the liberties we possess, and the glorious institutions we now enjoy, then, indeed, will we be unworthy of the name of freemen—unworthy of the blessings conferred on us by our brave sires, and purchased by their blood and treasure. Andrew Jackson was a patriot. Deep and unfathomable was the love he bore for America, the land of his birth. From early boyhood to green old age, he bore his life in his hand, ever ready to offer it as a sacrifice on the altar of his country. How proud ought we to be, both of the institutions which gave birth to such deep love, and of the man. Sparta has long ceased to exist; but so long as time endures, will the love of country, that prompted Leonidas and his brave compatriots, to offer themselves as living sacrifices for the country's safety, be cherished and remembered in the hearts of men. The love which Leonidas bore for Sparta, was not greater than that which Jackson bore for America. He, in whose breast there is a spark of patriotic fire, will feel a pleasure and a pride in doing justice to such exalted worth, no matter to what sect or party he may belong,—and, as he approaches to the grave, enmity must be swallowed up in grief for the death of the patriotic chief.

But though he has gone, he has left behind him the record of

his virtues and his worth; and as long as time endures, and our institutions last, the American, as he reads the pages of history, whereon are spread out the noble principles by which he was governed, and the incidents and achievements of his romantic and adventurous life, will exclaim with pride—"he was my countryman!"

Yes, my fellow-citizens,—living, he was ever ready to serve us, and dead, he has left to us as rich a legacy as man ever left to a grateful people. His virtues have won for him a place in the temple of fame with the immortal Washington. There, side by side, let them stand,—and as our youth grow up from generation to generation, and gaze upon them, oh, may they learn from them the lesson, how in war to be heroes, in peace statesmen and patriots, and plain and simple republicans always.

Time will not permit me to take more than a glimpse at the history of Andrew Jackson. The family from which he sprung, were at an early period emigrants from Scotland to Ireland. Andrew Jackson, the father of General Jackson, resided in Ulster county, in Ireland. Two sons were born unto him there, Hugh and Robert. Though of the Presbyterian faith, the iron hand of England's despotism bore as heavy on him as on his Catholic countrymen; and in A. D. 1765, he sought for protection and peace in South Carolina. There, at the Waxhaw settlements, General Jackson was born, on the 15th of March, A. D. 1767. His father died about the time of his birth, leaving to him his name. His mother was left with nothing but a farm, to rear and educate him and his brothers. Though poor, she determined to give him a liberal education, and she therefore placed him, at a very tender age, at school. He was but eight years old when the Revolutionary war broke out; and, therefore, even in infancy, his mind became familiarized to war. At first he heard but of battles fought far off to the north, but soon the thunder-cloud rolled to the south, and deluged the plains of Carolina in blood. Over his native state, everywhere thundered the fierce Rawdon and the impetuous Tarleton.

> "Wherever they hoisted their standard black,
> Before them was murder, behind them was wrack."

How deep and undying must have been the hatred which his soul acquired for tyranny in every form, at that early age, when the prayer of the old, and the young, hourly went up to Heaven *for freedom*. How bitter must have been the enmity of his young heart to England. His father, and his uncles, driven by her persecutions from Ireland, sought safety and refuge in America; but to their wild retreat, had now come the blood-hounds of England, to hunt him and his relatives to the death. Not a day passed by, but what he heard of farm-houses destroyed, and neighbours murdered—and when he heard of the gallant exploits of Marion, and Sumpter, and

Davies, how his soul must have been on fire to join their bands, and meet, in arms, the oppressors of his country. Little did England dream, that her cruelty was then laying the foundation of a military education in the mind of a young boy, which was afterwards to show itself by the destruction of "the flower of her army," on the plains of New Orleans.

Hugh Jackson, the eldest brother of Andrew, lost his life in the first battle of South Carolina, yet the widowed mother sent out her two remaining sons to fight for their country's freedom; and in the attack made by Colonel Sumpter, on Hanging Rock, the boys behaved with daring and courage, though Andrew was but thirteen years of age.

Shortly after this, Andrew Jackson, with nine of his neighbours, repulsed a band of Tories, who came in the night to surprise and capture Captain Sands. Jackson heard them approaching, and alone, he sallied out to meet them. The report of his rifle, was the first intimation his sleeping comrades had of danger. Though but a lad, fear was a feeling unknown to him; and he rushed into battle with a coolness and intrepidity, that would have done honour to a veteran whose hairs had grown grey in war.

Robert and Andrew Jackson, during the progress of the war, were made prisoners at the house of their uncle, Mr. Crawford, and carried to Camden, where they were treated with great inhumanity. In the refinement of cruelty, the brothers were separated. An incident occurred at the time of their capture, which is worthy of being related here. Whilst the British soldiers were plundering the house of Mr. Crawford, the commanding officer "ordered Andrew Jackson to clean his muddy boots." The young soldier refused, claiming to be treated with the respect due to a prisoner of war. Instead of admiring this manly spirit, in one so young, the cowardly ruffian struck at his head with his sword; but, throwing up his left hand, the intended victim received a gash upon it, the scar of which, he carried to his grave. Turning to Robert Jackson, the officer ordered him to perform the menial task, and receiving a like refusal, aimed a furious blow at his head also, and inflicted a wound, from which he never recovered.

In this incident, and throughout the revolutionary war, we see that proud, unbending, and heroic spirit, in the boy, that in after years made the man—the day-star of his country's glory. In the death of this brother, all of his family, save himself, had perished through English oppression. He and his widowed mother, were now alone. A kind Providence watched over and protected him from every danger, and he lived, not only to avenge the wrongs heaped upon him, his kindred, and his countrymen, by the tyrants of England, but long enough to see that country which she wished to manacle, spring from the cradle to manhood, and rival, as she

now does, England in science, in commerce, in arts, and in arms. Aye, with that prophetic eye, with which the old hero was gifted, he could see far into the future; and upon his vision, no doubt, there came the sight of the blood-stained flag of England, which has always claimed dominion on the sea, drooping before the "stars and stripes of his native land."

Reflections like these, to some, may not seem appropriate in a funeral oration; but love for England, formed no part of General Jackson's religious creed.

Our independence was achieved, war had passed away, and peace smiled on a people, no longer destined to submit to foreign dominion. The young soldier had laid aside his arms, and now became the student at law. In A. D. 1786, he was admitted to the practice of law, and in A. D. 1788, he emigrated to Tennessee, and settled down in Nashville, where he soon acquired a lucrative practice. By General Washington, without solicitation, he was appointed attorney-general for that territory. For many years after he had fixed his residence in Tennessee, that country was the scene of Indian barbarities, and Indian wars. The early settlers were surrounded by dangers, sufficient to have appalled any but "the bravest of the brave." Every man was, therefore, from necessity, a soldier. Jackson took part in many of their skirmishes and fights, never, however, taking the command. By his fearlessness, and intrepidity, he soon won the respect of his brave comrades. By the Indians, he was known by the names of "Sharp Knife," and "Pointed Arrow."

A few years more pass around, and the poor, and the friendless young boy, has become one of the leading spirits of Tennessee;—courage, honesty, and industry, have already won for him a fortune, and a name. The new territory is soon ready to be admitted into the Union as a state; and General Jackson, in A. D. 1796, is elected one of the delegates to the convention to frame the constitution. In the same year, he was elected to the House of Representatives, and in the following year, to the Senate of the United States. But a young man, and unsolicited on his part, we find his fellow-citizens heaping upon him the highest honours within their gift. Such was the veneration and esteem, which his virtues, and his talents, had already won for him. In A. D. 1799, sick of politics, and disgusted with the tyrannical character of some of the measures of the then administration, he resigned his seat in the Senate of the United States. During his senatorship, he was elected Major-general of the Tennessee militia, which rank he continued to hold until he took the same grade in the United States army, in A. D. 1814.

Upon his retirement from the Senate of the United States, Tennessee was not disposed to allow him to lead a life of public inac-

tion. The legislature of that state appointed him one of its supreme judges. The duties of this office were discharged by him with such impartiality and justice, that it was a matter of regret for all men, when declining health forced him to resign.

For several years, upon his farm, near Nashville, he lived a life of uninterrupted quiet and domestic happiness. He loved his wife with a romantic attachment, which none but few persons of his enthusiastic character are susceptible of. Such were the fascinating powers of his conversation, such the cheerfulness of his fireside, and the warmth of his heart, that though but a private citizen, his house at this time was the most public one in Tennessee. But this quiet and repose were soon destined to be disturbed. His peaceful country was once again to be desolated with war. When forbearance ceased to be a virtue, and peace could only be purchased by the most abject and cowardly submission to indignities, the Union declared war against her ancient foe. General Jackson, on fire to meet in manhood, those foes, who, in the days of his boyhood, with murder and rapine for their companions, had desolated his native state, raised three thousand volunteers, and offered them to his country. They were accepted, and ordered to New Orleans. With his command, he marched to Natchez, and whilst there, received a peremptory order to disband his men. Instead of obeying the order, he marched his men back to Tennessee. His love of justice was so great, that rather than desert, by abandoning far from home, those patriotic men, he disobeyed the positive orders of his government. No power on earth could make him commit what he considered to be wrong. The cowardly and treacherous conduct of Hull, had so inflamed his soul, that he burned to wipe out the disgrace inflicted on our arms at Detroit. He wrote to the government, begging to be ordered north, that he might plant the American eagle on the walls of Malden; but his prayer was disregarded, and his command dismissed. Once more he was left in retirement, but his soul was with his countrymen in the field.

Not long, however, did he thus remain. The English had called into the field a new element of war. The Indians, armed by their allies, were murdering the defenceless citizens. Again, at the call of Tennessee, he took the field. He hurried with his command to the enemy's country, and such was the celerity of his movements, such the courage with which he inspired raw and inexperienced soldiers, that he could have ended the war with the Creeks in one month, had he been supplied with provisions for his army. By gross negligence, he was reduced to such straits that he knew not how to subsist from day to day his men. He penetrated into the enemy's country, and struck the first blow at Talladega. For want of provisions he was obliged to fall back, instead of following up his success. Hunger, famine, and mutiny were in his camp, and

the enemy without. No other man living, save himself, could have kept the army together. Whole regiments attempted to march off at a time; but such was the terror he inspired when roused, that a thousand mutineers quailed before his single presence, and slunk back to duty. His men were constantly leaving him, as their terms expired, and fresh ones arriving. He had under his command no disciplined soldiery. As soon as he was able, through provisions and men, he again attacked the enemy at Emuckfaw. Whilst crossing the river Enotochopco, he was attacked by the Indians in ambush, but so excellent were the dispositions made by him against surprise, that the Indians were driven back with great loss. In those two actions, Jackson lost but twenty men, the Indians two hundred. The Creeks made their final stand at Horseshoe, on the Talapoosa river. Here Jackson attacked them on the 27th of March, A. D. 1814, carried their fortifications, and killed over eight hundred warriors. This blow put an end to the war. In five months this powerful and hostile tribe was reduced to submission. The wonderful rapidity of his movements—his dauntless courage, that nothing could appal,—the battles won with raw, undisciplined soldiers,—his keeping his army in the field, when almost every man was a mutineer, and his state wished to recall them,—turned upon him every eye, as to a soldier sent by Heaven to beat back the foe hovering along our coast, and threatening destruction to our country. He, who, in the commencement of the war, asked to lead his volunteers to Malden, and plant the American eagle on the soil of Canada, and was refused, had, without a commission from the United States, fought his way, and gained for himself a reputation that none of her educated soldiers possessed; and now, his country turned to him to take command of her Southern army, and save from the ravages of the enemy her Southern coast. He was ready at the call. Time will not permit me to relate the wonders achieved by him at New Orleans. All men unite in the belief that none but him could have saved the city. The emergency required his superhuman courage, energy, and firmness of purpose,—and nobly were they displayed. The city, indeed, seem doomed inevitably to destruction; for fast upon it came the very flower of the British army, the conquerors at Waterloo,—whilst within were traitors, sending intelligence to the advancing foe. He came and found the hearts of all men filled with gloom, despondency, and terror. His commanding presence inspired courage in the timid, and fear in the hearts of the treacherous. Courage and confidence were infused in his troops by precipitating them upon the foe; and the enemy soon learned to respect both the commander and his citizen soldiery. The eighth of January arrived. The British troops, in column, advanced to storm his works,—but though they had stormed and carried Badajos and Ciudad Rodrigo,—though

they had been conquerors on many a hard-fought field, over the choicest of Napoleon's troops,—and though, on that occasion, they behaved with a discipline and a courage that shed additional lustre on the British arms, yet they could not mount the cotton-bales at New Orleans; for, behind them lay the unerring riflemen of the West, commanded by one who never knew fear. The evening of that day saw three thousand of the British soldiers, with their general, dead upon the field. The war was over; and on our side it had ended in a blaze of glory. The disgrace inflicted on our arms at Detroit, was wiped out at New Orleans. The object of the enemy was to make a permanent conquest at New Orleans; and Jackson, by saving it, became the saviour of the western country.

We have seen him as the victorious general; we have now to contemplate him in another character,—as a citizen, submitting to the laws. Behold him arraigned in New Orleans,—see the indignant crowd ready to drag his persecutor from the bench,—listen to the trembling and faltering voice of the craven judge, as he pronounces sentence, and to the cheering tones of Jackson, as he bids him to proceed, assuring him that the arm which saved the city from destruction, will protect him from the violence of a grateful and exasperated people.

Again he retires to his home, when his country no longer has need for his services; but again is he destined to be called, by his country, from retirement. The Seminole Indians are in arms,—he hastens to the rescue of his countrymen, and crossing into Spanish territory, captures the fortresses of Pensacola and Barrancas. Arraigned at the bar of public opinion, he is sustained by his country and the world.

Once more we find him at the Hermitage—this man who desires not the emoluments of office; but in a country like ours, one who has manifested the sterling virtues that adorned Jackson, can not remain in retirement. In them, the people feel confident they can repose any trust, sure that their confidence will never be abused. He was called again to the Senate, and afterwards, most reluctantly forced into the field as one of the candidates for the presidency. Though far outstripping his competitors before the people, yet was he not chosen president. But 1828 witnessed his triumph. I know that I am now treading on contested ground, but truth and justice demand, that the honour that is due to the genius of this most extraordinary man, should, on an occasion like this, be paid. I would not willingly offend any of those who entertain different sentiments from what I do, of the policy of his administration, yet still I must speak, though I do it feebly, of the genius he displayed, and the patriotism he exhibited, whilst president of the United States. That he was a man of great genius, is proven by the fact, that for more than sixteen years, he was the oracle of his party.

No man could maintain that position in either of the two great parties, without being a man of commanding intellect. Men bow not down to their inferiors in mind, and yet, long after Jackson had retired from political life, in every emergency, and in every trial, all eyes were turned to the Hermitage, and every ear listened with veneration and respect to the words of wisdom, of counsel, and of warning, addressed to his countrymen; and at this hour, whilst the sod is fresh upon his grave, in the estimation of mankind, as a sage, he holds a place second to none, not even unto him of Monticello. As statesmen, there was a striking resemblance between Jefferson and Jackson. Both were distinguished by a devoted love for liberty —both had an unwavering and abiding confidence in the people— and both were possessed of a far-seeing sagacity, that enabled them to speak of the future, with almost the inspiration of prophecy. Both made a deep impression upon their institutions, and their age; and whilst there may be a greater degree of polish about the writing of Jefferson, there is something in Jackson's style, so full of soul, and heart, and truth, so forcible and impressive, that he loses nothing by comparison. Great, wonderful, and unequalled, was the moral courage and firmness possessed by Jackson; whilst ever ready to listen to counsel before coming to conclusions, when truth was once arrived at, as well might Gibraltar have been shaken to its foundations, as he removed from her basis. Though every friend that he possessed on earth had deserted him, yet with his bold heart, he would have stood alone, and fought against an erring world. He was, indeed, a man of iron will, and iron nerves. Great as is the fame he now enjoys, it is as nothing, to what it is destined to become.

During his vigorous administration, our country obtained for herself a respect abroad, never before enjoyed. Through him, the proclamation was made unto the world, that whilst America would demand nothing but what was right, she would submit to nothing that was wrong.

He ever regarded, with holy veneration, the Union of these states; and when, during his administration, it was threatened, he was at once in arms, and when he proclaimed, "The Union must, and shall be preserved," all men knew it would be done. If there is a single man amongst this vast audience, who doubts the pure motives by which, throughout life, this great man was governed, to him I say, listen to those words of truth, of beauty, and eloquence, which flowed from him when the reiterated assaults of his enemies compelled him to speak:

"In vain do I bear upon my person, enduring memorials of that contest in which American liberty was purchased; in vain have I since perilled property, fame, and life, in defence of the rights and privileges so dearly bought, * * * if any serious doubts

can be entertained, as to the purity of my purposes and motives. * * * In the history of conquerors and usurpers, never, in the fire of youth, nor in the vigour of manhood, could I find an attraction to lure me from the path of duty; and now, I shall scarcely find an inducement to commence their career of ambition, when gray hairs, and a decaying frame, instead of inviting to toil and battle, call me to the contemplation of other worlds, where conquerors cease to be honoured, and usurpers expiate their crimes. The only ambition I can feel, is to acquit myself to Him to whom I must soon render an account of my stewardship, to serve my fellow-men, and live respected and honoured in the history of my country. No: the ambition which leads me on, is an anxious desire, and a fixed determination, to return to the people, unimpaired, the sacred trust they have confided to my charge; * * * to persuade my countrymen, so far as I may, that it is not in a splendid government, supported by powerful monopolies, and aristocratical establishments, that they will find happiness, or their liberties protection; but in a plain system, void of pomp—dispensing its blessings, like the dews of Heaven, unseen and unfelt, save in the freshness and beauty they contribute to produce. It is such a government that the genius of our people requires—such an one only, under which our states may remain, for ages to come, united, prosperous, and free. If the Almighty Being, who has hitherto sustained and protected me, will vouchsafe to make my feeble powers instrumental to such a result, I shall anticipate, with pleasure, the place to be assigned to me in the history of my country, and die, contented with the belief, that I have contributed, in some small degree, to increase the value, and prolong the duration, of American liberty."

When he retired from the presidential chair, and sought again that home he so much loved, it was with a reputation as a statesman, equal, if not superior to that he enjoyed as a warrior.

The evening of his life is destined to be calm and beautiful. Up to this period, it had been spent, from childhood, in the midst of perils, storms, and tempests; and now, for the first time, he felt the sweet and gentle influences of peace. Though always governed by a high degree of religious feeling, his life had been such, whilst surrounded by enemies, that he could not render that devotion to his God, which marked and characterized the latter years of his life. But now, these influences were no longer at work, and this man of iron laid himself down at the foot of the cross. Yes, my fellow-citizens, this stern and heroic warrior—this firm and unbending statesman, became a meek and lowly follower of Jesus. Every Sabbath day saw that aged man kneeling before the altar of God, and in his prayers he forgot not his country, but invoked the blessings of Heaven upon it. Years roll around, and though the hand

of disease is upon him—though pain and suffering are ever present, and death constantly hovering around, his soul and intellect are as firm as in the vigour of manhood, whilst his devotion to his God, and his love for his country, remain unchanged.

His career is fast hastening to a close. Great and good as he is, yet he too must die. Soon, his children shall no longer hear his voice of kindness and affection—the poor and the afflicted shall miss his tones of consolation; and deeds of charity and his country, ah! where shall she look, to find another like unto him. The last day he is to spend on earth, is at hand. He feels upon him the hand of death, and prays "that his enemies may find peace, and that the liberties of his country may endure for ever."

In this hour, he could not witness the grief of those he loved, and when the sobs of his children broke upon his ear, "Do not weep," said he, "my sufferings are less than those of Christ upon the cross." His household were all assembled, and around him were gathered children and servants, who would have died for him, could they have thereby assuaged his pain. He spoke to them of religion in words of eloquence, and implored them to put their trust in God, and then bade them farewell:—"Dear children, servants, and friends," said he, "I trust to meet you all in Heaven, both white and black, all, both white and black." Thus died the greatest man of his age.

"The veteran died as a Christian dies,
With hope in his Saviour God,
And now, on that brave old heart there lies
The heavy and fresh green sod;
But his deeds will tell, when his crumbling dust,
From his frame shall fall, and his falchion rust."

EULOGY

DELIVERED AT CHARLOTTE, TENN., JULY 17, 1845,

BY

J. G. HARRIS, Esq.

Our country mourns the loss of an illustrious benefactor.

Andrew Jackson departed this life at the Hermitage, on Sunday, the 8th of June, ultimo, at six o'clock in the afternoon, having advanced to the age of seventy-eight years.

The soldier, the patriot, the statesman, the sage, rests from the cares and anxieties of an eventful career, and with the Christian's full hope, confidently awaits the last trump which shall summon his spirit to realms of immortality.

He was ready to die. He had lived a kind neighbour, a true friend, an honest man.

He had served his country faithfully—having filled the measure of its glory to the brim—and his unbounded solicitude for its permanent and enduring welfare was, up to the last hour of his life, ardent, unabated.

He had been spared, by a merciful Providence, to enjoy more than one man's share of years; and throughout the long and lingering illness which preceded his closing scene, he often announced his entire readiness to "march" hence whenever "the word" should be given from on High; or, as he sometimes said, "at the first tap of the drum."

He is gone. He sleeps with his fathers. His name is registered high among the highest, upon the scroll of fame.

You all know something, much, of his character—many of you more than I can tell. Some of you have been his compatriots in arms—others have enjoyed his acquaintance, his friendship—the aged are well informed of his history, and the youth have doubtless heard their fathers and mothers describe his deeds of greatness. Tennesseeans all knew him, and his renown is the highest pride of their state. The American people knew him, and with-

out his solicitation they repeatedly heaped upon him their highest honours, as the meed of their admiration of his character, their gratitude for his eminent public services.

Born in South Carolina, 1767, he entered the Revolutionary war at the age of fourteen, in which he received an honourable wound. The study of the law he commenced in 1784, and was admitted to the bar as a practitioner in 1786. At the age of twenty-one he emigrated to this section of the country, which was then the south-western territory of the Union, where he was appointed the attorney of the government. Educated in the schools of the Revolutionary period, he had yet much to acquire by personal application, nor did he fail in the acquisition. At an early day his superior qualifications for the public service were recognised by the bold and enterprising spirits of the sparsely settled territory to which he had come, and when, in 1795, it became necessary to form a constitution for the new state of Tennessee, he was chosen a member of the convention assembled for that purpose. He so distinguished himself in that assembly, as giving tone to a constitution which has been the admiration of eminent statesmen, that he was made the first representative in Congress under it. At the expiration of his term, being thirty years of age, he was elected to the United States Senate, which place he resigned after the second year of its occupancy, accepting an invitation to preside over the highest court of this state.

Thus, at the age of thirty-three years, had he risen gradually, from a lawyer's clerkship, to the supreme bench, from the ranks of the Revolution to the American Senate.

It was natural, therefore, that at the opening of the British and Indian wars, public attention should turn to him as the champion of our country's rights in the West. Having been the choice of Tennessee as a general of the militia twelve years before, he experienced little or no difficulty in raising twenty-five hundred volunteers for the service, from amongst the brave and patriotic spirits of this region, to provide for whose comfort he advanced five thousand dollars from his own purse, and at whose head he repaired to the Creek nation in the year following, terminating, in a few months, the fearful border difficulties which existed at the time.

The government beheld him as the master-spirit of the South-west, and in 1814, conferred on him the appointment of brigadier-general in the United States army. With the Creeks, whom he had already subdued, he now established an advantageous treaty, and then marched to Pensacola to chastise the Spanish authorities for their treacherous conduct in harbouring and protecting our enemy, the British and Indians. Pensacola was reduced—Fort Barrancas surrendered—and the enemy dispersed.

Apprised that the British were contemplating an attack upon

New Orleans, as a "key" to the great West, he marched along the gulf towards that city, arresting their advance by a daring night attack, December 23d, again repulsing them on the 28th, and again on the 1st of January, 1815.

But the great and glorious victory of three thousand seven hundred western riflemen over nine thousand of Wellington's most efficient soldiers, with a loss of only thirteen to the former, and about three thousand to the latter, was reserved for the glorious eighth. This brilliant achievement, conclusive evidence to the crown of the mother-country that Americans were unconquerable on their own soil, defending and securing the vast possessions of Louisiana as purchased under Mr. Jefferson, which had excited the envy and aroused the jealousy of the world, is so sublime in its character and results, that it cannot fail to embellish the brightest pages in our country's history.

Fond of retirement, and unambitious of public honours, he now desired, on the restoration of peace, to leave the service and return to his farm—but the president insisted in the most persuasive terms that he should remain, as his military services at the South might yet be required by the government. He consented, and in 1817, marched against the Seminoles in Florida, summarily executing two incendiaries who were secretly encouraging the Indians in their aggressions, again entering Pensacola, and again taking Fort Barrancas, to which the Spanish governor had fled.

Four years afterwards, when Florida was ceded to the United States, he was appointed governor of that territory; and in the year following, was nominated by his own Tennessee for the presidency of the United States.

In the presidential election of 1824, he received a greater number of votes than any other candidate — and yet another was chosen by the lower house of Congress, regardless of the popular preference.

The pride of Tennessee was aroused at this injustice. From the formation of her constitution, he had been one of her most cherished jewels. She had trusted him often and always, and he had never betrayed her. She had named him for the chief magistracy—he had a plurality of votes—and yet one who had received many less was preferred by those on whom devolved the constitutional alternative in the absence of a choice by the people. With a spirit worthy of a sovereign state, she again uttered her unabated confidence in him, and manifested her displeasure at the treatment he had received by electing him in the same year, and for a second time, to the United States Senate, there to speak as with her voice, there to wield her destiny.

In these wrongs which he had experienced his countrymen participated, and before the close of the session, he was renominated

for the first office in their gift by general acclamation. He retired for a second time from the United States Senate—the purest and most exalted deliberative body of the kind on earth—to his farm upon the Cumberland, and at the polls of 1828, the thwarted will of the people recovered its full power by his triumphant election to the proudest seat that was ever occupied by man.

So prosperous was the country during his constitutional term of office, so sound his policy, so wise his administration, that he was elected a second time by an overwhelming majority—thus endowed with all the popular honours awarded to Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, illustrious statesmen who had preceded him.

With a popularity, surpassed only by that which was carried to Mount Vernon by the Father of his country, he returned to the Hermitage, upon the close of his last term, at the age of three score and ten—ripe with honours, laden with the blessings of his countrymen.

His last eight years, though passed in retirement, are, perhaps, more interesting in many respects than those which preceded them —but in almost every incident of his life since the maturity of his manhood, we behold a text wherefrom may be illustrated the most exemplary specimen of human character.

The mighty power of his opinions upon important public questions as exhibited in our documentary history, and in the evening of life, while quietly reposing at the Hermitage far away from the seat of our government, is the crowning evidence of his goodness and greatness. His late letters and earlier state papers, which in years past and in years to come have had and will continue to have controlling influences over our policy and institutions, are of a theme to which the deliberative historian alone can do full justice. They will stand forth as landmarks to the paths of honour and safety, equal, if not superior in their prominence, to those of Jefferson. They will be consulted as the oracles of political faith; and for ages and ages after the hand that traced them shall have crumbled to its native dust, their vigour and freshness will be unimpaired.

Andrew Jackson never occupied a doubtful position upon any question. A decided and substantive character, his friends and his enemies always knew where to find him. If his countrymen sought his opinion, they had it in plain terms, few words. It was received as that of a true patriot having had great experience, one whom they had known long and watched closely, and one whom they regarded as being more like "the sober second thought, never wrong, and always efficient," than any man living. If they were beclouded with doubt, if the turmoil of party collisions aroused their apprehensions for the safety of the republic, his abiding confidence in the virtue and intelligence of his countrymen was re-

ceived as "the inspiration of his instinctive wisdom," which has been likened to "prophecy."

The weather-beaten mariner at sea, when his bark, under the lash of the tempest for many days, has been driven from her true course and is in imminent danger of being wrecked upon a dangerours coast, paces the deck in an anguish approaching to despair, now looking away in one direction and then in another, hoping to discern some certain indication that the dense black clouds, which have so long overhung him, will soon break away and afford him an opportunity to observe the sun by which to determine his exact position on the broad ocean. And when the storm subsides, and the god of day comes peering through the dissipating clouds, he raises his quadrant to his eye, makes his observation, calculates his course and distance, and with a cheerful smile playing upon every lineament of his face, puts his ship on a new tack—that from which she had departed—in the nearest possible direction of the destined haven.

Andrew Jackson was to the American people as the sun to the mariner.

When our old ship of state was lashed by the surging billows of popular opinion dangerously excited—when the political storm threatened to strand her upon the sterile beach of despotism—when the blindness of partisan zeal had so far affected the public mind as to obscure the light of reason, when we had lost our reckoning, and the national craft was in a condition which made the wisest of all parties shudder for the result—where did we turn for advice, for counsel?

Go to the correspondence of the deceased veteran, and you will see that from one extreme of our country to the other—from the lakes to the gulf, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific—when the storm was over, and reason had resumed her enlightened empire, the American people, like the anxious mariner, consulted *their* sun—the sun of their political firmament—and like him brought back their ship to the true tack which would bear them to the harbour of safety.

His integrity was inflexible; his patriotism undisputed. He who had never deceived them was reliable. He who had always foreseen and averted public dangers when in public life, could see them still in his retirement.

It is not wonderful that such a man should have had such an influence with such a people. Gradually rising from the humbler walks of life to the most exalted stations on earth, he knew the wants, feelings, and sympathies of all classes, all conditions; and his countrymen were to him as the equal members of the same great family associated for their common benefit. Hence, his influence upon public opinion was necessarily great; and if he used

it in accordance with his solid judgment, who shall have the temerity to say he was a dictator? In the heat of partisan excitement the charge has been often preferred, but thanks to the just and discriminating spirit of our fellow-citizens, it has been as often refuted to the satisfaction of the world.

The dictator holds to principles adverse to those of his people, and enforces obedience. Jackson's principles were those which the popular interests reflected, and with which his own interests, as a citizen, were identified in every respect. Instead of compelling the masses of the people to coincide with him, he foresaw their inclination, and coincided with them as their champion.

Is there a man in your precinct whose life is so spotless that he deservedly possesses a large share of influence with his neighbours? Is *he* to be denounced as a dictator? Is his opinion concerning matters which involve the welfare of the neighbourhood eagerly sought, and when obtained to be pronounced dictation? If in doubt concerning a portion of the Sacred Scriptures you obtain the explanation of a celebrated divine, in whom you have full confidence, shall it be said that he is your dictator? God forbid that the invaluable opinions of great and good men, either in politics or religion, should be rejected by a free and Christian people as dictation.

No man was ever further from a desire to control the volitions of his countrymen against their will—no one was ever less obnoxious to the charge of dictation. It was but a few days before his death that a citizen of this state called upon him for his signature to a petition for an office, when he replied: "No, no, I cannot do it, for they will say I am dictating to the president."

Within the last few years his opinions on all great questions, dividing public sentiment, have been sought with avidity. When he spoke by letter his voice was heard to the remotest parts of the republic, and not unfrequently throughout the civilized world. Nor can the fact be disguised that his letters on the annexation of Texas to our territory constituted the great and powerful lever by which that glorious measure was launched upon the tide of success. They excited the jealousy of England, if not the envy of the entire Holy Alliance; but they revived and strengthened the waning hopes of Texas, and made glad the hearts of its people.

A distinguished Texan says, that at a moment when his country had almost despaired of establishing a reunion, when they were going deeper and deeper into debt to maintain the necessary defences of their frontier, and were nearly driven to entertain propositions for protective alliances with other nations, General Jackson was writing to his own countrymen that it was "the golden moment" for annexation, and exhorting his friends in Texas to take courage, for the time would come, and that speedily, when the

American people would *demand* annexation at the hands of their government.

The time came. He lived to hear the demand which he had previously predicted. The work is done—and although the venerable old patriot did not last until its consummation, yet, thanks to an indulgent Providence, he was spared long enough to see the end with certainty, and to exclaim, as he did in one of his last letters—"ALL IS SAFE!"

Yes—all is safe. The Congress of Texas met on the 16th ultimo, and unanimously accepted the definitive proposition which had been made by this government—and, ere this, the convention of delegates, to assemble on the 4th instant, fresh from the people, have doubtless sealed their reunion to our national family, by the adoption of a constitution as a free and independent state of this great confederacy. Welcome—thrice welcome to our new-born sister.

Of unerring sagacity, steady mind, cool deliberation, solid judgment, strength of understanding, and infinite nerve, with the most unwearying patience and perseverance, he accomplished all things which he earnestly attempted. It is said that the Emperor Joseph on his death-bed exclaimed, in the anguish of his spirit, that his epitaph should be: "Here lies Joseph, who was *unsuccessful* in all his undertakings." How true to the letter would be the epitaph of the departed hero, were it to read: "Here lies Jackson, who was *successful* in all his undertakings."

His entire life is a striking example of the rich rewards which sooner or later unfailingly crown patriotic deeds.

When the French government had too long delayed the payment of a just debt due to this country, and when called upon for the amount, had evinced a disposition to treat us rather cavalierly, President Jackson insisted upon promptness, giving notice that in the event of longer delay, we would be justifiable in the issuance of letters of marque and reprisal. The king was disposed to construe this into an insult, and it was intimated that an apology would be indispensable. To this the old hero replied with characteristic emphasis: "*The honour of my country shall never be stained by an apology from me for the statement of truth and the performance of duty.*" The French minister at Washington had asked and received his passports—a war seemed to be near at hand, if not already on the tapis—when all at once the money was paid to the uttermost farthing, diplomatic courtesies restored, and peaceable relations re-established.

Nine years have elapsed, and what do we behold? The same grand monarch who had learned that his crown with all its jewels could not have purchased an apology from Andrew Jackson, becomes such an admirer of the veteran's character that he despatches

a favourite Parisian artist across the Atlantic to hasten to the Hermitage, and to procure, if possible, a likeness of him from life, as the centre of a circle of portraits of distinguished Americans, to ornament the royal chambers of the Louvre, St. Cloud, or Versailles.

This portrait was completed a week before the general's death. It was the last and one of the very best likenesses ever taken of him.

Nor comes this tribute from the king alone. Elevated by the voice of his people, and not exclusively by divine grace, he knows the admiration of Jackson's character which prevails amongst Frenchmen from Havre to Marseilles, and it becomes the better part of good policy for him to anticipate their wishes. It is a tribute paid by millions of the admiring countrymen of La Fayette.

So was the reward of his gallant and self-sacrificing conduct at New Orleans certain and ample. Not only for his services in the field, but for the magnanimity with which he protected the court and paid the fine which it imposed upon him for proclaiming martial law within the limits of his own camp! The timorous judge, surrounded by hosts of patriotic freemen who had followed their chief to the spot, trembled in his seat when contemplating the probable consequences of such a decision as he had resolved upon. Discovering this, the general rose, stretched forth his hand, and said: "Proceed, sir; the arm which has saved the city shall protect you in the discharge of what you conceive to be your duty." The fine of one thousand dollars was imposed, when a check for the amount was tendered him by the ladies. "No (said he), this is *my* privilege—distribute the collections which the ladies have made among the widows and orphans of those who have fallen in the defence of the city—I will pay the fine myself." The welkin rang with the hearty shouts of an enthusiastic populace, who formed a triumphal seat of their heads and hands, bore him through the city, and listened to his grateful acknowledgment of their devotion from the balcony of his residence.

But a richer reward than this awaited him. In process of time the propriety of his proclamation of martial law being questioned by some of his countrymen, a motion was made in Congress to approve the act by refunding the fine with interest. During the delay occasioned by a vigorous opposition, the state of Louisiana passed an act pledging itself to refund it in the event that the motion failed in Congress. But it did not fail. That which had been so magnanimously paid by him, was with corresponding magnanimity refunded by a special law of his country—and I have often heard him say that he accepted it, not so much for the sake of the amount as that *the resolutions of Congress entirely annihilating every vestige of imputation upon his conduct at New Orleans, might be fulfilled to all intents and purposes.*

His long, useful, and eventful life is full of examples like these.

He loved truth and justice for their own sake, their intrinsic excellence, their wholesome influences. In all the relations of life he tenderly cherished them as the pure crystal dew-drops of the morning, which, trembling on the open leaf, receive and impart their diamond brilliancy under the first rays of the rising sun. Truth was the talisman of his successful career, and he promoted it with all the ardour of his nature as the leaven of good society, the soul of honour. The syllables of his lips were the voice of his heart, and his hands their faithful executive. Even and exact justice was the touch-stone with which he tried all public measures, and the tenacity with which he adhered to conclusions thus found were fixed as fate. These were his deities in practical life—and his eye was steadfastly fixed on their advancement, careless, apparently, whether he accompanied their car or was crushed beneath its wheels. In this, neither the threat of a foreign monarch, nor a domestic monster of associated wealth, could intimidate him. True to every duty, even as the needle to the pole, he was always victorious, even when almost everybody thought he would be defeated.

To a Tennessee audience I need not say he was brave, or that he never knew the sensation of fear when invited to a part in a just cause. Thus engaged, all his energies united upon the end to be accomplished. Morally, as well as physically brave, he never hesitated in the expression of an honest opinion on public affairs, even though it involved personal considerations which rendered it a hazardous undertaking.

In his vocabulary, the words "temporize" and "expediency," were not to be found. No noncommittal, no neutral, no trimmer, he inquired not for the popular but the right side. The plume of his helmet always nodded in the front rank of his friends, whom he never deserted without having most positive proof of misconduct or defection. Their defeat was his defeat—his triumph, their triumph. He was never an obstruction in their path, he never triumphed over them. He shared their troubles, they participated in his joys. As a characteristic it was the admiration of all, without sectarian or partisan distinction—for everybody knew that he respected a bold and dignified opponent more than a timid and sycophantic coadjutor.

Although it may have appeared to the superficial observer of his career, that he was subject to the undue excitement of passion, of an irritable disposition, an irascible temperament, yet nothing can be more erroneous, for his feelings were in constant and entire subjugation to his mind, with the considerate reservation, that while there are times for forbearance, and times for resentment, the cause of justice always suffers from delay.

He never longed for the pomp and blandishment of power—he was neither seduced by the one, nor dazzled by the other. While

he was not importunate for office, he accepted it cheerfully, with a deep and lively sense of its weighty responsibilities, and an iron will to discharge its duties with exemplary fidelity. He sought no personal difficulties, nor did he decline them when they involved high considerations of true honour. Indeed, one of his favourite maxims was: "Neither seek nor decline."

In his chief magisterial capacity, his eye was steady and single to the perpetuity of the Union, as the greatest of all public considerations, believing that the manifold blessings of which our institutions are capable, must necessarily flow forth to the greatest number. However keen, therefore, might have been his sympathy with the citizens of any one state, who, under known grievances, manifested a spirit of resistance which, in his judgment, had a tendency to weaken the bonds, he was at no loss to discriminate between private feelings and public duty, and stood forth a chosen representative of the united sovereignty of the whole, declaring that "THE UNION MUST BE PRESERVED." Averse to monopolies, partial laws, and special privileges, he conducted his administration in accordance with his favourite maxim: "The blessings of government should be dispensed like the dews of Heaven, unseen and unfelt, save in the freshness and beauty they contribute to produce."

It has been said by an eminent English historian, that Napoleon was the most extraordinary captain of his time—that though the contests of Alexander were more extensive, the character of Cæsar more accomplished, the military genius of Napoleon is shared by Hannibal alone. It may be so—and yet it appears in the world's history, that it was a portion of the same regularly marshalled, well ordered, amply provided, and highly civilized soldiery, which conquered Napoleon at Waterloo, that were most signally overcome at New Orleans by an American force which they outnumbered three to one, acting under the peculiar auspices of the military genius of JACKSON.

Nevertheless, it has been truly said: "His heart was full of the gentlest affections." His home—the spot which he had chosen in his youth as the most delightful to be found upon the then forest-banks of the Cumberland—his family, his pursuits of agriculture, were the pride of his life. The improvement of his stock, his soils, and especially the beautiful grounds by which his dwelling is surrounded, was his favourite vocation—while many of the intervals of leisure were devoted to encouraging and often participating in the innocent sports of his little grandchildren. Ay—all the domestic virtues so precious to every household as the jewelry of the fireside, were possessed, practised, and fostered, by the champion of a nation's rights, who had so often led his countrymen to battle and victory.

His hospitality was unbounded. Six days in the week his house

was open, free to all—and those who remained there over night, were met upon rising with the maxim: "He who uses a bed in my house must also use a plate before he leaves in the morning." Industry, enterprise, and frugality, had given him enough of the earth's comforts, and he used them with liberality. This inestimable quality of his heart was uniformly acknowledged by the representatives of foreign powers, as he imparted it to the national character abroad. When the Mexican tyrant, overcome by Texans at San Jacinto, fled to his roof for succour, he was received as though he had been an intimate friend, and with all the respect due to his station at home. Little as he loved his enemies, he held their honour to be as sacred as his own—nor did a fellow-man in distress ever seek his protection in vain.

He was kind and generous to the poor and the afflicted. One of his old neighbours told me the other day that he had seen General Jackson and his wife, in the prime of their lives, load their little family vehicle with provisions and ride off six or eight miles of an afternoon, in the pursuit of a family which they had heard was sick and needy, and after finding and preparing refreshments for the invalids with their own hands, spend a sleepless night at their couch, administering to their wants with the tenderness and solicitude of parents. Nor was this an isolated case—it was their custom. Their charity and benevolence were proverbial.

He had come to the West in his youth, not as a reckless wanderer "studious of change and fond of novelty," but to join the patriarchal band of pioneers—the Robertsons, Weakleys, Shelbys, Donelsons, and others—who had already settled near the spot where Nashville now stands—men of intelligence, learning, and patriotism, who had been eminently successful in the adoption of a peaceful policy with the Indians, and had secured to their little encampment safety and prosperity. He came to co-operate with them, and his decided, firm, and resolute character, won their respect and esteem. His knowledge of law became useful, and he soon advanced to a full possession of their implicit confidence, not only as a man of words but of deeds.

His unwearied efforts to open these new homes in the West for those who came after him, were signal and efficient. In military, as well as civil life, he was both loved and feared by the savage tribes which at an early day inhabited these regions, never coercing them until persuasion and negotiation had failed; and his policy towards them, while invested with the powers of the chief magistracy, gathering together their scattered remnants, and locating them as one people upon a tract suited to their habits and pursuits beyond the Mississippi, where they now enjoy peace and plenty, was of the most humane character and tendency.

His constant aim was to enlarge the area of Christianity and

civilization, to diffuse the blessings of our liberties and laws throughout the western wilderness. During his time, much was accomplished—nor shall we stop here.

Westward we have pressed—westward still is our destiny.

The keen and piercing eye of the sagacious patriot did not fail to discover through the dim vista of the future, that nothing short of the Pacific shore could stop our progress; and he often predicted that the influence of our institutions, in its western march, would yet agonize the eastern portions of the old world, arouse from their immemorial lethargy the worshippers of men and idols, and fire their hearts with the enthusiasm of civil and religious liberty.

He was ever anxious that the government should encourage this western movement, for he knew it to be the inclination of this great and growing people. He knew that the spirit which impelled him in his youth to cross the Cumberland Ridge, was the same laudable spirit which is now impelling thousands of freemen to cross the Rocky Mountains in the same direction; and the last letter from his own hand was written forty-eight hours before his death to his friend, the president of the United States, praying him to be firm, resolute, and determined, in the maintenance of our unquestionable title to the Oregon, as asserted in his inaugural message. "Let our rights in the north-west be maintained" (said he, in one of his latest conversations), "and if war must be the consequence, let it come, there will be patriots enough in the land to repel foreign aggression, come whence it may."

Born in the East, he sleeps in the West—the defender of the South, the champion of the North—his name and fame are the common heritage of his country. But if there be one portion from which more honour is due to his memory than another, it is the portion inhabiting these western valleys, with whom he was more particularly identified in sympathy, feeling, and in all the relations of private life; and who, to no inconsiderable extent, bear the impress of his exalted character.

His last will and testament being of record in the courts, there can be no impropriety in referring to so much of it as illustrates his patriotism, affection, and chivalry.

After bestowing his entire estate upon his adopted son and namesake, with the exception of a few presents thereinafter to be named, he proceeds—I give the exact language of the instrument, as written in his own plain and steady hand:—

"I bequeath to my well-beloved nephew, Andrew J. Donelson, &c., the elegant sword presented to me by the state of Tennessee, with this injunction: *that he fail not to use it when necessary, in the support and protection of our glorious Union, and the protection of the constitutional rights of our beloved country, should they ever be assailed by foreign enemies or domestic traitors.*

* * * This bequest is made as a memento of my high regard, affection, and esteem, for him as a high-minded, honest, and honourable man.

"To my grand-nephew, Andrew Jackson Coffee, I bequeath the elegant sword presented to me by the Rifle Company at New Orleans, commanded by Captain Beal, as a memento of my regard, and to bring to his recollection the gallant services of his deceased father, General John Coffee, in the late Indian and British war, under my command, and his gallant conduct in the defence of New Orleans in 1814 and 1815, with this injunction: *that he wield it in protection of the rights secured to the American citizen under our glorious constitution, against all invaders, whether foreign foes or intestine traitors.*

"I bequeath to my beloved grandson, Andrew Jackson—son of Andrew Jackson, junior, and Sarah, his wife—the sword presented to me by the citizens of Philadelphia, with this injunction: *that he will always use it in defence of the constitution and our glorious Union, and for the perpetuation of our republican system, remembering the motto*—'DRAW ME NOT WITHOUT OCCASION, SHEATHE ME NOT WITHOUT HONOUR.'

"The pistols of General La Fayette, presented by him to General George Washington, and by Colonel William Robertson presented to me, I bequeath to George Washington La Fayette, as a memento of the illustrious personages through whose hands they have passed, *his father, and the father of his country.*

"The gold box presented to me by the corporation of the city of New York—the large silver vase presented to me by the ladies of Charleston, South Carolina, my native state—with the large picture representing the unfurling of the American banner, presented to me by the citizens of South Carolina, when it was refused to be accepted by the United States Senate—I leave in trust to my son, A. Jackson, jr., with directions that *should our happy country not be blest with peace—an event not always to be expected—he will, at the close of the war or end of the conflict, present each of said articles of inestimable value to that patriot residing in the city or state from which they were severally presented, who shall be adjudged by his countrymen or* THE LADIES *to have been the most valiant in defence of his country and his country's rights.*

"The pocket spy-glass, which was used by General Washington during the Revolutionary war, and presented to me by Mr. Curtis, having been burned with my dwelling-house, the Hermitage, with many other invaluable relics, I can make no disposition of them.

"As a memento of my high regard for General Robert Armstrong, as a gentleman, patriot, and soldier, as well as for his meritorious military services under my command during the late British and Indian wars, and remembering the gallant bearing of him and

his gallant little band at Enotochopco creek, when falling, desperately wounded, he called out: 'My brave fellows, some may fall, but save the cannon'—as a memento of all these things, I give and bequeath to him my case of pistols and sword worn by me throughout my military career, *well satisfied that in his hands they will never be disgraced, that they will never be used or drawn without occasion, nor sheathed but with honour.*"

How beautiful the injunctions which accompany the bequests of the dying patriot! He had preserved his own sword pure and unsullied; he had guarded the stainless emblems of a nation's gratitude as a priceless treasure; and when he was approached by the great earthly conqueror of all mankind, he gracefully surrendered them into chosen hands, with a prayer and a command that they should never be dishonoured.

Nor was he thoughtless of her who had watched his bedside for years. In recognising and confirming a marriage gift to the wife of his adopted son, he said: "This gift and bequest is made as a token of my great affection for her, a memento of her uniform attention to me, and kindness on all occasions. When worn down with sickness, pain, and debility, she has been more than a daughter to me, and I hope that she will never be disturbed by any one in the enjoyment of this gift and bequest."

The exalted sphere of the ladies which his heart appreciated, his hand was ever ready to acknowledge. He successfully threatened the recreant soldier with the fear of their frown as a preventive of desertion—he was accustomed to speak of them as "last at the cross, first at the sepulchre, and foremost in the cause of justice and humanity"—their defence and protection was his watchword on the plains of Chalmette, and when, after the lapse of a quarter of a century, he revisited those scenes of his early struggles for the last time, the charming daughters of the sunny south, those whom he had protected from the ruthless invader in their infant cradles, received him on carpets of roses, and loaded his venerable brow with kisses of gratitude. Chivalrous to the last, he makes them the umpire before whom American valour shall become emulous upon the battle-field for the heir-looms of patriotism.

But as the last touches of the pencil give beauty and fidelity to the picture, so the closing scenes of the veteran's life become the most interesting portion of his history. As in earlier life he was the brave and dauntless soldier in defence of his country's rights, so he became the brave and dauntless soldier of the cross. From his childhood he had revered Christianity, and often dwelt with grateful emotions on the tender and prayerful solicitude of his pious mother, during his boyhood, for his spiritual welfare. And even in the turbulent and boisterous periods of his career, when all his energies were concentrated in the conduct of sanguinary British

and Indian wars, although vehement and impetuous of spirit, the purest religious feelings animated his heart and shaped his inclinations. There is not in our language a more beautiful form of prayer and thanksgiving than is contained in a portion of his congratulatory and farewell address to his soldiers at New Orleans after the battle of the eighth—meekly giving all the glory of the victory to the God of battles, in whom he had put his trust. I have heard an old warrior against the Indians say, that on the eve of one of the most deadly conflicts in the Creek nation, when they were on watch for the enemy, whom they knew to be near, and when an order had been given that there should be no unnecessary noise in camp, one of the guard approached the general and complained that a soldier was praying unnecessarily loud. "God forbid," said he, "that *praying* should be considered an *unnecessary noise* in *my* camp."

These feelings ripened with age into a firmly settled conviction and conversion; and for the last eight years he who had led and directed his countrymen on so many well fought fields, who had humbled the proud British lion upon our south-western shore, and sent him howling home to his sea-girt den—who had wrung the unwilling acknowledgment of our country's rights from the crowned heads of Europe—might be seen upon the Sabbath, when his health would permit, bowing with his neighbourhood circle in deep humility and humble adoration before the little altar which he had caused to be planted a short distance from his house, devotedly and sincerely partaking of the sacred emblems of faith. I witnessed this—but I witnessed no richly embroidered carpets on which to walk—no silken and velvet cushions on which to kneel—no gorgeous purples in which to robe the chief—no pomp—no parade—no insignia of superiority or power, like those which glitter within the royal chapels of princes and potentates. All was plainness, simplicity, piety, Christian purity. He fostered that little church with a father's solicitude and protection; and one of his last wishes was that it might be sustained for ever.

In the full enjoyment of his mental faculties, he died as he had lived—undismayed, unterrified. Even death, at whose approach mankind are prone to shudder, though he had long tortured the veteran's frame with the most excruciating pains, as if to apply the severest tests to his resigned spirit, could not shake his nerve or make his resolution tremble. He had spoken of the coming event for many months as one would naturally speak of a journey to a distant country not soon to return, and had taken great care in the adjustment of his temporal affairs, arranging all his papers, and leaving them where they would be accessible to the historian of his country.

We rarely see a happier combination of all the virtues which

belong to man than the character of Jackson exhibited; and when the faithful historic pen shall institute its comparisons between him and the celebrated heroes and statesmen of antiquity, who favoured the acquisition of territory by conquest and not by the influence of sound opinion upon the minds of the millions, whose object was to tyrannize over the world, and not to diffuse the blessings of free institutions amongst the governed, who were more ambitious of ephemeral popularity and power than of permanent welfare—the slaves of princely pride and passion, and not the faithful and accountable servants of their countrymen—who lived as reckless adventurers, and died by the hands of violence—when these lines of contrast shall be drawn, as they will be drawn, by the pen of the impartial annalist, we shall need no lofty pillar of Trajan, no sculptured arches, no massive column of Napoleon, to commemorate his deeds of glory, for they will be enshrined in our hearts, and transmitted to the latest generation of our posterity.

Had he been faultless, he had been more than man. Do you remember that he had any imperfections? Where, on earth, may we look for perfection? Error is one of the first offspring of humanity—and if in his career you have discovered indiscretions, you will at least admit, that they were of that class which "sometimes serve us well when better judgment fails."

He is gone. "I bequeath," said he, in his last will and testament, "my body to the dust whence it came, and my soul to God who gave it, hoping for a happy immortality through the atoning merits of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world. My desire is, that my body be buried by the side of my dear departed wife, in the garden of the Hermitage, in the vault there prepared."

In the circle of an ever-watchful and devoted family, he expired on a summer's evening of our holy Sabbath. He had said it was probably the last he would be permitted to enjoy on earth, and had called his household to his bedside to tell them of the pleasant paths of righteousness, and to express a dying Christian's hope that he might meet them all again in Heaven.

The funeral orator at his burial, held up a small copy of the Bible which had been literally worn out by the veteran's own hand, who was accustomed to consult it freely, to listen to its teachings, to believe in its promises, and to regard it as the only anchor of his spiritual safety.

It was as he had desired. In the vault, which he had years before caused to be prepared for its reception, his body was buried by the side of his dear departed wife, in the garden of the Hermitage, amongst ample beds of variegated flowers in full bloom, cultivated and arranged with taste and elegance under the eye of his "more than daughter"—a spot on which nature had been encouraged to lavish the brightest charms of Flora—in all its beauty, simplicity,

and sweetness, more acceptable for the remains of the plain republican patriot, than the marble sarcophagus of Septimus Severus, which in life he had rejected with a freeman's indignation—nay, than the proudest of the Egyptian pyramids.

By a few of his aged friends and compatriots in arms, his body was silently laid in its last consecrated spot—a select choir chanted his favourite psalm as a requiem, and the gallant military corps, which had long borne aloft his portrait on their banner, discharged their musketry over his resting place.

It was an hour of tears. Thousands were there to witness it. As the veteran soldier, with his whitened locks, lowered the remains of his old general into their last long home, the tear which trembled on his eye-lid and then trickled down his furrowed cheek, told the beholder that it was from the fountain of deep, deep grief.

As the throng pressed nearer the spot to witness the last solemnities over the hallowed relics of their country's benefactor, a keener sense of their loss was manifest, and few, indeed, were tearless in that assembly.

> "To live with fame, the gods allow
> To many. But to die with equal lustre,
> Is a gift, which Heaven selects
> From all the choicest boons of fate,
> And with a sparing hand, on few bestows."

Like the Father of his country, he descended to the grave loaded with all the civil and military honours of his countrymen—like him, he welcomed the battle-field, welcomed the olive branch of peace, welcomed the public service, welcomed retirement, welcomed life, welcomed death, and abides in the grateful hearts of millions of freemen. Like him, his memory will bloom upon our altars for ages and ages with perennial freshness. The mother shall teach her infant to lisp their names in unison—the father shall teach him to emulate their sterling virtues. An admiring posterity shall make frequent pilgrimages to Mount Vernon in the East, and the Hermitage in the West, to linger around the mounds which contain the ashes of the illustrious dead, to commune with the spirits of the immortal WASHINGTON and JACKSON.

EULOGY

DELIVERED AT POTTSVILLE, PA., JULY 10, 1845,

BY

Rev. D. D. LORE.

We are assembled, my countrymen, in vast numbers, to pay the tribute that true greatness demands of justice. And the honourable part that your partiality has assigned to me on this solemn and imposing occasion, is "to deliver a eulogy on the life and character of General Andrew Jackson."

Eulogies are the spontaneous emotions of the human heart, excited by the virtuous and brave deeds of our fellow men. Hence, they are coeval with the history of mankind. The bards of a country were the primitive eulogists of its heroes. They were employed to compose and rehearse verses in honour of the heroic achievements of princes and brave men. They accompanied the armies to battle, and took their stand in some conspicuous place, and when the warrior fell, covered with honourable wounds, he turned his dying eye to the poet, who made him immortal in song. The effect of these panegyrics on the national character was indescribable. They placed glory and renown before the warrior, and on the day of battle excited his courage to perfect enthusiasm.

History informs us that when Edward I. of England, invaded North Wales, he found it impossible to establish his authority, while the Welsh bards were permitted to live. For they, by rehearsing in their songs the glorious achievements of the ancient Britons, kept alive an heroic spirit of freedom and independence. He therefore cruelly ordered the minstrels to be massacred wherever they were found. And in the ancient republics of Greece and Rome, eulogy was one of the strongest influences in exercise, for the preservation of the spirit of patriotism. It is said of the latter in the time of Augustus, they had swelled into two thousand volumes.

Eulogies, indeed, are intimately connected with republican institutions. They are the tributes paid by a brave and free people,

to worth, to wisdom, and to virtue. They are, in a word, republican monuments, more durable than

> "The Heaven-aspiring pyramid, the proud
> Triumphal arch, and all that e'er upheld
> The worshipp'd names of hoar antiquity,"—

Transmitting to deathless fame, the well-earned renown of pure patriotism.

They had their origin in truth, and in the noblest feelings of the human soul, but have been too often debased to the ignoble service of adulation. Even Rome herself, who had cherished, sepulchred, and eulogised, so much true wisdom, virtue, and worth, stooped at last, ingloriously, to flatter power and honour crimes; and servilely said to the infamous Nero, "Choose, Cæsar, what place you will among the immortal gods. Will you sway the sceptre of Jupiter, or mount the chariot of Apollo? There is not a deity who will not yield his empire unto you, and count it an honour to resign in your favour." When eulogy so high-born is thus degraded, it becomes an offence to the truly magnanimous. May the tongue of the American orator cleave to the roof of his mouth, and his right arm fall withered to his side, who shall first attempt to bestow Americans praise so unworthily!

But when eulogies are discriminately bestowed, their influence is most salutary in a republican state. They should be pronounced by the voice of the nation; by the voice of the whole nation. And then they will excite to deeds of noble emulation, to national virtue, and to love of country. A nation's favour should be sold only at the highest and most honourable price. It should be made an object worthy the ambition of her noblest sons, and when won, should never be withheld. This would be an evil only surpassed by the opposite extreme. When a republic shall consent for her great men to go down to the grave unknelled and unheralded, it will be a day ominous of evil to her institutions.

It was the custom of the ancient Egyptians, to bring the characters of rulers and subjects after their death before a tribunal of judges, where they were solemnly acquitted or condemned, according to their merits. The profligate citizen and the wicked tyrant, were delivered up to eternal infamy. But the fathers of the people, and those who had laboured for the public good, received those funeral panegyrics and honours due to their virtuous deeds. At a royal funeral, the ceremony was as follows: Accusations were first received against the deceased. The priest then rose to pronounce the eulogy, and celebrate the good actions of the monarch. If he had reigned well, the innumerable multitude assembled answered the priest with loud acclamations; if he had reigned ill, a general murmur ensued,—and such kings were deprived by their people of burial, even though they had erected proud mausoleums

to receive their bones. A custom thus worthy the country in which the arts and sciences were cradled, and in which Homer, Plato, Solon, and Lycurgus, were schooled.

It is thus, fellow-citizens, that we would perform our task to-day. Will you by your murmur warn us to cease—or by your loud acclaim, warrant us to proceed to speak of Andrew Jackson as an American general, statesman, and sage. (Great applause.)

Fellow-citizens:—The man whose memory we have met to honour this day, was worthy this great national demonstration of respect. True, "he was born to fortune and fame unknown." He boasted not a long line of ancestors; he paraded no pompous titles; he claimed no royal prerogatives. He *needed* not these adventitious circumstances to make him great. He was one of "nature's noblemen!"

You will expect of me, as a matter of course, a sketch of his history.

Andrew Jackson was an American by birth. Born in South Carolina, in the Waxhaw settlement, on the 15th of March, 1767. At an early age, he was left fatherless. The spreading ravages of the Revolutionary war drove him from the academy of science, and at the early age of thirteen, he laid aside his books for the implements of war, and became a soldier of the Revolution. At the hallowed altar, the pure flame of patriotism was kindled in young Jackson's bosom, which burned brightly and intensely through a long life. He was a prisoner of war at fourteen, when, for claiming his right as such, and resenting an indignity, he received an honourable wound from a brutal officer. One of his brothers was already slain in battle, and the other was now fatally wounded by his side. He was soon exchanged as a prisoner of war by the exertions of his affectionate mother, and returned home; but it was only to see his only surviving relative, that mother, die.

We see him again, at the peace of 1783, emerging from the storms of the Revolution, an orphan boy. Bereft of all his kindred, without patronage or property, alone in the world. And what was still worse, he had formed profligate habits. How exceedingly unpromising were the prospects of this stripling at the age of eighteen years. But there was a "divinity within him that shaped his ends." An ethereal spirit that could not be borne down by adversity. At this turning point in his history, he entered as a law student in Salisbury, North Carolina, and in two years after, he was admitted to the bar as practising attorney. He immediately repaired to Nashville, Tennessee, where he established himself, and acquired honour and profit by his profession.

We now arrive at the commencement of his public career. His first public appointment to office was by Washington, as attorney-general for the district. He was still a young man. At the age

of twenty-nine, he was honoured with a seat in the convention assembled to form a constitution for the state of Tennessee. The same year he was chosen to represent that state in Congress, in the House of Representatives. At the age of thirty, he was elected to the Senate of the United States. After two years' services as Senator, he resigned. He was immediately appointed to the bench of the Supreme Court of his state. This office he also resigned as soon as practicable. In 1811, we find him in the character of negotiator with the Creek Indians, and when the treaty of Spain, ceding the Floridas, was ratified in 1821, he was appointed by the president to receive the provinces, and to establish the government. He was then offered by President Monroe, the post of minister plenipotentiary to the court of Mexico, but refused upon republican principles. In 1822, such was his reputation at home, that the general assembly of Tennessee recommended Andrew Jackson for president of these United States. And in the following year, he was elected a second time to the United States Senate, which honour he a second time resigned, on being nominated by the people for the presidency. In 1828, he was elected to this high office by a majority in the electoral college of more than two to one. And in 1832, he was re-elected by an unequalled and overwhelming popular vote, amidst the enthusiastic plaudits of the people; our own state giving him a majority of some fifty thousand votes! In 1837, he again retired from public office to the Hermitage, on the banks of the Cumberland river.

Such is a brief sketch of the political career of Andrew Jackson, which of itself shows that his countrymen *trusted* him, *honoured* him, and *loved* him. That they esteemed him worthy, and cheerfully assigned to him a place among the first of those whom they delighted to honour. And the civil duties and offices crowded upon him from the age of twenty-five to the years of threescore and ten, were enough themselves to have filled up, with unceasing activity, the full measure of the days of a common man. Contrast the orphan boy of South Carolina, who, at the age of nineteen years, was penniless, friendless, and professionless, with Andrew Jackson, the politician, rising regularly, through every gradation of office, from that of district attorney to the presidency of the United States, and is there not evidence enough to convince all, that he whose memory we this day honour was no *common man?*

No! he was an *un*common man. He filled another measure of days. He lived another life. To justify this, we will now glance at his military character. Though he was not, like the great Hannibal, taken, at the early age of twelve years, to the altar to swear eternal hostility to the enemies of his country, yet, at the age of thirteen, we find him a soldier engaged in battle, a prisoner of war, and mingling his young blood with that of the patriots of "'76." He was thus early dedicated to the service of his country, and the

pledge then given, and sealed with blood, was ever most faithfully kept. When thirty-two years of age, he was chosen, by the field-officers of the Tennessee militia, their major-general. It was in this character that he conducted a most successful campaign against the Creek Indians, headed by the celebrated Tecumseh, and abetted by British officers. Here he first displayed the qualities of a great general. Such was the vigour and celerity of his movements, that in six months, with the loss of only ninety men killed on the field, he fought three pitched battles, slew thirteen hundred of the enemy, took a large number of prisoners, and closed the war on his own terms. And he did this under the most unfavourable circumstances. His own health feeble, his troops raw and undisciplined, his supplies cut off, until, through want of food, the militia determined to desert, and the volunteers mutinied, and were only checked in their retreat by the personal courage of their general. The signal abilities of the Tennessee commander in this war drew the attention of the general government, and a commission of major-general in the United States army was forwarded to him in May, 1814.

In the summer of this year, on his own responsibility, he scoured the Spanish possessions in the Floridas, and dislodged our enemies, both British and Indians, who availed themselves of that neutral ground for shelter. With a sagacity characteristic of the man, he already anticipated the attack on New Orleans. He therefore hastened to that city and established his head-quarters on the first of December. He found it in the most defenceless condition, and what was still worse, "filled with British spies and stipendiaries." He appealed to the citizens, to the governor, and the legislature, then in session to exert themselves, for their defence. His language was, "With energy and expedition all is safe—delay further and all is lost." He suggested to the legislature the propriety of suspending the habeas corpus act. But there was not time for their slow deliberations, and he at once proclaimed the city of New Orleans to be under martial law. He closed the halls of legislation, and arrested the judge of the United States Court, saying, "I must be brief, there is treason." And the hastening events fully justified his expedition.

He wrote to General Coffee, "You must not sleep until you arrive within striking distance." The order was obeyed, and General Coffee marched eight hundred men eighty miles the last day, a march unparalleled in the annals of war. On the 23d of December, at one o'clock P. M., General Jackson received information that the enemy had landed, and were marching upon the city. He resolved to meet them that night. He did so, and gave them battle, and made a bloody mark over which they were not permitted to pass. The preparations and skirmishings between this and the de-

cisive engagement convinced the enemy that they had no mean foe to contend against. Jackson seldom slept; he was always at his post, and with the keen glance, and the celerity of the noble bird whose emblem he bore, he detected and defeated every movement of the enemy.

The morning of the eighth of January dawned. A thick fog concealed the movements of the advancing army until they were within a short distance of the American intrenchments. It was commanded by Sir E. Packenham, in person, and was pressing onward. The odds was fearful. The flower of the British forces, the veteran warriors of England, were there, just from the battle-fields of Europe, flushed with victory, with their honours thick upon them. The steady advance of that well-disciplined army was majestic, and awfully grand. But it was all in vain. That noble general was uttering his last command, that noble army was advancing to certain death. British honour was about to be trampled the second time in the American dust! They advance—but see, they waver! The command of the American general is given. The rattling hail-stones of death bursts forth and dashes that noble army as with a tornado of destruction. The fatal fire of the western marksman was terribly destructive. The defeat total. And the enemy retreated, leaving thousands dead on the field. General Jackson was victorious, New Orleans was saved. The power of the enemy was broken, and all accomplished with the loss of but *thirteen* men.

Never did the glory of a victory more exclusively belong to a general than did the victory of New Orleans to General Jackson. And here is "glory enough." We need trace the military history of General Jackson no further. We need not add another leaf to the wreath of victory that binds his brow! The fame of the hero of New Orleans is imperishable.

But Andrew Jackson was great in *moral* qualities. The energetic sublimity of his moral character has never been questioned, or surpassed. His high resolve, his inflexible decision, and his defiance of danger were a sure guarantee for the faithful discharge of every duty.

Courage and firmness were the most remarkable traits in his character. Indeed, they formed the star of his destiny, and it was ever in the ascendant from the time it first became conspicuous on the banks of the Mississippi, until it was lost in the light of a brighter day, on the banks of the Cumberland. And that his courage and firmness were of the highest order, arising from the pressing obligations of duty, we are warranted in believing, because they acted uniformly, and never faltered under the most trying circumstances. These qualities when merely constitutional, often fail

when most needed. But in Andrew Jackson they were equal to every exigency.

When he saw the right he approved it, and in pursuance of it feared no responsibility. He dared to disobey the voice of the highest authority, where obedience to the mandate would have been traitorous to the cause of humanity and justice. He dared to throw himself in front of a half-famished, mutinous, and deserting army, and arrest the progress, at the peril of marching over his dead body, when the protection of helpless women and children, from the merciless savage, require it. He dared, fearless of the rampant lion, to arrest and execute foreign subjects when the peace of his country demanded the hazard. And had the plea been "I am a Roman citizen," in the best days of that mistress of the world, their fate would have been unaltered.

As a civilian, this trait was no less conspicuous. When adjusting the affairs of Florida, in order to protect female orphans in their rights, he hesitated not to arrest and imprison the Spanish Governor Callava. And when elected to the chief-magistracy of our republic, it is well known our foreign relations called for the utmost decision and promptitude of action. And you also know how speedily those relations were adjusted. When internal disorders threatened the dismemberment of our Union, the dictate of his courageous and firm soul was: "Our federal Union—it *must* be preserved."

But he was also distinguished for his *benevolence* and *humanity*. His charge to his army, when about to engage a savage foe, is the language of a truly benevolent and humane man. "We must conquer as men who owe nothing to chance, and who, in the midst of victory, can still be mindful of what is due to humanity." At the bloody battle of the "Horseshoe," an incident occurred illustrating these traits that shines out like a bright star in a dark sky. It was this: A living infant was found on the breast of its dead mother. Of this infant General Jackson took personal charge, adopted it into his own family, and reared and ever protected the Indian orphan. This touching incident reflects more honour on the heart of the general than the entire glory of the Creek war. And in the case of the New Orleans fine, the dignity of the man and his generosity are most happliy blended. The fine imposed he paid, and the amount raised by the indignant citizens was, at his request, benevolently appropriated.

Such is an imperfect sketch of the *political*, *military*, and *moral* character of Andrew Jackson.

His achievements and his virtues have inscribed his name as *second* on the scroll of his country's fame, and enshrined his memory in the hearts of the American people. Side by side, in our history and our hearts, he shall have a place with our own incomparable

Washington. Though unequal, they were not altogether unlike. The one was as fond of the banks of the Cumberland, as the other was of the banks of the Potomac.

Did Washington voluntarily lay aside his honours, and retire to Mount Vernon? Four times did Jackson resign civil authority to return to rural occupations. From the conduct of three great and successful campaigns was he followed to his quiet home by the acclamations of his countrymen. And without a longing wish, after filling the highest office in the gift of the people, for the longest term of years, he returned to the Hermitage to die in peace!!

Such, my countrymen, was the man we mourn. But there is joy amidst our sorrows. Andrew Jackson's greatness was completed by his Christian faith. The top stone was brought forth with shoutings of "grace, grace unto it!" Had he departed this life without a hope of a blessed immortality, our task upon this occasion, would have been a mournful one indeed. But like the cloudless sun, increasing in magnitude and magnificence as it goes down beyond his western tomb, so was the decline of his sun of life. It rose with the dawn of our national day; its upward ascent arrested attention; its burning meridian magnificence fixed our gaze; but its setting has exceeded its morning promise, or its noon-day glories. He died a Christian. Therefore, my beloved countrymen, "*comfort yourselves with these words.*"

His Christian faith arrested particular attention in his latter days. With characteristic wisdom he closed his political career, retired to the silent shades of the Hermitage, and there prepared to die. And the religious responses from that quiet retreat, should be received by us with more than oracular authority. The sentiments of the dying patriot and sage, should be treasured up in the innermost sanctuary of our hearts. He was a Christian, as he was everything else, decidedly and wholly. No important interest of Christianity seems to have been overlooked by him. The Bible, the Sabbath, and the Sunday School, all received the hearty approval and commendation of Andrew Jackson.

Of the word of God, he said: "*The Bible is true.* Upon that sacred volume, I rest my hope of eternal salvation, through the merits and blood of our blessed Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ." His old Bible, thumbed and worn by constant use, he held up in his right hand, and said to Doctor Edgar: "This book, sir, is the bulwark of our republican institutions, the anchor of our present and future safety." Remember the sentiment, American Republicans: I will repeat it. It is a voice that comes to us on the wings of the sighing winds from the far off Hermitage: "*This book, sir, is the bulwark of our republican institutions, the anchor of our present and future safety.*" It is said his Bible was ever by his side. Like the pillar of the cloud, the symbol of Jehovah's covenant with

Israel in the wilderness, it was moved when he moved, it rested where he rested.

As the light of the Sabbath broke over his earthly habitation, he remarked, "This day is the holy Sabbath ordained by God, and set apart to be devoted to his worship and praise, I always attended service at church when I could, but now I can go no more."

He charged his family to continue the instruction of the poor at the Sabbath School. This new system of instruction, he said, which blended the duties of religion with those of humanity, he considered as of vast importance. He seemed anxious to impress the family with these sentiments. And in his last moments, two of his grandchildren were sent for from the Sabbath School to receive his blessing.

Here was the full-souled and intelligent Christian. He made the Bible the rule of faith and practice. He made the Bible the foundation of the liberties of his country. Observance of the holy Sabbath day—attendance upon the services of the sanctuary—and the religious education of the young, were all inculcated by precept and practice. These are the sentiments, my countrymen, that I would have you treasure up in your hearts, and exemplify in your lives. What a testimony have we from the lips of Andrew Jackson to the truth of our holy religion. *He was great because he was good!*

Nor did the dying patriarch serve his God for nought. The hero of Marathon was left to die in a dungeon. Caius Marius, in his old age, was driven to seek shelter amidst the ruins of Carthage. Woolsey was left to die, lamenting:—"Had I but served my God as diligently as I have served the king, he would not have given me over in my grey hairs." But Jackson's latter end was different from all this. He had served his country and he had served his God. And now, at the death-bed of the patriot and Christian, the sympathies of both worlds combined for his support.

When questioned, a few days before his death, as to his future prospects, he said: "My lamp of life is nearly out; the last glimmer has come; I am ready to depart when called." And on the day of his death, but a few hours before life's last struggle, recovering from a swoon, and finding his family around his bed in the deepest grief, he said: "My dear children, do not grieve for me. It is true, I am going to leave you. I am well aware of my situation. I have suffered much bodily pain, but my sufferings are but as nothing, compared with what our blessed Saviour endured upon that accursed cross, that we might all be saved who put our trust in him." He then calmly proceeded to take his final farewell of his family, individually. After which he addressed them for near half an hour on the truth and comforts of the Christian religion, and closed by saying: "My dear children, and friends, and servants, I

trust to meet you all in Heaven, both white and black! *both white and black!!*" And at six o'clock in the evening of the 8th day of June, he died full of days and full of honours. In death we look upon him

> "As some tall tower or lofty mountain's brow
> Detains the sun, illustrious from their height,
> The good man dying, rears his august head.
> Sweet peace and Heavenly hope, and humble faith
> Divinely beam on his exalted soul—
> Destruction gild and crown him for the skies
> With incommunicable lustre bright."

Such was the man, and such his death, whose virtues and whose services have called us together on this occasion. Long may his memory live. Long may his virtues be cherished and practised by *American Citizens.*

A

DISCOURSE ON THE DUTY OF A PATRIOT,

WITH

SOME ALLUSIONS ON THE LIFE AND DEATH

OF

ANDREW JACKSON;

PRONOUNCED JULY 6, 1845,

BY

GEORGE W. BETHUNE,

MINISTER OF THE THIRD REFORMED DUTCH CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

"*For he established a testimony in Jacob, and appointed a law in Israel, which he commanded our fathers that they should make them known to their children; that the generation to come might know them, even the children which should be born, who should arise and declare them to their children, that they might set their hope in God, and not forget the works of God, but keep his commandments.*" —Psalm lxxviii. 5, 6, 7.

Among our many national sins, there is none more likely to provoke divine chastisement, yet less considered or repented of, even by Christians, than ingratitude for political blessings. That there are evils among us, no one will deny; that changes might be made for the better, it were unreasonable to doubt; and, concerning methods of removing evil, or working good, we may differ widely, yet honestly. Evil is inseparable from human nature, the best human schemes are capable of improvement, and human opinions must be various, because they are fallible. It is a narrow, unthankful spirit, which, brooding over imperfections, or sighing after greater advantages, or bitterly condemning all who think not the same way, refuses to perceive and acknowledge the vast benefits we actually enjoy. Never was there a revolution at once so just and so successful as that which won our country's independence; never, except in the Bible, have the rights of man been so clearly and truly defined as in our constitution; never did greater success attend a social experiment than has followed ours. Since the establishment of our confederacy, tumults, insurrections, and violent changes, have been busy in all the civilized world besides. Throne

after throne has fallen, and dynasties have been built up on the bloody ruins of dynasties. In some nations the people have wrung, by force, partial concessions from hereditary rule; in others, after convulsive, misdirected efforts, they have been crushed again by the iron hoof of despotism; nor is the voice of a prophet needed to foretell a long, desperate struggle of uprising humanity with the powers of political darkness; while the bloody discords and constant confusion of other republics on the same continent with ourselves, demonstrate the incompatibility of freedom with ignorance and superstition. Ours is now, with the exception of the Russian and British (if, indeed, the passage of the Reform Bill was not an organic change), older than any monarchical government in christendom. The increase of our population from less than three millions to twenty, in seventy years, multiplies many times any former example; yet, notwithstanding the enormous migration to us from various countries, where free principles are unknown, our wide land has more than enough room for all: growth in numbers has been a chief cause of our growth in wealth, and our laws, strong as they are liberal, have proved themselves sufficient to compose, maintain and rule all in concord, prosperity and power. You will search in vain for another example of a vast nation governed, without troops or armed police, by their own will. It is not five years since, that our people, spread out over an immense territory, after a contest in which the utmost enthusiasm excited both parties, changed their rulers. Yet not a bayonet was fixed, nor a cannon pointed, nor a barricade raised, to guard the place of suffrage. The ballot, falling noiselessly as snow upon the rock, achieved the result. Within the last twelvemonth, the stupendous process has been repeated as peaceably and safely. Each of the great political sects, which divide the popular vote, has triumphed and been beaten. Much there has been to censure in the harsh recrimination and unfraternal bigotry on either side; but when the decision was reached, though the long-rolling swells which succeed the storm did not at once subside, and here and there some violent partisan may have betrayed his vexation, the surface became calm, and the noise soon died away. Every true patriot, submissive to the oracle of the polls, whether wisdom or error, said in his heart, GOD BLESS THE PEOPLE!

Our difficulties, real or supposed, have arisen out of our advantages, for good and evil are mixed with all human affairs. The freedom of those institutions under which we live, has its price, which must be paid, so long as man is prone to abuse, by impatience and excess, those favours of Almighty God which yield happiness only when they are used moderately and religiously. Elated by prosperity, we have forced our growth too fast. We have attempted by plausible inventions to transcend the laws of trade and produc-

tion. We have complicated the machinery of our interests until our clear, simple constitution, has become, in the hands of sophisticating politicians, a riddle of mysteries. The limits of habitation have been enlarged beyond the blessings of church and school-house. Vices and faults, peculiar to new settlements, have reached the heart of our legislation. To carry on our far-grasping schemes, we have strained our credit till it broke. Freedom of speech and of the press, has been abused to licentiousness by prejudice, rashness, and selfish ambition. Acknowledging as we do the rights of conscience in their broadest meaning, even the holy name of religion has been dragged upon the arena of party.

Our republic is not a paradise; our countrymen, like ourselves, are not angels, but frail, erring men. Our history has been an experiment. Mistakes have been made and will be made. It is thus that we are to learn. Shall we, in coward skepticism, overlook our immense advantages to hang our fears upon a few faults, or prognosticate the failure of a system which has accomplished so much, because it shares with others the imperfections of humanity? Is there a sober-minded man among us, who would be willing to encounter the oppressions of what are called strong governments, that he might escape from under our present system? Our faults are our own, and our misfortunes are consequences of our faults; but our political advantages are God's rich gifts, which it becomes us thankfully to receive and piously to improve. All our evils have their legitimate remedies, and there is no danger which may not be avoided by a wise care. Instead, therefore, of querulous fears and ungrateful discontent, the Christian patriot should zealously inquire what he can do to secure and advance the best welfare of our beloved land. Our holy text is full of instruction to this end.

The psalmist is describing the policy of God with Israel, the people whom he wished to know no king but himself, and therefore, the only safe policy for any people who would preserve their liberties from the encroachment of despotic rule.

"He established a testimony in Jacob, and appointed a law in Israel, which he commanded our fathers that they should make them known to their children; that the generation to come might know them, even the children which should be born; who should arise and declare them to their children, that they might set their hopes in God, and not forget the works of God, but keep his commandments."

We see here,

First: The character of a safe and happy people.

"They set their hopes in God; they forget not the works of God; they keep his commandments."

SECONDLY: THE MEANS WHICH GOD HAS APPOINTED FOR CULTIVATING THIS CHARACTER.

"He established a law in Jacob, and appointed a testimony in Israel."

THIRDLY: THE OBLIGATION UPON A CHRISTIAN PATRIOT ARISING FROM THIS PROVIDENCE OF JEHOVAH.

"He commanded our fathers that they should make them known to their children; that the generation to come might know them, even the children which might be born; who should arise and declare them to their children."

FIRST: THE CHARACTER OF A SAFE AND HAPPY PEOPLE.

They "set their hopes in God." The man who looks to God as the source of his welfare, is lifted above temptation within and without. Conscious of a holy, heart-searching eye, upon him, his virtue will not be an outward semblance, cloaking from human sight, secret crime or selfish purposes. The opinions, fashions, or rewards of the world, will neither shape his principles nor modify his practice. He will fear to do evil, lest he should offend against God. He will do justice and love mercy, because he walks humbly with God.

His expectations of eternity will guard and sustain him in honesty. He knows himself to be immortal and God eternal; that vice, which no human scrutiny can detect and no human laws can punish, will meet a terrible vengeance, while good acts and purposes will be rewarded openly by Him, who seeth in secret, at the judgment day. The pains of virtue and the pleasures of vice, being alike transitory, are of little account in his estimation, who sets his hope in God, his Saviour, and his judge. He relies upon God, because He is merciful, and knows that he is safe, because God is Almighty.

Were our nation composed of such believers, how untroubled would be our peace! how entire our mutual confidence! how free our affairs from intrigue, corruption, and wrong! The key would never be turned in the lock, the gibbet seen no more, and the prison doors stand open. No man would fear, but every man would love his neighbour, and the true interests of all be acknowledged by each as his own.

They "forget not the works of God." When God is the treasury of a man's hopes, he loves to trace the workings of God's wisdom and power, that he may know the sources upon which he can draw. He considers creation, and in its minuteness as well as its vastness, he reads certain proof of the same Power which made, ruling so perfectly, that nothing is overlooked, and so absolutely, that nothing is beyond his presiding will. He considers redemption, that God so loved the world as to give his only begotten Son as the deliverer of all who believe upon his name, and that all

power is in the hands of our Elder Brother, the incarnate God. Therefore is he sure, that God rules in mercy as well as justice, that he will listen to the prayer of his people, and that, however mysterious his methods, all things are working together by the Holy Spirit for the universal triumph of truth, and righteousness, and peace.

With such convictions, how cheering to him must be the study of Providence! With what confidence, remembering the faithfulness of God in the past, will he confide in him amidst the difficulties of the present, and for the developements of the future! and how steadfastly reject for himself and for his country, any policy which crosses the unchangeable laws of God, the everliving Lord!

How strong would this nation be in hope and virtue, did our people thus remember the works of God! for never, since the world began, has the providence of God been more remarkable, kind, and instructive, than towards us. Jehovah did not lead Israel forth from Egypt to the inheritance of Canaan with a more mighty hand or manifest care, than has been seen in our history since the first prayer of the pilgrim from the tyranny of the old world to this better country, rose through its virgin forests, until our present day of unexampled prosperity.

They "keep his commandments." The believer's obedience to the directions of God is the necessary result of such trust and study. Gratitude will make him loyal to a sovereign so kind and faithful: a sense of his own weakness and short-sightedness will incline him to follow landmarks so certain, and the approbation of an honest conscience reward and incite him to persevere.

"Happy is the people that are in such a case! Yea, happy, is that people whose God is the Lord!"

SECONDLY: THE MEANS WHICH GOD HAS APPOINTED FOR CULTIVATING SUCH A CHARACTER.

"He established a testimony in Jacob, and appointed a law in Israel:" or, as an admirable critic translates it, "He established an oracle in Jacob, and deposited a revelation with Israel."

The Psalmist, doubtless, here refers not only to the law given on the Mount, in which God defined human duties and prescribed religious worship, but to all the communications which he had made or might yet make to man.

The value of the word of God is seen in the fact, that it is the word of God. What almighty mercy and wisdom saw fit to reveal, must be of the last importance. We are sure of nothing but that which God has made known. Never could we have discovered his will concerning us, or known how to walk in safety, had he not said, "This is the way." Never could we have been assured of a Providence over us, or looked within the tremendous realities of eternity, had not he manifested himself by his own de-

clarations, and brought immortality to light by Jesus Christ, the man whom he has ordained as saviour and judge. Without the word of God, we should be without God, ignorant, hopeless, lost in perplexity, the sport of conjecture, of passion, appetite, and dread. Truth would have no definition, oaths no confirmation, laws no sanction, and the grave no promise; the past would teach us nothing but our ruin, and the future would be black with despair. When we have that word, how glorious is the reverse to the pious believer! We stand by the side of God when he laid the foundation of the earth, and we look beyond the catastrophe of created things to the fixed results of justice and love. We trace back our lineage to a brotherhood with every human soul; and we learn the will of our common Father concerning the relations which bind us to him and his family on earth. We see the path of righteousness marked for our feet, and one walking by our side, "whose form is like to that of the Son of God," sustaining our weakness and assuring our faithful obedience of eternal reward, after the shadows and the labours of time shall have passed away and ceased for ever. Nay, in the rest of the Sabbath, the worship of the sanctuary, the communion of saints, and the witnessing sacraments, we have the foretaste, sign, and confirmation of an eternal rest, love, and satisfaction in the house of God, eternal and undefiled.

Need I ask you to consider the blessedness, here and hereafter, of a nation who know and obey that word, and who cultivate and delight in that worship! Where is the suicidal, traitor hand, that would dare pluck this corner-stone from the foundation of our hopes, and, extinguishing the light which heaven has kindled, give our country back to the gloom, the licentiousness, and cruelties of those nations which have forgotten God!

THIRDLY: THE OBLIGATIONS UPON THE CHRISTIAN PATRIOT ARISING FROM THIS PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

"He commanded our fathers to make them known to their children; that the generation to come might know them, even the children which should be born, who should arise and declare them unto their children."

The first duty laid upon us is, to study and practise the word of God ourselves. It is by the light of Christian example, that the saving power of the gospel is made manifest to the world. The believer of the word of God, therefore, owes a profession and practice of Christianity not only to God, to himself, and the church, but to his country, because its welfare can be secured only by religion.

Then, it is our duty, to the utmost of our means, to give the advantage of the same religion to those who neglect, or cannot, of themselves, obtain the means of grace, especially in the new settlements of that immense valley, the power of which already over-

balances the older states. Wherever a fellow-citizen is without the knowledge of God, there is an element of danger mingling with the aggregate of the national will. We can never control crime, nor refute error, but by truth; and in withholding the truth of God, we consent to all the mischief that may be done by those, to whom we might teach the right, but do not.

But, especially, are we to strive that the Bible should be in the hands, and by the blessing of God upon our labours, in the hearts of the rising generation. Upon their shoulders the burthens of society, our country, and the cause of God, are soon to rest. From them their children are to learn good or evil. Neglect a child, and you have neglected the man, the woman, the father, the mother, generations yet unborn. The truth of God in our hands belongs to them, as much as to ourselves. It is deposited with us for their benefit. By omitting to give it, we rob them of God's best gift, and our land, in future years, of its best defence and glory. The means of education, so far as the arts of reading and writing go, are not enough. Educate with all your energies. Do nothing that may by any possibility interfere with, and everything to increase such instruction; but let us ever be ready to set the Bible before the opened eye and the craving mind. Better that a child should learn to read without the Bible, than to know not how to read the Bible. Thank God! Christians need not contend for debateable ground in this matter. With our Bible, and Tract, and Sunday School Societies, if we be only faithful in supporting them, we are more than a match, by God's help, for all the infidelity and superstition among us. We lose time and waste our strength, by petty squabblings with evil on its own dunghill. Let us rather devote all our power and zeal to those ready and open methods of disseminating truth, which no force in this land can forbid us to use. When the true church of God consecrates the talents she has from Him, to the spread of the gospel through our country, every wall that the enmity or idolatry of men can build against it shall fall like those of Jericho at the trumpeting of the Levites; when she walks forth, the light of her presence shall dissipate every shadow, and, "terrible as an army with banners," her peaceful triumphs will crown our whole people with the glory of the Lord, a joy and a defence.

Blessed be God, there are those who have felt the necessity of these religious efforts for the good of our country, and the immortal well-being of our countrymen. They are, indeed, but too few, and their zeal has not always been equal to their opportunities and responsibility. Yet in them, their examples of Christian conduct, their testimony to the power of religion, and their benevolent labours for the illumination of the ignorant, we see the providence of God blessing our nation with moral life, and confirming our government, founded upon the will of the people, by the only suf-

ficient buttresses, knowledge, virtue, and the fear of God. The faithful Christian is the only faithful patriot, and he is not a faithful Christian who serves not his country in the name of Christ, and in the spirit of his gospel.

These thoughts, as you know, have been suggested by the recent anniversary of our national independence, a day which should be dear and sacred to us all, though often miserably polluted by intemperance, and profaned by party assemblages. Surely, we might devote one day of the year to the charities of patriotic brotherhood, and lose all minor distinctions in our common citizenship; nor should we forget before the altar of our father's God, the Author of all mercies, his mighty doings for us in the past; the good, the great, the wise, the valiant, whom he has raised up to serve, guide, and defend us; and the blessing which he has caused to rest upon their counsels, their arms, their zeal, and their sacrifices. Such recollections are due to Him, to our country, and to humanity. Children should hear the story, and the best genius contribute to its illustration. Fresh laurels should be plucked and wreathed upon the graves of the beloved for their country's sake, and eloquence pay its richest tribute to their heaven-sent worth, that the living may hear and follow their example.

While I thus speak, the spell of a great name comes upon our hearts, compelling us to utter their thoughts and emotions. When the sun of that morning rose, it gilded the fresh tomb of one whose ear, for the first time since the 4th of July, 1776, failed to vibrate with the thunderings of his country's birth-day joy; and a voice, for the first time, answered not its cheers, which, since its boyish shout was heard through the Revolutionary strife, had never been wanting in the annual conclamation. The iron will, whose upright strength never quivered amidst the lightning storms that crashed around it in battle or controversy; the adamantine judgment, against which adverse opinions dashed themselves to break into scattered foam; the far-reaching faith, that flashed light upon dangers hidden from the prudence of all beside; the earnest affection, that yearned in a child's simplicity, the purpose of a sage, a parent's tenderness, and the humble fidelity of a sworn servant over the people who gave it rule and elevation, have ceased among us: Andrew Jackson is with God. He, who confessed no authority on earth but the welfare of his country and his own convictions of right; who never turned to rest while a duty remained to be done, and who never asked the support of any human arm in his hour of utmost difficulty; bowed his head meekly to the command of the Highest, and walked calmly down into the grave, leaning upon the strength of Jesus; paused on the threshold of immortality to forgive his enemies, to pray for our liberties, to bless his weeping household, and to leave the testimony of his trust in the gospel of

the Crucified; and then, at the fall of a Sabbath evening, passed into the rest which is eternal. His last enemy to be destroyed was death. Thanks be to God, who gave him the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!

To say that he had faults, is to say that he was human; the errors of a mind so energetic, in a career so eventful, must have been striking; nor could a character be subjected to censure more merciless, than he provoked by a policy original and unhesitating, at open war with long-established usages, and dogmas that had grown into unquestioned axioms. Bereft in his early youth of parental guidance and restraint, educated in the camp and the forest bivouac, and forced to push his own fortunes through the rough trials of a border life, we can scarcely wonder that, until age had schooled his spirit and tempered his blood, he was impetuous, sensitive to insult, and prone to use the strong hand. Warm in his attachments, he was slow to discover frailty in those he loved, or to accord confidence where once he had doubted. Grasping, by his untutored genius, conclusions which other men reach by philosophical detail, he made, while sure of just ends, some mistakes in his methods, for the time disastrous. Called to act at a crisis when the good and evil in our national growth had become vigorous enough for conflict, and wealth and labour, like the twins of Rebecca, were struggling for the right of the elder born, his decisions in great but sudden emergencies were denounced by that after criticism, which can look back to condemn, but is blind to lead. Compelled to resolve stupendous, unprecedented questions of government and political economy, he roused the hostility of opposite schools in those difficult sciences. Never shrinking from any responsibility, personal or official, he sternly fulfilled his interpretations of duty as a co-ordinate branch of the national legislature, leaving his course to the verdict of his constituents; nor did he hesitate to avail himself of all the means he could extract from the letter of the constitution, to achieve what he thought was the intent of its spirit. His was a stern, prompt, and energetic surgery, and though the body politic writhed under the operation, none can tell, though some may conjecture, the more fatal consequences his severity averted. If he were wrong, public opinion has since adopted the chief of his heresies, and there is no hand strong enough or daring enough to lay one stone upon another of that which he threw down into ruins. But in all this, his heart was with the people, his faith firm in the sufficiency of free principles; and regardless alike of deprecating friends and denouncing opponents, he held on throughout to one only purpose, the permanent good of the whole, unchecked by particular privileges, and unfettered by artificial restrictions. To use his own lofty language, "In vain did he bear upon his person enduring memorials of that contest in which American liberty was

purchased; * * * in vain did he since peril property, fame, and life, in defence of the rights and privileges so dearly bought, if any doubts can be entertained of the purity of his purposes and motives. * * * Nor could he have found an inducement to commence a career of ambition, when gray hairs and a decaying frame, instead of inviting to toil and battle, called him to contemplate other worlds, where conquerors cease to be honoured, and usurpers expiate their crimes."

But, though there are passages in his life, about which the most honest have held, and may yet hold, contrary opinions, there are services of his demanding the gratitude of all, and virtues all must delight to honour. Can we forget that victory, in which his ready strategy and consummate skill turned back, by the valour of scarcely disciplined men, the superior numbers and veteran determination of a foreign foe from the spoil and dishonour of a rich and populous territory? or the entire success, with which he delivered from the scalping-knife and torture of wily and ferocious savages, the Florida settlements, an achievement, which in subsequent trials far less arduous, no other leader has been able to imitate? Or the triumph of simple firmness over diplomatic, procrastinating subtleties, when, planting his foot upon what was clearly right, in a determination to suffer nothing that was clearly wrong, he swung round a mighty European empire to pay its long-withheld indemnity for injuries done to American commerce? And in that darkest hour of our country's history, when a narrow sectionalism counterfeited the colour of patriotic zeal, and discord shook her gorgon locks, and men shuddered as they saw, yawning wide in the midst of our confederacy, a gulf which threatened to demand the devotion of many a life before it would close again, how sublimely did he proclaim over the land that doctrine sacred as the name of Washington, *The Union must be preserved!* and the storm died away with impotent mutterings. Nor is his glory in this the less, that he shared it with another, and that other, one whose name the applauses of his countrymen have taught the mountains and the valleys to echo down for far generations, as the gallant, the frank, the brilliant statesman, to whose fame the highest office could add no decoration, nor disappointment rob of just claims to the people's love. It was a lofty spectacle, full of rebuke to party jealousy and of instruction to their countrymen, when Henry Clay offered the compromise of his darling theory, and Andrew Jackson endorsed the new bond that made the Union again, and, as we trust, indissolubly firm.

Remarkable as the contrast is, there were traits in the temper of the indomitable old man, tender, simple, and touching. With what faithful affection he honoured her while living, whose dear dust made the hope of his last resting-place more sweet, that he

might sleep again at her side! And, if his heart seemed sometimes steeled against the weakness of mercy, when crime was to be punished, or mutiny controlled, or danger annihilated; he could also stoop in his career of bloody conquest, to take a wailing, new-made orphan to his pitying heart; with the same hand, that had just struck down invading foes, he steadied the judgment-seat shaken with the tremors of him who sat upon it, to pronounce sentence against him for law violated in martial necessity; and at the height of authority, the poor man found him a brother and a friend.

But, O how surpassingly beautiful was his closing scene, when, as the glories of his earthly honour were fading in the brightness of his eternal anticipations, and his head humbly rested upon the bosom of Him who was crucified for our sins, his latest breath departed in the praises of that religion which had become his only boast, and in earnest counsel that all who loved him might obtain the like faith, and meet him in heaven! There was no doubt in his death; he had prepared to meet his God; and when his giant heart fainted, and his iron frame failed, God was the strength of his heart, and his portion for ever. Little would all his achievements have won for him, had he gained the whole world, yet lost his soul; but now his fame will survive until time shall be no more, and his spirit is immortal among the redeemed. The angels bore him from us, no longer the hero, the statesman, the guide of millions, and the master mind of his country; but a sinner saved by grace to the feet of the Lamb that was slain, a little child of God to the bosom of his Father. My hearers, have you been his friends? Obey his parting counsel, and by faith in Jesus, follow him to heaven, whom you have delighted to follow on earth. Have you been in opposition to his life? Refuse not the profit of his death, but find in that blood, which cleansed him from all his sins, atonement for your own. O that his last testimony had the same power over men's souls, as his cheer in battle, and his proclamations of political doctrine! Then would he shine bright among the brightest in the constellation of those, who turn many to righteousness.

My brethren, I have spoken much longer than I meant to have done, but you would not have withheld from me the privilege. If I have dwelt upon the best traits in the notable character of one, who has not been suffered to escape the earnest crimination of many, it has been because he is dead. You, who listened to me with so much candour, when I paid, four years since, an humble tribute to the merits of him who reached the height of authority to sink into a grave watered by a nation's tears, will not condemn my utterance of similar emotions now. The jackal hate, that howls over the lifeless body, is far removed from your Christian charity and generous judgment.

"Vile is the vengeance on the ashes cold,
And envy base to bark at sleeping mould."

Let us rather pray as Christians, that the memory of good deeds may live, and the example of a Christian's death be sanctified. Let us, as Christian patriots, take new courage in setting forth, by word and practice, the paramount virtue of the religion we profess, to save our country, as it saves the soul; and, while we mourn the conflicts of evil passion, not forget the actual good, which, by the Divine favour, is working out health from the mysterious fermentation.

There is, notwithstanding occasional agitation, a calm good sense among our people, sufficient to recover and maintain the equilibrium. It is not seen blustering around the polls; it is not heard vociferating and applauding in party meetings; nor, unhappily, does it often appear on the arena, where misnomered statesmen struggle rather for personal advancement than their country's good; but it lives with those, who, in honest toil, are too independent to be bought, or, in honest competence, too content to desire the doubtful distinctions of popular favour. It is nurtured by the lessons of holy religion. It is breathed in the prayer of God's true worshippers. It deliberates around the domestic hearth, where the father thinks of the posterity who are to live after him; in the philosophic retirement of the man of letters; in the workshop where the freeman feels proud of his sweat; and in the cultured field, from which the farmer knows that his bread is sure by the bounty of heaven. It is felt in the practice of common duties, the example of daily virtues, and the results of observant experience. It is like oil on the waves of noisy strife. The man in power trembles as he hears its still small voice; the secret conspirator finds its clear eye upon him, and quails beneath the searching scrutiny; and, like the angel of Israel, it meets the demagogue on his way to curse the land which God has blessed, and, if he be not turned back, it alarms and forewarns the beast on which he rides.

It may be said, that the party of the honest and intelligent is small, far smaller than, with my respect for my country, I believe it to be; but, if it be, it has still the controlling voice from the divisions of the rest. Each disastrous experiment teaches them new prudence, each well-sustained trial new courage. They have not looked for immediate perfection, and, therefore, are willing yet to learn. They are the men who hold the country together, and their influence is the salt which saves the mass from utter corruption. I look upward above the dust which is raised by scuffling partisans, to the throne of our fathers' God; I look backward on all the threatening events through which he has brought us; and I can commit my country to the care of Him who "maketh even the wrath of man to praise him," and believe that it is safe. Under

providence, I rely with an unshaken faith on the intelligent will of the American people. If my faith be a delusion, may it go with me to my grave. When its warrant proves false, I could pray God, if it be his will, to let me die; for the brightest hope that ever dawned on political freedom shall have been lost in darkness, the fairest column ever reared by the hands of men cast down, and the beacon-light of the world gone out.

My hearers, we must soon appear before God to answer for all our conduct here. Then, what will avail all our busy, anxious, most successful pursuit of this world, if, through neglect of a timely faith and repentance, we are lost for ever? Let me entreat you, therefore, to seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, that the Holy Spirit may be your guide, Christ your intercessor, and the Father receive you among the children of his love. Until we have obtained this grace for ourselves, we shall seek in vain to do any real good; there is no promise of an answer to our prayers, or of a blessing upon our zeal. We cannot be faithful to others, while we remain unfaithful to God and our own souls. May the voice of Providence, confirming the testimony of the Scriptures, prevail with us all to prepare for eternity, that, in our wise preparation, we may secure our own best happiness, by rendering the best service to God, our country, and our race! Amen.

A SERMON,

BY THE

REV. THOMAS BRAINERD,

PREACHED TO HIS CONGREGATION IN PINE STREET CHURCH,

JULY 6, 1845.

"*I exhort, therefore, that, first of all, supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks, be made for all men; for kings, and for all that are in authority, that we may lead a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty.*"—1 Timothy, ii. 1, 2.

1. We are taught in this passage a respect for constituted authority. Almost any form of civil government is preferable to lawless anarchy; and, therefore, Christians, subject even to Roman despotism, were instructed to remember their rulers as such at the altar of prayer.

2. We are taught by the text, the doctrine that God's providence legislates over all rulers; so that in answer to prayer, he will so "rule rulers, and counsel counsellors," that their course of government shall bless their subjects.

3. We are taught in this passage, that Christians are to regard their civil duties and the welfare of their country, as a part of their religious obligations and responsibilities. They are so to deport themselves in their offices of holy living and prayer, as to bless mankind here, as well as hereafter. And if it be the duty of Christians to pray for those in authority, because rulers have a great influence on the weal or woe of their country, it may also be the duty of religious teachers to define, illustrate, and enforce the duties men owe to their country, as a part of the duties demanded by God. This I purpose to do this evening.

4. We learn from the text who are the best rulers, and who the happiest subjects. Those are the best rulers who so rule that their subjects "lead quiet and peaceable lives in all godliness and honesty." "Quiet and peaceable lives in all godliness and honesty," suppose the protection of just law; property, person, freedom, and life made secure, and the subject himself estimating these blessings, pursuing a course of conduct marked by justice, temperance, moderation, benevolence, and piety.

When these ends are secured, a nation has the highest tokens of God's favour.

The topics started directly or by inference from the text, suggest rich materials for thought and illustration, but I do not now purpose to dwell upon them in detail. I have suggested them, not only because they sustain the main principles for which I shall contend, but because they afford license to the sacred desk for the discussion of these principles.

In this discourse, I propose, without obligation to any logical arrangement, to discuss generally the following topics.

What are the *essentials of national happiness and prosperity?*

What were the peculiar responsibilities of those who proclaimed our independence sixty-nine years since, and sustained it against a foreign power; and what are the duties peculiarly devolving on us to enrich and perpetuate our national blessings?

What lessons have been furnished to this nation by the life and death of ONE whose recent departure has aroused public attention and sympathy?

I can of course but briefly touch points of such magnitude.

What are the *essentials of national happiness and prosperity?*

1. Negatively, national happiness and prosperity do not depend on *extent of territory.* It is indeed requisite, that our territory should furnish fair scope for private enterprise and universal sustenance; but when we have already a domain which gives a plantation to every poor man who can invest two hundred dollars for its purchase—when our territory embraces the great rivers which conduct our commerce to the broad sea—when our climate is varied enough north and south to furnish the productions of every latitude—when our territory is large enough to embrace the resources of men and means to defend us from foreign aggression—it is obvious we have no motive for conquest or acquisition.

2. Great *wealth* is not an essential ingredient of national happiness. All experience tells us that the middle condition of society is the happiest. Great wealth tends to excessive and morbid refinement and indulgence — it tempts to avarice, idleness, profligacy, and licentiousness. The palmy days of Rome, of Tyre, of Babylon, were their days of enterprise and relative poverty. When they compelled the world to pour its riches into their bosoms, they sunk into the dead and putrid sea of effeminate and animalized luxury.

3. National happiness does not consist in great *military and naval* strength. True, we need the power to defend our rights and interests, but beyond this, our indefinite preparation of the instruments of death, only tempts to national bravado, to the lust of power and conquest, to oppression and legalized murder.

We have seen what are not essentials to national happiness and prosperity. We are now prepared positively to state what are

such essentials. And here allow me to make the very obvious remark, that a nation is not an abstraction, in distinction from the individuals of which it is composed. That is a happy nation, in which there is the greatest amount of personal, social, family, and neighbourhood felicity. It is obvious then, that those causes which minister to the greatest good of individuals, are the real essentials of national prosperity. The moral, social, and pecuniary degradation of the individuals of a nation, is the degradation of the nation itself, no matter what may be the form of its government, or the loftiness of its pretensions. Keeping this principle in mind, I remark, I. That the FIRST ESSENTIAL to *national happiness is civil and religious freedom.* God has made man a free moral agent, and designed him to act for himself, under the influence of self-love and religious duty.

There is nothing which human nature more covets than liberty. Take away from a man the consciousness of freedom and the right of self-government—assume that he is born to be the slave of the interest, ease, and pleasure, of kings or petty tyrants, and he feels degraded below the level of his race. The world becomes to him a prison—large, indeed, but sombre and hateful. The slave of despots may go to his task, but those cheering anticipations of benefit to himself and family, which lighten the burdens of labour, he can never know. The slave may eat, and drink, and dance in his chains, but his enjoyments are animalized, like those of the brute, to whose condition he is degraded.

Give a man liberty, and he covets knowledge. Occupying his natural and Heaven-appointed condition of liberty, he loves light because it reveals his blessings and aids his aspirings, like the soaring bird that rises and floats in the airy element which God has made its own. On the other hand, enslave a man, and he covets ignorance, like the mariner who closes his eyes against the vision of deadly rocks that he cannot shun. Where have new discoveries in science and new inventions in the arts originated? Almost always among the free, who expected to reap the results of their genius. Slavery is a most bitter curse, because it leaves man with his wants, his woes, and his labours, but takes away the motives designed to soften the burdens of human life. In this land we are blessed with liberty, and it deserves all the eulogies which 4th of July orators have poured upon it. I have only to regret that our songs of joy, even in this land of freedom, are interrupted by the clanking chains of two millions of slaves. May God open the way for their final and safe emancipation.

II.—*A second requisite to national happiness is individual industry in some useful occupation.* The wealth of a nation is made up of the earnings of individuals. If any individual, by industry and carefulness in business, accumulate beyond his own necessities,

present and prospective, he is to remember that the decrepid, the sick, the imbecile and aged poor, the helpless widow, the friendless orphan, are to be sustained by the savings of the young, the healthful, and the enterprising—so that no man has an apology for idleness. An idle man usually sinks to a vagrant. An idle family, whatever may be its present wealth, is on a rapid pilgrimage to vice, crime, beggary, and contempt.

A nation, relinquishing industry and slow gains to embark in grasping speculation, presents a spectacle about as amiable, happy, and hopeful, as the gambling fraternities in our low grog-shops.

Every man, young or old, who spends time in idleness, would do well to remember that he is a missionary of moral corruption and universal beggary—that if his example were imitated, we should have no country—or if we retained an empire, it would be a continent of darkness, pollution, and vice. The Pharisee "thanked God he was not like other men." Our idler, rich or poor, fashionable or unfashionable, may reverse this, and thank God that others are not like *him*.

He who covets food, shelter, and life's luxuries, without the industry to labour, or the self-denial to save, has begun an apprenticeship to fraud and theft. When a nation is made up of such, it is unfit for liberty, and may covet the advent of an energetic despot as a boon from God.

III.—A third essential to national prosperity and happiness is *temperance*. How wide-spread has been the prevalence of intemperance in our land! It has absorbed more money than all the expense of our Revolution—all the outlay of our second war with Great Britain. It has absorbed more money than all our academies, colleges—all our Bible and Missionary Associations—all our hospitals and asylums. It has wrung this money from aged parents to gratify the appetite of profligate sons, and from the worn, weary, heart-sick wife, and starving children, to gratify the diseased craving of a debased husband and father. This money has gone to fill the pockets of men who added nothing to the common stock of national wealth by their employment, but who first plucked their victims and then kicked them into the street. And have we lost nothing but money by this vice? The pilot has quaffed the cup, and in the madness of intoxication, run his vessel at a great waste of life upon the deadly rock. From ships and steamboats, from stages and railroad cars, from a thousand parts of our land, the shriek of fear and woe has come, because those intrusted with the safety of life had perpetrated reckless murder by sacrificing myriads to their own love of the cup.

And is the moral ruin of the victims of intemperance nothing? Who of us have not blushed at the degradation of some relative?

Who of us have not visited the premature, sad grave, of some relative, the victim of intemperance?

Now we must not, on the 4th of July, throw up our hats and shout that our fathers saved us from "*a three-cent tax on tea*," while we are coldly indifferent to the more cruel slavery which has ground to the dust hundreds of thousands of our citizens.

What tyrant on a throne ever wrung from a living victim his health, his reason, his good affections, his self-respect, his reputation, his property, his industry, and his undying soul?

Nero was merciful compared to this. Thank God! eighty thousand of these victims have broken the yoke of the tyrant, and stand erect in the dignity of human nature, under the rainbow of hope.

But we must watch this cause. Our tongues will falter in their rejoicing over liberty till we see our country safe from intemperance. And we even shall distrust all pretensions to patriotism or philanthropy, which coldly regard the effort to make our country happy by making its citizens sober.

IV.—Another element of national happiness is *a spirit of peace and order*. We know how odious and how painful is the spirit of strife, contention, hatred, and violence, in a family or neighbourhood. We know how malice embitters the enjoyment of an individual by gnawing the heart that cherishes it. Hence we know that a nation, under the influence of a spirit of war and violence, is not only guilty, but miserable—not only robbed of communion with God, but hindered from the exercise of those sweet charities of the heart, which ennoble and bless a human soul. The spirit of war may for a time find its victims in foreign lands, but it nourishes a tiger thirst for human blood, which, sooner or later, leads to the carnage of civil war, when citizen butchers citizen. We ask that *our* political and religious opinions shall be treated with respect and toleration—we ask for the liberty to worship God, not only without fear of violence, but without opprobrium. We ask that our houses shall be safe from fear, so that our wives and children may rejoice around the domestic hearth and altar. We desire that all should cherish towards us sentiments of kindness and good-will. We must remember that we are no better than our race—that other men, and other families, and other nations, have the same desire and capacity for safety and enjoyment. If we ask for blessings at the hands of others, we should be as willing to grant as to take. To hate and injure others, of whatever nation or creed, is to break down those barriers which protect us and ours from violence and death. The right of self-defence we all admit. The duty to be prepared to resist wrong inflicted by another nation, may be as imperative as our duty to resist the midnight assassin. Still, I contend that the best protection of a nation against insult and in

jury, is the spirit of justice and peace. Who are the men that pass through life with universal respect and kindness? The peaceful and the just. Who is the man that is complaining of insults at home and abroad—of insults at parties—in railroad cars, in steamboats, and everywhere else? It is the man who is over jealous of his dignity—the man whose disposition to encroach on others disposes others to encroach on him—the man whose ready appeal to personal violence tempts others to inflict violence on him.

He who should refuse to give way to others in Chestnut street, would soon raise a mob. Jostling others, he would provoke the same spirit to jostle him, until he would be borne down by numbers. Let him courteously yield to others, and others will cheerfully give way for him. Men mirror back the temper we present.

In the south-west all are armed, expecting insults, and they soon find them. Here, we assume that others are disposed to respect our rights, and they seldom disappoint us. The empire of Rome, in the spirit of aggression, stretched her armies to the cold north, and stirred up the power that stung her to death. Napoleon nourished the spirit of war in France, until fear and hate brought at last a power from without to crush his empire. Great Britain is holding the world in fear. May she take warning by the fate of her rival! We are so insulated, that a peaceful spirit is safe as well as beautiful. If we teach our growing millions to love war, we shall rue it at last. "They that take the sword shall perish by the sword."

We want not tens of thousands of our young men to be corrupted by the camp; we want not the waste of millions of our own in efforts to waste the life and property of others; we want no flaming cities; no vessels exploded and sinking, amid the cries of dying sailors; we want no wail of widows and orphans over husbands and fathers prematurely slain; we want no interrupted industry, ruined commerce, and down-trodden harvests; we want no battle-fields shrieking with the wounded and slippery with gore; we want no war.

V. A fifth element of national prosperity and happiness, is the *universal prevalence of intellectual, moral, and religious cultivation.* Let intellectual light be diffused, that the millions of our land may *know* their rights and their duties, social and religious. Let the truth of God be diffused to furnish those millions with the disposition and the motives to *do* their duty. The grand office of leading minds in 1776, was to rouse the mass of this nation to resist a foreign foe. They succeeded. Sixty-nine years of national existence and enlargement have raised us to an elevation above the fear of foreign enemies.

We have wrested the sceptre of government from a foreign despot, and reposed it where it ought to be, in the hands of the ma-

jority of this nation. Our destiny is no longer in the power of one man, but millions. If one man governed us, we should ask, with awful emphasis, what is his character? If millions govern us, we may, with equal emphasis, ask what *is*, and is to be, the character of those millions? Are they educated? Are they moral? Are they patriotic? Do they fear God and respect the great principles of righteousness? Who does not see the pertinence of these questions? Who that loves his country does not feel their importance? It is obvious, that while the grand mission of the Revolution was to battle down foreign domination, by fanning the spirit of martial feeling and resistance to tyranny, our great office, in the sixty-ninth year of independence, is, through the spirit of peace and universally diffused light, to educate into right principles and right action, the millions who hold here the sceptre of power.

The Revolution demanded the cultivation of the stronger passions—the nourishing of a sense of wrong, and the martial spirit to resist wrong. Now we need the passions to be soothed, lest they break out in violence on ourselves. Now we need to cultivate the intellect, the conscience, and the heart, that men may "*lead quiet and peaceable lives in all godliness and honesty.*"

The patriotism of the Revolution found its highest developement in hazarding life and property to defend the country. The high office of the distinguished patriot now is fulfilled, by the exhibition of an example of industry, temperance, self-control, of warm domestic affections, and love of public order in subjection to the laws of God and man—and of large and willing charities to diffuse that moral education, which shall elevate this entire nation to the practice of the same virtues.

The Revolution demanded agitation and excitement. We then asked for great changes. We have now gained our freedom and the means to defend it. Our true interest can now best be secured by tranquillity and repose. We then had everything to gain by excitement and revolution. Now we have everything to lose.

A very remote predecessor in this pulpit, the Reverend Doctor Duffield, was associated with Bishop White as chaplain to the Continental Congress. He was also for a time chaplain in the Continental army. He made these old walls resound seventy years ago, with exhortations to the male members of this congregation to take up arms for their country. On a Sabbath morning, when the British were approaching, he told them he was "*sorry to see so many yet at home.*"

It is now my duty, after seventy years, to exhort you to make similar great and patriotic sacrifices, to plant schools, academies, colleges, and churches, in every destitute neighbourhood, and to give your personal example and labours to the great work of educating the youthful generation, that they, by their virtues, may be

worthy to hold the inestimable blessing purchased by the blood of their fathers.

Doctor Duffield here prayed for the success of our arms in war. It is your duty and mine now to pray for the spirit of peace to be breathed over this great nation, that the arts of peace may beautify and enrich our domain from the sands of the Atlantic to the mild waves of the Pacific Ocean.

I must say here, although somewhat out of place, that our late President Jackson was always the warm friend and frequent patron of religious education. When the Reverend Samuel J. Mills was on a missionary tour to the West, his horse died, near Nashville. A great loss for a poor missionary! He was the guest of General Jackson, who promptly gave him another and better horse, as a mark of friendship to the cause.

A clergyman, now in New York city, of the highest standing, told me, a few days since, that when he was on a tour in Tennessee, twenty-five years ago or more, to obtain pecuniary means to build up the Presbyterian Theological Seminary at Maryville, General Jackson was his best auxiliary. He gave him *one hundred dollars most cheerfully*, and volunteered a letter to all his friends in the South and West, urging the building up of such seminaries, as indispensable to the well-being of the country. Such testimony on such a point is valuable.

The grand instrument of national salvation in the Revolution was the army, brave to defend their homes and their country. The grand instrument of saving this land now from idleness, intemperance, fraud and violence, and ultimate despotism, is the church of God embraced in the various religious denominations. Her prayers are to propitiate Heaven's anger. Her active benevolence in good works, in promoting education and true religion, is to be the foundation of our national morality and prosperity. The moral virtues of no nation rise above its religion. When the army of the Revolution faltered in courage and self-sacrifice, the genius of our nation grew pale with fear and wept in sadness. When the church of God in this land becomes self-indulgent, proud, sectarian, and temporizing, forgetful of her high office, as Heaven's almoner of light and purity, angels in Heaven might weep over a presage of national abandonment and sin. You will remember that in the most perplexing period of General Jackson's administration, when clouds lowered over the whole political horizon, he was daunted by none of these things, but said "his greatest trouble *was the schism in his favourite denomination—the Presbyterian church.*" Partisans jeered him for this, accused him of hypocrisy; but is there any reason to doubt that his sagacious intellect saw that what impaired the influence of Christianity struck a blow at national morality and safety?

Patriotism and piety might now mourn over the religious apathy, not of a single denomination, but of this entire land. As the practice and enjoyment of religion is absolutely indispensable to the true happiness of each individual of the nation, that cannot be called a truly prosperous nation which is not increasing in the favour of God.

I propose now to advert to some lessons taught to this nation by the life and death of one of the most prominent of our citizens. As the death of any man under God's providence is a fair subject for pulpit discussion—as the president of these United States has officially called the attention of the nation to the decease of his distinguished predecessor—and as the individual himself bore a remarkable character both in life and death, I make no apology for introducing the name of ANDREW JACKSON on this occasion. As I shall express my honest convictions, with a desire to give no offence to any human being, by invading the political prejudices of any, I hope for your candid attention. With political creeds I have no concern here, but as the name of Andrew Jackson has an influence with millions, it is desirable to see how far it prompts to truth and virtue.

Andrew Jackson began life amid the storms of the Revolution, when the war spirit was most rife in the land. He spent his whole life in a section of country where not to resent injury is to lose caste in society. He was a soldier for his country, and thus forced by duty into scenes of bloodshed. He was a man not only of singular sagacity, but of strong and quick passions—full of the chivalry of the military profession. He was not a professed Christian until he had retired from public life. Taking all these circumstances into account, it is not wonderful that there should have always been in his character an irritability under opposition, and an occasional violence of language and manner, which we, trained among calmer scenes, and under a more steady and consistent Christian influence, must condemn. But an orphan at fourteen years of age, first a soldier in the Revolutionary army—then a prisoner in the British camp—then an emigrant at twenty-one, to sojourn in the western wilderness among treacherous savages and lawless associates, had few opportunities to study the doctrine of Christian meekness and forbearance.

I was told by a distinguished gentleman of Tennessee, then an elder in the Presbyterian church, that in early times, when a howling wilderness of one hundred and fifty miles in extent, filled with savages, separated Nashville settlement, then in North Carolina, from Lexington settlement, then in Western Virginia, they were accustomed to form caravans for mutual safety in threading this wilderness. One of these caravans, made up mostly of young men, among whom was Jackson, started from Nashville for Lexington,

having a woman in charge going to join her husband in Lexington. The lady was taken sick the second night. In the morning several of the young men arose, saddled their horses, and were about to leave, when young Jackson asked what they were about to do? *Would they leave a woman to perish alone in the wilderness?* They were impatient, reckless, afraid perhaps of Indians on their track. They said they must go on. Jackson levelled his rifle and declared he would kill the first man that put his foot in the stirrup; thus he brought them to a stand. They agreed to wait a day—the lady was then able to travel, and they reached Lexington in safety. This shows the kind of associates around young Jackson, and the kind of bearing which he came to regard as chivalrous and necessary.

We must judge such a man by his circumstances, not by ours; and tried by this standard, I think, what Walter Scott said of a covenanter was true of Andrew Jackson: "His faults were those of his times and associates; his virtues were eminently his own." I may here in candour say that some of the leading measures of his civil administration I did not approve. The removal of the Cherokee Indians from their homes I resisted with my pen, and have often denounced it in this congregation. But I then believed, and I now believe, that no president since the days of Washington ever carried to the presidential chair a more patriotic and honest heart.

Whether a measure were popular or unpopular—whether his friends approved or opposed—if he thought it right, he urged it without regard to personal consequences.

If a measure were too unpopular to be touched by his friends, he threw himself into the breach and shouldered the responsibility. This course, so far above the truckling, time-serving course of mere selfish and heartless demagogues of all parties, took the nation by surprise. The nature of his measures, and the energy of his will, excited, in many, fear, but all felt the power of this moral courage —of this abandonment of self; and many, while they dreaded the effect of the measures, felt an increased admiration of the sincerity of the man.

This conviction of the sincerity of General Jackson, of his willingness to do what he believed the good of the country demanded, without respect to friend or foe, was one element of his great popularity. Mankind love a sincere and resolute character, and I hope politicians will learn from the example of General Jackson that "honesty is the best policy;" while perhaps he himself would have been more wise had he sometimes lent a more open ear to the counsels of his judicious friends.

The sanction which the early example and the great name of General Jackson gave to duelling we must all deplore.

But we must remember that in office he struck at once from the

rolls of the navy the names of two officers who had engaged in a duel, showing that his riper judgment disapproved the violence of his youth. In the early part of his last sickness he said, "*May my enemies find peace*"—"may the liberty of my country endure for ever." This was the spirit in which he died, the spirit which I hope all his friends will cultivate.

General Jackson's defects were as open as his virtues. He concealed nothing, and the eyes of millions watched his errors. I will palliate none.

But among his defects known to this nation, has he ever shrunk at any sacrifice to discharge every pecuniary obligation? He once exchanged a delightful villa for a home in the wilderness, to pay the debts assumed for a friend. Has he ever sought wealth by gambling, fraud, or overreaching in trade, or by speculating in office? Has he ever been accused of seducing innocence from the paths of virtue, or rioting in low debauchery? Has he ever shrunk in bearing his testimony to the value of temperance and religion? Has he ever neglected the poor to flatter the rich? Has he ever refused a well-authenticated claim on his charity, whether from friend or foe, whether for an object secular or religious? Has he ever forgotten a friend in adversity, or received at the hands of any one an obligation which he did not endeavour to discharge? Has he ever forborne to bear his testimony to the truth and value of the Christian religion, or absented himself on the Sabbath from the worship of Almighty God? Has he ever failed to treat with kindness ministers of the gospel—to open his house and his purse to such as were in poverty and want? Has he not, again and again, sacrificed ease, and home, and money, and put in peril reputation and life, to defend his country?

If, with so many claims to national respect and gratitude, it be still true that the prompt decision, powerful will, and ardent temper, which made him one of the greatest military commanders of this or any age, sometimes tempted him to precipitation, violence, and obstinacy, it only shows that he was a man, and, like other men, liable to err.

We cannot have the strength of the wind to swell our sails without a liability to tempests—nor the warmth of fire without danger of conflagrations. So, neither can we find in man great abilities and energy for good, without corresponding infelicities. To this our great Washington alone seems to have been an exception. It is enough to excite our best feelings in view of the death of Jackson, if we can *all* say—as I believe we can—that in spite of the defects, moral or political, imputed to him, he had a lofty patriotism—a large, honest, and brave heart, and the ends "he aimed at were his country's!"

It was not till the storms of his public life were over, that he gave his attention practically to religion. The influence of a pious mother left always on his mind a firm faith in Christianity, and a profound reverence for its doctrines and institutions; but, like too many others, he procrastinated the great duty of "repentance towards God, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ."

When in Cincinnati fifteen years ago, a beautiful young lady asked him to write in her album. He wrote—

"When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every pear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
ANDREW JACKSON."

Politicians saw in this cant, pretence, or imbecility. Those that knew General Jackson's early life, saw in it the principles of piety planted by a departed mother, and struggling in a masculine intellect and conscience with the excitements and temptations of the world.

While at Washington, President Jackson has often sent for clergymen visiting the city, to conduct prayer in his family. This showed his respect for religion at that period, and renders his subsequent conversion less wonderful. About seven years ago, he united with the Presbyterian church in Nashville, of which the Reverend Doctor Edgar is pastor.

Doctor Edgar, at his grave, gave a touching account of his conversion to God, and bore testimony that in the church he had developed a *consistent Christian character.* Convinced of his duty to serve God by a public profession, he stood up before the world as a disciple of Christ. We only regret, as he doubtless regretted, that he had not thus consecrated himself early in life.

I.—His death, though in the course of nature, teaches us first, *how vain is all earthly good.* General Jackson had all the world could give him of office and honour. He lived almost fourscore years; but "all the world gave it has taken away." His ear is deaf to human applause. He moulders like the beggar in his shroud. The strong arm is palsied—the stout heart is still—the voice which has moved armies and agitated a continent, is silent. What a lesson does this read to earthly ambition—how humbling to human pride!

The deceased took this humbling view of death, when he refused to have his remains laid in a sarcophagus which three thousand years had spared, and the partiality of friends had presented. "Let me be buried," said he, "in the earth—by the remains of my beloved companion. I wish to be buried in a plain, unostentatious manner, without any pomp."

His epitaph, fixed upon by himself, is:

"ANDREW JACKSON,
BORN 15th OF MARCH, 1767,
DIED 8th OF JUNE, 1845."

He would not mock the humiliation of the grave, by attempting to garnish it with earthly splendour. He would let death utter its scornful and unbroken rebuke of human pride, avarice, and ambition.

II.—*The death scene of General Jackson shows our need of religion.* The light which cheered his pilgrimage through the dark valley was no reflected glory from splendid victories and lofty political stations. The huzzas of millions made no music for his dying ear. If he found peace then, and he did find it, it was in the evidence that God had forgiven his sins and renewed his heart. It will be so with us. We toil and strive for the world, but in dying, all the treasure that will avail us will be the hope of God's favour and eternal life.

III.—*The death scene of General Jackson discloses a motive to begin early to serve God and our generation.* On the Sabbath, two weeks before he died, the Lord's supper was administered in the Presbyterian church near his residence. Unable to go out, he desired "once more" to receive the sacrament inhis chamber. At the close, he said, "When I have suffered sufficiently the Lord will take me to himself, but what are my sufferings compared to my Saviour, who died for me on the accursed tree."

On the Sabbath, the day he died, he first fainted and was supposed to be dead; but revived. He called all his little grandchildren and the members of his family—took each of his grandchildren by the hand, and blessed and kissed them all. He told them they had good parents—to keep the Sabbath and read the Testament. "Where," he says, "is my daughter Mary? God will take care of you for me. I am my God's. I belong to him. I go but a short time before you." His grandchildren began to cry. "What is the matter, my dear children? Have I alarmed you? O, do not cry—be good children, and we shall meet in Heaven." Turning to the servants, he said—"I want to meet you all, *white and black*, in heaven." Having exhorted them in an eloquent strain for half an hour, he sunk away and calmly expired.

What an affecting and sublime spectacle! The aged soldier and statesman, the idol of half the nation, is slowly expiring. He has but a few hours to live, he is all weakness and pain, but he rouses himself from the gathering torpor of death, and for half an hour gives eloquent counsel to all "to prepare to meet God." If children, and youth, and servants, needed such counsel from his lips, they need it from ours. If conscience will not let us die in peace without

discharging our duty in this respect, let us begin early, and in our days of health beseech all around us to be reconciled to God.

General Jackson would take the sacrament in his sick chamber. He asked it as a privilege. Who in health then, are justified in neglecting this ordinance as it is administered before them in the sanctuary? Let us learn the virtues of a death-bed while we have health to exercise those virtues in acts of piety.

I thank God that he led General Jackson in the face of this nation to honour, in his last years and hours, the Bible—the Sabbath, the church and its sacraments—and the great doctrine of salvation alone through the atonement of Calvary. We hope those who loved him will hasten to follow this his final example.

He was always a brave man, but he achieved his greatest triumph, when he humbled his pride at the foot of the cross, and gained a hope which gave him *victory over death*.

His civil and military renown may fade amid the mists of coming ages; but God grant that his noble and impressive testimony to the truth and value of the Christian religion, may live in the hearts of men until the pillars of this great globe shall crumble, and time itself be no more. Amen.

APPENDIX.

PROCLAMATION

COMMUNICATED DECEMBER 10, 1832,

BY

ANDREW JACKSON,

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

WHEREAS a convention assembled in the state of South Carolina have passed an Ordinance, by which they declare "That the several acts and parts of acts of the Congress of the United States, purporting to be laws for the imposing of duties and imposts on the importation of foreign commodities, and now having actual operation and effect within the United States, and more especially" two acts, for the same purposes, passed on the 29th of May, 1828, and on the 14th of July, 1832, "are unauthorized by the constitution of the United States, and violate the true meaning and intent thereof, and are null and void, and no law," nor binding on the citizens of that state or its officers; and by the said Ordinance it is further declared to be unlawful for any of the constituted authorities of the state or of the United States, to enforce the payment of the duties imposed by the said acts within the same state, and that it is the duty of the legislature to pass such laws as may be necessary to give full effect to the said Ordinance:

And whereas, by the said Ordinance, it is further ordained, that, in no case of law or equity, decided in the courts of said state, wherein shall be drawn in question the validity of the said Ordinance, or of the acts of the legislature that may be passed to give it effect, or of the said laws of the United States, appeal shall be allowed to the Supreme Court of the United States, nor shall any copy of the record be permitted or allowed for that purpose; and that any person attempting to take such an appeal shall be punished as for a contempt of court:

And, finally, the said Ordinance declares that the people of South Carolina will maintain the said Ordinance at every hazard; and that they will consider the passage of any act by Congress, abolishing or closing the ports of the said state, or otherwise obstructing the free ingress or egress of vessels to and from the said ports, or any other act of the federal government to coerce the state, shut up her ports, destroy or harass her commerce, or to enforce the said acts otherwise than through the civil tribunals of the country, as inconsistent with the longer continuance of South Carolina in the Union; and that the people of the said state will thenceforth hold themselves absolved from all further obligation to maintain or preserve their political connexion with the people of the other states, and will forthwith proceed to organize a separate government, and do all other acts and things which sovereign and independent states may of right do:

And whereas the said Ordinance prescribes to the people of South Carolina a course of conduct, in direct violation of their duty as citizens of the United States, contrary to the laws of their country, subversive of its constitution, and having for its object the destruction of the Union—that Union, which, coeval with our political existence, led our fathers, without any other ties to unite them than those of patriotism and a common cause, through a sanguinary struggle to a glorious independence—that sacred Union, hitherto inviolate, which, perfected by our happy constitution, has brought us, by the favour of Heaven, to a state of prosperity at home, and high consideration abroad, rarely, if ever, equalled in the history of nations: To preserve this bond of our political existence from destruction, to maintain inviolate this state of national honour and prosperity, and to justify the confidence my fellow-citizens have reposed in me, I, ANDREW JACKSON, *President of the United States*, have thought proper to issue this my PROCLAMATION, stating my views of the constitution and laws applicable to the measures adopted by the convention of South Carolina, and to the reasons they have put forth to sustain them, declaring the course which duty will require me to pursue, and, appealing to the understanding and patriotism of the people, warn them of the consequences that must inevitably result from an observance of the dictates of the convention.

Strict duty would require of me nothing more than the exercise of those powers with which I am now, or may hereafter be invested, for preserving the peace of the Union, and for the execution of the laws. But the imposing aspect which opposition has assumed in this case, by clothing itself with state authority, and the deep interest which the people of the United States must all feel in preventing a resort to stronger measures, while there is a hope that anything will be yielded to reasoning and remonstrance, per-

haps demand, and will certainly justify, a full exposition to South Carolina and the nation of the views I entertain of this important question, as well as a distinct enunciation of the course which my sense of duty will require me to pursue.

The Ordinance is founded, not on the indefeasible right of resisting acts which are plainly unconstitutional and too oppressive to be endured, but on the strange position that any one state may not only declare an act of Congress void, but prohibit its execution —that they may do this consistently with the constitution—that the true construction of that instrument permits a state to retain its place in the Union, and yet be bound by no other of its laws than those it may choose to consider as constitutional. It is true, they add, that, to justify this abrogation of a law, it must be palpably contrary to the constitution; but it is evident, that to give the right of resisting laws of that description, coupled with the uncontrolled right to decide what laws deserve that character, is to give the power of resisting all laws. For, as by the theory there is no appeal, the reasons alleged by the state, good or bad, must prevail. If it should be said that public opinion is a sufficient check against the abuse of this power, it may be asked why it is not deemed a sufficient guard against the passage of an unconstitutional act by Congress. There is, however, a restraint in this last case, which makes the assumed power of a state more indefensible, and which does not exist in the other. There are two appeals from an unconstitutional act passed by Congress—one to the judiciary, the other to the people and the states. There is no appeal from the state decision in theory; and the practical illustration shows that the courts are closed against an application to review it, both judges and jurors being sworn to decide in its favour. But reasoning on this subject is superfluous when our social compact in express terms declares, that the laws of the United States, its constitution, and treaties made under it, are the supreme law of the land; and, for greater caution, adds, "that the judges in every state shall be bound thereby, anything in the constitution or laws of any state to the contrary notwithstanding." And it may be asserted, without fear of refutation, that no federative government could exist without a similar provision. Look for a moment to the consequence. If South Carolina considers the revenue laws unconstitutional, and has a right to prevent their execution in the port of Charleston, there would be a clear, constitutional objection to their collection in every other port, and no revenue could be collected anywhere; for all imposts must be equal. It is no answer to repeat that an unconstitutional law is no law, so long as the question of legality is to be decided by the state itself; for every law operating injuriously upon any local interest will be perhaps thought, and cer-

tainly represented, as unconstitutional, and, as has been shown, there is no appeal.

If this doctrine had been established at an earlier day, the Union would have been dissolved in its infancy. The excise law in Pennsylvania, the embargo and non-intercourse law in the eastern states, the carriage tax in Virginia, were all deemed unconstitutional, and were more unequal in their operation than any of the laws now complained of; but, fortunately, none of those states discovered that they had the right now claimed by South Carolina. The war into which we were forced, to support the dignity of the nation and the rights of our citizens, might have ended in defeat and disgrace, instead of victory and honour, if the states who supposed it a ruinous and unconstitutional measure, had thought they possessed the right of nullifying the act by which it was declared, and denying supplies for its prosecution. Hardly and unequally as those measures bore upon the several members of the Union, to the legislatures of none did this efficient and peaceable remedy, as it is called, suggest itself. The discovery of this important feature in our constitution was reserved to the present day. To the statesmen of South Carolina belongs the invention, and upon the citizens of that state will unfortunately fall the evils of reducing it to practice.

If the doctrine of a state veto upon the laws of the Union carries with it internal evidence of its impracticable absurdity, our constitutional history will also afford abundant proof that it would have been repudiated with indignation, had it been proposed to form a feature in our government.

In our colonial state, although dependent on another power, we very early considered ourselves as connected by common interest with each other. Leagues were formed for common defence, and before the declaration of independence, we were known in our aggregate character as THE UNITED COLONIES OF AMERICA. That decisive and important step was taken jointly. We declared ourselves a nation by a joint, not by several acts; and when the terms of our confederation were reduced to form, it was in that of a solemn league of several states, by which they agreed that they would, collectively, form one nation for the purpose of conducting some certain domestic concerns, and all foreign relations. In the instrument forming that Union, is found an article which declares that "every state shall abide by the determinations of Congress on all questions which by that confederation should be submitted to them."

Under the confederation, then, no state could legally annul a decision of Congress, or refuse to submit to its execution; but no provision was made to enforce these decisions. Congress made requisitions, but they were not complied with. The government could not operate on individuals. They had no judiciary, no means of collecting revenue.

But the defects of the confederation need not be detailed. Under its operation, we could scarcely be called a nation. We had neither prosperity at home nor consideration abroad. This state of things could not be endured, and our present happy constitution was formed; but formed in vain, if this fatal doctrine prevails. It was formed for important objects that are announced in the preamble made in the name and by the authority of the people of the United States, whose delegates framed, and whose conventions approved it. The most important among these objects, that which is placed first in rank, on which all the others rest, is "to form a more perfect union." Now, is it possible that, even if there were no express provision giving supremacy to the constitution and laws of the United States over those of the states, it can be conceived, that an instrument made for the purpose of "forming a more perfect union" than that of the confederation, could be so constructed by the assembled wisdom of our country, as to substitute for that confederation a form of government dependent for its existence on the local interest, the party spirit of a state, or of a prevailing faction in a state? Every man of plain unsophisticated understanding, who hears the question, will give such an answer as will preserve the Union. Metaphysical subtlety, in pursuit of an impracticable theory, could alone have devised one that is calculated to destroy it.

I consider, then, the power to annul a law of the United States, assumed by one state, incompatible with the existence of the Union, contradicted expressly by the letter of the constitution, unauthorized by its spirit, inconsistent with every principle on which it was founded, and destructive of the great object for which it was formed.

After this general view of the leading principle, we must examine the particular application of it which is made in the Ordinance.

The preamble rests its justification on these grounds: It assumes as a fact, that the obnoxious laws, although they purport to be laws for raising revenue, were, in reality, intended for the protection of manufacturers, which purpose it asserts to be unconstitutional—that the operation of these laws is unequal—that the amount raised by them is greater than is required by the wants of the government—and, finally, that the proceeds are to be applied to objects unauthorized by the constitution. These are the only causes alleged to justify an open opposition to the laws of the country, and a threat of seceding from the Union, if any attempt should be made to enforce them. The first virtually acknowledges, that the law in question was passed under a power expressly given by the constitution, to lay and collect imposts; but its constitutionality is drawn in question from the motives of those who passed it. However apparent this

purpose may be in the present case, nothing can be more dangerous than to admit the position, that an unconstitutional purpose, entertained by the members who assent to a law enacted under a constitutional power, shall make that law void; for how is that purpose to be ascertained? Who is to make the scrutiny? How often may bad purposes be falsely imputed? in how many cases are they concealed by false professions? in how many is no declaration of motive made? Admit this doctrine, and you give to the states an uncontrolled right to decide, and every law may be annulled under this pretext. If, therefore, the absurd and dangerous doctrine should be admitted that a state may annul an unconstitutional law, or one that it deems such, it will not apply to the present case.

The next objection is, that the laws in question operate unequally. This objection may be made with truth, to every law that has been or can be passed. The wisdom of man never yet contrived a system of taxation, that would operate with perfect equality. If the unequal operation of a law makes it unconstitutional, and if all laws of that description may be abrogated by any state for that cause, then indeed is the federal constitution unworthy of the slightest effort for its preservation. We have hitherto relied on it as the perpetual bond of our Union. We have received it as the work of the assembled wisdom of the nation. We have trusted to it as to the sheet anchor of our safety, in the stormy times of conflict with a foreign or domestic foe. We have looked to it with sacred awe, as the palladium of our liberties, and, with all the solemnities of religion, have pledged to each other our lives and fortunes here, and our hopes of happiness hereafter, in its defence and support. Were we mistaken, my countrymen, in attaching this importance to the constitution of our country? Was our devotion paid to the wretched, inefficient, clumsy contrivance, which this new doctrine would make it? Did we pledge ourselves to the support of an airy nothing—a bubble that must be blown away by the first breath of disaffection? Was this self-destroying, visionary theory, the work of the profound statesman, the exalted patriots, to whom the task of constitutional reform was intrusted? Did the name of Washington sanction, did the states deliberately ratify, such an anomaly in the history of fundamental legislation? No. We were not mistaken! The letter of this great instrument is free from this radical fault: its language directly contradicts the imputation: its spirit—its evident intent, contradicts it. No, we did not err! Our constitution does not contain the absurdity of giving power to make laws, and another power to resist them. The sages, whose memory will always be reverenced, have given us a practical, and, as they hoped, a permanent constitutional compact. The Father of his country did not affix his revered name to so palpable an absurdity. Nor did the states, when they severally ratified it,

do so under the impression, that a veto on the laws of the United States was reserved to them, so that they could exercise it by implication. Search the debates of all their conventions — examine the speeches of the most zealous opposers of federal authority—look at the amendments that were proposed. They are all silent—not a syllable uttered, not a vote given, not a motion made, to correct the explicit supremacy given to the laws of the Union, over those of the states—or to show that implication, as is now contended, could defeat it. No, we have not erred! The constitution is still the object of our reverence, the bond of our Union, our defence in danger, the source of our prosperity and peace. It shall descend, as we have received it, uncorrupted by sophistical construction, to our posterity; and the sacrifices of local interests, of state prejudices, of personal animosities, that were made to bring it into existence, will again be patriotically offered for its support.

The two remaining objections, made by the Ordinance to these laws, are, that the sums intended to be raised by them, are greater than are required, and that the proceeds will be unconstitutionally employed. The constitution has given expressly to Congress, the right of raising revenue, and of determining the sum the public exigencies will require. The states have no control over the exercise of this right, other than that which results from the power of changing the representatives who abuse it, and thus procure redress.

Congress may, undoubtedly, abuse this discretionary power, but the same may be said of others with which they are vested. Yet the discretion must exist somewhere. The constitution has given it to the representatives of the people, checked by the representatives of the states, and by the executive power. The South Carolina construction gives it to the legislature or the convention of a single state, where neither the people of the different states, nor the states in their separate capacity, nor the chief magistrate, elected by the people, have any representation. Which is the most discreet disposition of the power? I do not ask you, fellow-citizens, which is the constitutional disposition—that instrument speaks a language not to be misunderstood. But if you were assembled in general convention, which would you think the safest depository of this discretionary power, in the last resort? Would you add a clause, giving it to each of the states; or would you sanction the wise provisions already made by your constitution? If this should be the result of your deliberations, when providing for the future, are you—can you be—ready to risk all that we hold dear, to establish, for a temporary and a local purpose, that which you must acknowledge to be destructive, and even absurd, as a general provision? Carry out the consequences of this right

vested in the different states, and you must perceive that the crisis your conduct presents at this day, would recur whenever any law of the United States displeased any of the states, and that we should soon cease to be a nation.

The Ordinance, with the same knowledge of the future that characterizes a former objection, tells you that the proceeds of the tax will be unconstitutionally applied. If this should be ascertained with certainty, the objection would, with more propriety, be reserved for the law so applying the proceeds, but surely cannot be urged against the laws levying the duty.

These are the allegations contained in the Ordinance. Examine them seriously, my fellow-citizens—judge for yourselves. I appeal to you to determine whether they are so clear, so convincing, as to leave no doubt of their correctness: and even if you should come to this conclusion, how far they justify the reckless, destructive course, which you are directed to pursue. Review these objections, and the conclusions drawn from them once more. What are they? Every law, then, for raising revenue, according to the South Carolina Ordinance, may be rightfully annulled, unless it be so framed as no law ever will or can be framed. Congress have a right to pass laws for raising revenue, and each state has a right to oppose their execution—two rights directly opposed to each other; and yet is this absurdity supposed to be contained in an instrument drawn for the express purpose of avoiding collisions between the states and the general government, by an assembly of the most enlightened statesmen and purest patriots ever imbodied for a similar purpose.

In vain have these sages declared that Congress shall have power to lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts, and excise—in vain have they provided that they shall have power to pass laws which shall be necessary and proper to carry those powers into execution; that those laws and that constitution shall be the "supreme law of the land; and that the judges in every state shall be bound thereby, anything in the constitution or laws of any state to the contrary notwithstanding." In vain have the people of the several states solemnly sanctioned these provisions, made them their paramount law, and individually sworn to support them whenever they were called on to execute any office. Vain provisions! ineffectual restriction! vile profanation of oaths! miserable mockery of legislation! if a bare majority of the voters in any one state, may, on a real or supposed knowledge of the intent with which a law has been passed, declare themselves free from its operation—say here it gives too little, there too much, and operates unequally—here it suffers articles to be free that ought to be taxed, there it taxes those that ought to be free—in this case the proceeds are intended to be applied to purposes which we do not approve; in that the amount

raised is more than is wanted. Congress, it is true, are invested by the constitution, with the right of deciding these questions according to their sound discretion. Congress is composed of the representatives of all the states; and of all the people of all the states; but WE, part of the people of one state, to whom the constitution has given no power on the subject, from whom it has expressly taken it away—*we*, who have solemnly agreed that this constitution shall be our law—*we*, most of whom have sworn to support it—*we* now abrogate this law, and swear, and force others to swear, that it shall not be obeyed—and we do this, not because Congress have no right to pass such laws; this we do not allege; but because they have passed them with improper views. They are unconstitutional from the motives of those who passed them, which we can never with certainty know, from their unequal operation; although it is impossible from the nature of things that they should be equal—and from the disposition which we presume may be made of their proceeds, although that disposition has not been declared. This is the plain meaning of the Ordinance in relation to laws which it abrogates for alleged unconstitutionality. But it does not stop there. It repeals, in express terms, an important part of the constitution itself, and of laws passed to give it effect, which have never been alleged to be unconstitutional. The constitution declares that the judicial powers of the United States extend to cases arising under the laws of the United States, and that such laws, the constitution, and treaties shall be paramount to the state constitutions and laws. The judiciary act prescribes the mode by which the case may be brought before a court of the United States, by appeal, when a state tribunal shall decide against this provision of the constitution. The Ordinance declares there shall be no appeal; makes the state law paramount to the constitution and laws of the United States; forces judges and jurors to swear that they will disregard their provisions; and even makes it penal in a suitor to attempt relief by appeal. It further declares that it shall not be lawful for the authorities of the United States, or of that state, to enforce the payment of duties imposed by the revenue laws within its limits.

Here is a law of the United States, not even pretended to be unconstitutional, repealed by the authority of a small majority of the voters of a single state. Here is a provision of the constitution which is solemnly abrogated by the same authority.

On such expositions and reasonings, the Ordinance grounds not only an assertion of the right to annul the laws of which it complains, but to enforce it by a threat of seceding from the Union, if any attempt is made to execute them.

This right to secede is deduced from the nature of the constitution, which, they say, is a compact between sovereign states, who

have preserved their whole sovereignty, and, therefore, are subject to no superior: that, because they made the compact, they can break it when, in their opinion, it has been departed from by the other states. Fallacious as this course of reasoning is, it enlists state pride, and finds advocates in the honest prejudices of those who have not studied the nature of our government sufficiently to see the radical error on which it rests.

The people of the United States formed the constitution, acting through the state legislatures in making the compact, to meet and discuss its provisions, and acting in separate conventions when they ratified those provisions; but the terms used in its construction, show it to be a government in which the people of all the states collectively are represented. We are *one people* in the choice of the president and vice-president. Here the states have no other agency than to direct the mode in which the votes shall be given. The candidates having the majority of all the votes, are chosen. The electors of a majority of states may have given their votes for one candidate, and yet another may be chosen. The people then, and not the states, are represented in the executive branch.

In the House of Representatives there is this difference, that the people of one state do not, as in the case of president and vice-president, all vote for the same officers. The people of all the states do not vote for all the members, each state electing only its own representatives. But this creates no material distinction. When chosen, they are all representatives of the United States, not representatives of the particular state from which they come. They are paid by the United States, not by the state; nor are they accountable to it for any act done in the performance of their legislative functions; and, however they may in practice, as it is their duty to do, consult and prefer the interests of their particular constituents when they come in conflict with any other partial or local interest, yet it is their first and highest duty, as representatives of the United States, to promote the general good.

The constitution of the United States, then, forms a *government*, not a league; and whether it be formed by compact between the states, or in any other manner, its character is the same. It is a government in which all the people are represented, which operates directly on the people individually, not upon the states: they retained all the power they did not grant. But each state having expressly parted with so many powers as to constitute jointly with the other states a single nation, cannot, from that period, possess any right to secede, because such secession does not break a league, but destroys the unity of a nation, and any injury to that unity is not only a breach which would result from the contravention of a compact, but it is an offence against the whole Union. To say that any state may at pleasure secede from the Union, is to say that the

United States are not a nation: because it would be a solecism to contend that any part of a nation might dissolve its connexion with the other parts, to their injury or ruin, without committing any offence. Secession, like any other revolutionary act, may be morally justified by the extremity of oppression; but to call it a constitutional right is confounding the meaning of terms; and can only be done through gross error, or to deceive those who are willing to assert a right, but would pause before they made a revolution, or incur the penalties consequent on a failure.

Because the Union was formed by compact, it is said the parties to that compact may, when they feel themselves aggrieved, depart from it: but it is precisely because it is a compact that they cannot. A compact is an agreement or binding obligation. It may, by its terms, have a sanction or penalty for its breach, or it may not. If it contains no sanction, it may be broken with no other consequence than moral guilt: if it have a sanction, then the breach incurs the designated or implied penalty. A league between independent nations, generally, has no sanction other than a moral one; or, if it should contain a penalty, as there is no common superior, it cannot be enforced. A government, on the contrary, always has a sanction, express or implied; and, in our case, it is both necessarily implied and expressly given. An attempt by force of arms to destroy a government, is an offence, by whatever means the constitutional compact may have been formed; and such government has the right, by the law of self-defence, to pass acts for punishing the offender, unless that right is modified, restrained, or resumed, by the constitutional act. In our system, although it is modified in the case of treason, yet authority is expressly given to pass all laws necessary to carry its powers into effect, and under this grant provision has been made for punishing acts which obstruct the due administration of the laws.

It would seem superfluous to add anything to show the nature of that union which connects us; but as erroneous opinions on this subject are the foundation of doctrines the most destructive to our peace, I must give some further developement to my views on this subject. No one, fellow-citizens, has a higher reverence for the reserved rights of the states, than the magistrate who now addresses you. No one would make greater personal sacrifices, or official exertions, to defend them from violation; but equal care must be taken to prevent on their part an improper interference with, or resumption of, the rights they have vested in the nation. The line has not been so distinctly drawn as to avoid doubts in some cases of the exercise of power. Men of the best intentions and soundest views may differ in their construction of some parts of the constitution; but there are others on which dispassionate reflection can leave no doubt. Of this nature appears to be the assumed right of

secession. It rests, as we have seen, on the alleged undivided sovereignty of the states, and on their having formed in this sovereign capacity a compact which is called the constitution, from which, because they made it, they have a right to secede. Both of these positions are erroneous, and some of the arguments to prove them so have been anticipated.

The states severally have not retained their entire sovereignty. It has been shown that in becoming parts of a nation, not members of a league, they surrendered many of their essential parts of sovereignty. The right to make treaties—declare war—levy taxes—exercise exclusive judicial and legislative powers—were all of them functions of sovereign power. The states, then, for all these important purposes, were no longer sovereign. The allegiance of their citizens was transferred, in the first instance, to the government of the United States—they became American citizens, and owed obedience to the constitution of the United States, and to laws made in conformity with the powers it vested in Congress. This last position has not been, and cannot be denied. How then can that state be said to be sovereign and independent, whose citizens owe obedience to laws not made by it, and whose magistrates are sworn to disregard those laws, when they come in conflict with those passed by another? What shows conclusively that the states cannot be said to have reserved an undivided sovereignty, is, that they expressly ceded the right to punish treason—not treason against their separate power—but treason against the United States. Treason is an offence against *sovereignty;* and sovereignty must reside with the power to punish it. But the reserved rights of the states are not less sacred, because they have for their common interest made the general government the depository of these powers.

The unity of our political character (as has been shown for another purpose) commenced with its very existence. Under the royal government we had no separate character—our opposition to its oppressions began as UNITED COLONIES. We were the UNITED STATES under the confederation, and the name was perpetuated, and the Union rendered more perfect, by the federal constitution. In none of these stages did we consider ourselves in any other light than as forming one nation. Treaties and alliances were made in the name of all. Troops were raised for the joint defence. How, then, with all these proofs that, under all changes of our position, we had, for designated purposes and with defined powers, created national governments—how is it, that the most perfect of those several modes of union should now be considered as a mere league, that it may be dissolved at pleasure? It is from an abuse of terms. Compact is used as synonymous with league, although the true term is not employed, because it would at once show the fallacy of the reasoning. It would not do to say that our constitution was only a

league, but, it is laboured to prove it a compact (which in one sense it is) and then to argue that as a league is a compact, every compact between nations must of course be a league, and that from such an engagement every sovereign power has a right to recede. But it has been shown, that in this sense the states are not sovereign, and that even if they were, and the national constitution had been formed by compact, there would be no right in any one state to exonerate itself from its obligations.

So obvious are the reasons which forbid this secession, that it is necessary only to allude to them. The Union was formed for the benefit of all. It was produced by mutual sacrifices of interests and opinions. Can those sacrifices be recalled? Can the states who magnanimously surrendered their title to the territories of the West, recall the grant? Will the inhabitants of the inland states agree to pay the duties that may be imposed without their assent by those on the Atlantic or the Gulf, for their own benefit? Shall there be a free port in one state, and onerous duties in another? No one believes that any right exists in a single state to involve all the others in these and countless other evils, contrary to the engagements solemnly made. Every one must see that the other states, in self-defence, must oppose it at all hazards.

These are the alternatives that are presented by the convention: a repeal of all the acts for raising revenue, leaving the government without the means of support, or an acquiescence in the dissolution of the Union by the secession of one of its members. When the first was proposed, it was known that it could not be listened to for a moment. It was known, if force was applied to oppose the execution of the laws, that it must be repelled by force—that Congress could not, without involving itself in disgrace, and the country in ruin, accede to the proposition; and yet, if this is not done in a given day, or if any attempt is made to execute the laws, the state is, by the Ordinance, declared to be out of the Union. The majority of a convention assembled for the purpose, have dictated these terms, or rather this rejection of all terms, in the name of the people of South Carolina. It is true, that the governor of the state speaks of the submission of their grievances to a convention of all the states; which, he says, they "sincerely and anxiously seek and desire." Yet this obvious and constitutional mode of obtaining the sense of the other states, on the construction of the federal compact, and amending it, if necessary, has never been attempted by those who have urged the state on this destructive measure. The state might have proposed the call for a general convention, to the other states, and Congress, if a sufficient number of them concurred, must have called it. But the first magistrate of South Carolina, when he expressed a hope that, "on a review by Congress and the functionaries of the general government of the merits of the contro-

versy," such a convention will be accorded to them, must have known that neither Congress nor any functionary of the general government has authority to call such a convention, unless it be demanded by two-thirds of the states. This suggestion, then, is another instance of the reckless inattention to the provisions of the constitution with which this crisis has been madly hurried on; or of the attempt to persuade the people that a constitutional remedy had been sought and refused. If the legislature of South Carolina "anxiously desire" a general convention to consider their complaints, why have they not made application for it in the way the constitution points out? The assertion that they "earnestly seek" it, is completely negatived by the omission.

This, then, is the position in which we stand. A small majority of the citizens of one state in the Union have elected delegates to a state convention: that convention has ordained that all the revenue laws of the United States must be repealed, or that they are no longer a member of the Union. The governor of that state has recommended to the legislature the raising of an army to carry the secession into effect, and that he may be empowered to give clearances to vessels in the name of the state. No act of violent opposition to the laws has yet been committed, but such a state of things is hourly apprehended, and it is the intent of this instrument to PROCLAIM not only that the duty imposed on me by the constitution "to take care that the laws be faithfully executed," shall be performed to the extent of the powers already vested in me by law, or of such other as the wisdom of Congress shall devise and intrust to me for that purpose, but to warn the citizens of South Carolina, who have been deluded into an opposition to the laws, of the danger they will incur by obedience to the illegal and disorganizing Ordinance of the convention,—to exhort those who have refused to support it to persevere in their determination to uphold the constitution and laws of their country, and to point out to all the perilous situation into which the good people of that state have been led,—and that the course they are urged to pursue is one of ruin and disgrace to the very state whose rights they affect to support.

Fellow-citizens of my native state!—let me not only admonish you, as the first magistrate of our common country, not to incur the penalty of its laws, but use the influence that a father would over his children whom he saw rushing to certain ruin. In that paternal language, with that paternal feeling, let me tell you, my countrymen, that you are deluded by men who are either deceived themselves, or wish to deceive you. Mark under what pretences you have been led on to the brink of insurrection and treason, on which you stand! First, a diminution of the value of your staple commodity, lowered by over production in other quarters, and the consequent diminution in the value of your lands, were the sole effect

of the tariff laws. The effect of those laws is confessedly injurious, but the evil was greatly exaggerated by the unfounded theory you were taught to believe, that its burdens were in proportion to your exports, not to your consumption of imported articles. Your pride was roused by the assertion that a submission to those laws was a state of vassalage, and that resistance to them was equal, in patriotic merit, to the opposition our fathers offered to the oppressive laws of Great Britain. You were told that this opposition might be peaceably—might be constitutionally made—that you might enjoy all the advantages of the Union and bear none of its burdens.

Eloquent appeals to your passions, to your state pride, to your native courage, to your sense of real injury, were used to prepare you for the period when the mask which concealed the hideous features of disunion should be taken off. It fell, and you were made to look with complacency on objects which, not long since, you would have regarded with horror. Look back at the arts which have brought you to this state—look forward to the consequences to which it must inevitably lead. Look back to what was first told you as an inducement to enter into this dangerous course. The great political truth was repeated to you, that you had the revolutionary right of resisting all laws that were palpably unconstitutional, and intolerably oppressive—it was added that the right to nullify a law rested on the same principle, but that it was a peaceable remedy! This character which was given to it, made you receive with too much confidence the assertions that were made of the unconstitutionality of the law, and its oppressive effects. Mark, my fellow-citizens, that, by the admission of your leaders, the unconstitutionality must be palpable, or it will not justify either resistance or nullification! What is the meaning of the word *palpable*, in the sense in which it is here used?—that which is apparent to every one; that which no man of ordinary intellect will fail to perceive. Is the unconstitutionality of these laws of that description? Let those among your leaders who once approved and advocated the principle of protective duties, answer the question; and let them choose whether they will be considered as incapable, then, of perceiving that which must have been apparent to every man of common understanding, or as imposing upon your confidence, and endeavouring to mislead you now.

In either case, they are unsafe guides in the perilous path they urge you to tread. Ponder well on this circumstance, and you will know how to appreciate the exaggerated language they address to you. They are not champions of liberty, emulating the fame of our revolutionary fathers; nor are you an oppressed people, contending, as they repeat to you, against worse than colonial vassalage. You are free members of a flourishing and happy Union.

There is no settled design to oppress you. You have indeed felt the unequal operation of laws which may have been unwisely, not unconstitutionally passed; but that inequality must necessarily be removed. At the very moment when you were madly urged on the unfortunate course you have begun, a change in public opinion had commenced. The nearly approaching payment of the public debt, and the consequent necessity of a diminution of duties, had already produced a considerable reduction, and that too, on some articles of general consumption in your state. The importance of this change was understood, and you were authoritatively told, that no further alleviation of your burdens was to be expected, at the very time when the condition of the country imperiously demanded such a modification of the duties as should reduce them to a just and equitable scale. But, as if apprehensive of the effect of this change in allaying your discontents, you were precipitated into the fearful state in which you now find yourselves.

I have urged you to look back to the means that were used to hurry you on to the position you have now assumed, and forward to the consequences it will produce. Something more is necessary. Contemplate the condition of that country of which you still form an important part!—consider its government, uniting in one bond of common interests and general protection so many different states —giving to all their inhabitants the proud title of American citizens—protecting their commerce—securing their literature and their arts—facilitating their intercommunication, defending their frontiers—and making their name respected in the remotest parts of the earth! Consider the extent of its territory, its increasing and happy population, its advance in arts which render life agreeable, and the sciences which elevate the mind! See education spreading the lights of religion, humanity, and general information into every cottage in this wide extent of our territories and states! Behold it as the asylum where the wretched and the oppressed find a refuge and support! Look on this picture of happiness and honour, and say, we, too, are citizens of America; Carolina is one of these proud states; her arms have defended—her best blood has cemented this happy Union! And then add, if you can, without horror and remorse, this happy Union we will dissolve—this picture of peace and prosperity we will deface—this free intercourse we will interrupt—these fertile fields we will deluge with blood—the protection of that glorious flag we renounce—the very name of Americans we discard. And for what, mistaken men! for what do you throw away these inestimable blessings—for what would you exchange your share in the advantages and honour of the Union? For the dream of a separate independence, a dream interrupted by bloody conflicts with your neighbours, and a vile dependence on a foreign power. If your leaders could succeed in

establishing a separation, what would be your situation? Are you united at home—are you free from the apprehension of civil discord, with all its fearful consequences? Do our neighbouring republics, every day suffering some new revolution or contending with some new insurrection—do they excite your envy? But the dictates of a high duty oblige me solemnly to announce that you cannot succeed. The laws of the United States must be executed. I have no discretionary power on the subject—my duty is emphatically pronounced in the constitution. Those who told you that you might peaceably prevent their execution, deceived you—they could not have been deceived themselves. They know that a forcible opposition could alone prevent the execution of the laws, and they know that such opposition must be repelled. Their object is disunion; but be not deceived by names: disunion, by armed force, is treason. Are you really ready to incur its guilt? If you are, on the heads of the instigators of the act be the dreadful consequences—on their heads be the dishonour, but on yours may fall the punishment—on your unhappy state will inevitably fall all the evils of the conflict you force upon the government of your country. It cannot accede to the mad project of disunion of which you would be the first victims—its first magistrate cannot, if he would, avoid the performance of his duty—the consequence must be fearful for you, distressing to your fellow-citizens here, and to the friends of good government throughout the world. Its enemies have beheld our prosperity with a vexation they could not conceal—it was a standing refutation of their slavish doctrines, and they will point to our discord with the triumph of malignant joy. It is yet in your power to disappoint them. There is yet time to show that the descendants of the Pinckneys, the Sumters, the Rutledges, and of the thousand other names which adorn the pages of your Revolutionary history, will not abandon that Union, to support which so many of them fought and bled and died. I adjure you, as you honour their memory—as you love the cause of freedom, to which they dedicated their lives—as you prize the peace of your country, the lives of its best citizens, and your own fair fame, to retrace your steps. Snatch from the archives of your state the disorganizing edict of its convention—bid its members to reassemble and promulgate the decided expressions of your will to remain in the path which alone can conduct you to safety, prosperity, and honour—tell them that, compared to disunion, all other evils are light, because that brings with it an accumulation of all—declare that you will never take the field unless the star-spangled banner of your country shall float over you—that you will not be stigmatized when dead, and dishonoured and scorned while you live, as the authors of the first attack on the constitution of your country!—its destroyers you cannot be. You may disturb its peace—you

may interrupt the course of its prosperity—you may cloud its reputation for stability—but its tranquillity will be restored, its prosperity will return; and the stain upon its national character will be transferred, and remain an eternal blot on the memory of those who caused the disorder.

Fellow-citizens of the United States! The threat of unhallowed disunion—the names of those, once respected, by whom it is uttered—the array of military force to support it—denote the approach of a crisis in our affairs on which the continuance of our unexampled prosperity, our political existence, and perhaps that of all free governments, may depend. The conjuncture demanded a free, a full, and explicit enunciation not only of my intentions, but of my principles of action: and as the claim was asserted of a right by a state to annul the laws of the Union, and even to secede from it at pleasure, a frank exposition of my opinions in relation to the origin and form of our government, and the construction I give to the instrument by which it was created, seemed to be proper. Having the fullest confidence in the justness of the legal and constitutional opinion of my duties which has been expressed, I rely with equal confidence on your undivided support in my determination to execute the laws—to preserve the Union by all constitutional means—to arrest, if possible, by moderate but firm measures, the necessity of a recourse to force; and, if it be the will of Heaven that the recurrence of its primeval curse on man for the shedding of a brother's blood should fall upon our land, that it be not called down by any offensive act on the part of the United States.

Fellow-citizens! The momentous case is before you. On your undivided support of your government depends the decision of the great question it involves, whether your sacred Union will be preserved, and the blessing it secures to us as one people shall be perpetuated. No one can doubt the unanimity with which that decision will be expressed, will be such as to inspire new confidence in republican institutions, and that the prudence, the wisdom, and the courage which it will bring to their defence, will transmit them unimpaired and invigorated, to our children.

May the great Ruler of nations grant that the signal blessings with which He has favoured ours, may not by the madness of party or personal ambition be disregarded and lost: and may His wise Providence bring those who have produced this crisis, to see the folly before they feel the misery of civil strife: and inspire a returning veneration for that Union which, if we may dare to penetrate His designs, he has chosen as the only means of attaining the high destinies to which we may reasonably aspire.

THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

OF

ANDREW JACKSON.

Hermitage, June 7th, 1843.

In the Name of God, Amen:—I, Andrew Jackson, Sen'r., being of sound mind, memory, and understanding, and impressed with the great uncertainty of life and the certainty of death, and being desirous to dispose of my temporal affairs so that after my death no contention may arise relative to the same—And whereas, since executing my will of the 30th of September, 1833, my estate has become greatly involved by my liabilities for the debts of my well-beloved and adopted son Andrew Jackson, Jun., which makes it necessary to alter the same: Therefore I, Andrew Jackson, Sen'r., of the county of Davidson, and state of Tennessee, do make, ordain, publish, and declare this my last will and testament, revoking all other wills by me heretofore made.

First, I bequeath my body to the dust whence it comes, and my soul to God who gave it, hoping for a happy immortality through the atoning merits of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world. My desire is, that my body be buried by the side of my dear departed wife, in the garden at the Hermitage, in the vault prepared in the garden, and all expenses paid by my executor hereafter named.

Secondly, That all my just debts to be paid out of my personal and real estate by my executor; for which purpose to meet the debt my good friends Gen'l. J. B. Planchin & Co. of

New Orleans, for the sum of six thousand dollars, with the interest accruing thereon, loaned to me to meet the debt due by A. Jackson, Jun., for the purchase of the plantation from Hiram G. Runnels, lying on the east bank of the river Mississippi, in the state of Mississippi. Also, a debt due by me of ten thousand dollars, borrowed of my friends Blair and Rives, of the city of Washington and District of Columbia, with the interest accruing thereon; being applied to the payment of the lands bought of Hiram G. Runnels as aforesaid, and for the faithful payment of the aforesaid recited debts, I hereby bequeath all my real and personal estate. After these debts are fully paid—

Thirdly, I give and bequeath to my adopted son, Andrew Jackson, Junior, the tract of land whereon I now live, known by the Hermitage tract, with its butts and boundaries, with all its appendages of the three lots of land bought of Samuel Donelson, Thomas J. Donelson, and Alexander Donelson, sons and heirs of Sovern Donelson, deceased, all adjoining the Hermitage tract, agreeable to their butts and boundaries, with all the appurtenances thereto belonging or in any wise appertaining, with all my negroes that I may die possessed of, with the exception hereafter named, with all their increase after the before recited debts are fully paid, with all the household furniture, farming tools, stock of all kind, both on the Hermitage tract farms, as well as those on the Mississippi plantation, to him and his heirs for ever.—The true intent and meaning of this my last will and testament is, that all my estate, real, personal, and mixed, is hereby first pledged for the payment of the above recited debts and interest; and when they are fully paid, the residue of all my estate, real, personal, and mixed, is hereby bequeathed to my adopted son A. Jackson, Jun., with the exceptions hereafter named, to him and his heirs for ever.

Fourth, Whereas I have heretofore by conveyance, deposited with my beloved daughter Sarah Jackson, wife of my adopted son A. Jackson, Jun., given to my beloved granddaughter, Rachel Jackson, daughter of A. Jackson, Jun. and Sarah his wife,

several negroes therein described, which I hereby confirm.—I give and bequeath to my beloved grandson Andrew Jackson, son of A. Jackson, Jun. and Sarah his wife, a negro boy named Ned, son of Blacksmith Aaron and Hannah his wife, to him and his heirs for ever.

Fifth, I give and bequeath to my beloved little grandson, Samuel Jackson, son of A. Jackson, Jun. and his much beloved wife Sarah, one negro boy named Davy or George, son of Squire and his wife Giney, to him and his heirs for ever.

Sixth, To my beloved and affectionate daughter, Sarah Jackson, wife of my adopted and well beloved son, A. Jackson, Jun., I hereby recognise, by this bequest, the gift I made her on her marriage, of the negro girl Gracy, which I bought for her, and gave her to my daughter Sarah as her maid and seamstress, with her increase, with my house-servant Hanna and her two daughters, namely, Charlotte and Mary, to her and her heirs for ever. This gift and bequest is made for my great affection for her—as a memento of her uniform attention to me and kindness on all occasions, and particularly when worn down with sickness, pain, and debility—she has been more than a daughter to me, and I hope she never will be disturbed in the enjoyment of this gift and bequest by any one.

Seventh, I bequeath to my well beloved nephew, Andrew J. Donelson, son of Samuel Donelson, deceased, the elegant sword presented to me by the state of Tennessee, with this injunction, that he fail not to use it when necessary in support and protection of our glorious union, and for the protection of the constitutional rights of our beloved country, should they be assailed by foreign enemies or domestic traitors. This, from the great change in my worldly affairs of late, is, with my blessing, all I can bequeath him, doing justice to those creditors to whom I am responsible. This bequest is made as a memento of my high regard, affection, and esteem I bear for him as a high-minded, honest, and honourable man.

Eighth, To my grand-nephew Andrew Jackson Coffee, I be-

queath the elegant sword presented to me by the Rifle Company of New Orleans, commanded by Capt. Beal, as a memento of my regard, and to bring to his recollection the gallant services of his deceased father Gen'l. John Coffee, in the late Indian and British war, under my command, and his gallant conduct in defence of New Orleans in 1814 and 1815; with this injunction, that he wield it in the protection of the rights secured to the American citizen under our glorious constitution, against all invaders, whether foreign foes, or intestine traitors.

I bequeath to my beloved grandson Andrew Jackson, son of A. Jackson, Jun. and Sarah his wife, the sword presented to me by the citizens of Philadelphia, with this injunction, that he will always use it in defence of the constitution and our glorious union, and the perpetuation of our republican system: remembering the motto—"Draw me not without occasion, nor sheath me without honour."

The pistols of Gen'l. Layfayette, which were presented by him to Gen'l. George Washington, and by Col. Wm. Robertson presented to me, I bequeath to George Washington Lafayette, as a memento of the illustrious personages through whose hands they have passed—*his father, and the father of his country.*

The gold box presented to me by the corporation of the City of New York, the large silver vase presented to me by the ladies of Charleston, South Carolina, my native state, with the large picture representing the unfurling of the American banner, presented to me by the citizens of South Carolina when it was refused to be accepted by the United States Senate, I leave in trust to my son A. Jackson, Jun., with directions that should our happy country not be blessed with peace, an event not always to be expected, he will at the close of the war or end of the conflict, present each of said articles of inestimable value, to that patriot residing in the city or state from which they were presented, who shall be adjudged by his countrymen or the ladies to have been the most valiant in defence of his country and our country's rights.

The pocket spyglass which was used by Gen'l. Washington during the revolutionary war, and presented to me by Mr. Custis, having been burned with my dwelling-house, the Hermitage, with many other invaluable relics, I can make no disposition of them. As a memento of my high regard for Gen'l. Robert Armstrong as a gentleman, patriot, and soldier, as well as for his meritorious military services under my command during the late British and Indian war, and remembering the gallant bearing of him and his gallant little band at Enotochopco creek, when, falling desperately wounded, he called out—"My brave fellows, some may fall, but save the cannon"—as a memento of all these things, I give and bequeath to him my case of pistols and sword worn by me throughout my military career, well satisfied that in his hands they will never be disgraced—that they will never be used or drawn without occasion, nor sheathed but with honour.

Lastly, I leave to my beloved son all my walking-canes and other relics, to be distributed amongst my young relatives—namesakes—first, to my much esteemed namesake, Andrew J. Donelson, son of my esteemed nephew A. J. Donelson, his first choice, and then to be distributed as A. Jackson, Jun. may think proper.

Lastly, I appoint my adopted son Andrew Jackson, Jun., my whole and sole executor to this my last will and testament, and direct that no security be required of him for the faithful execution and discharge of the trusts hereby reposed in him.

In testimony whereof I have this 7th day of June, one thousand eight hundred and forty-three, hereunto set my hand, and affixed my seal, hereby revoking all wills heretofore made by me, and in the presence of

MARION ADAMS,
ELIZABETH D. LOVE,
THOS. J. DONELSON,
RICHARD SMITH,
R. ARMSTRONG.

ANDREW JACKSON. (*Seal.*)

State of Tennessee, Davidson County Court,
July Term, 1845.

A paper writing, purporting to be the last will and testament of Andrew Jackson, Sen., dec'd., was produced in open court for probate, and proved thus:—Marion Adams, Elizabeth D. Love, and Richard Smith, three of the subscribing witnesses thereto, being first duly sworn, depose and say, that they became such in the presence of the said Andrew Jackson, Sr., dec'd., and at his request and in the presence of each other; and that they verily believe he was of sound and disposing mind and memory at the time of executing the same.

Ordered, That said paper writing be admitted to record as such will and testament of the said Andrew Jackson, Sr., dec'd. Whereupon Andrew Jackson, Jun., the executor named in said will, came into court and gave bond in the sum of two hundred thousand dollars, (there being no security required by said will,) and qualified according to law.

Ordered, That he have letters testamentary granted to him.

State of Tennessee, Davidson County:

I, Robert B. Castleman, Clerk of the County Court, of said county, do certify that the foregoing is a true and perfect copy of the original will of Andrew Jackson, Sr., dec'd., together with the probate of the same, as proven at the July term, 1845, of said court, as the same remains of record in my office. In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand, and affixed the seal of said court at my office, this the 15th day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-five.

Ro. B. Castleman,
By his deputy,
Phineas Garrett.

A CORRESPONDENCE

BETWEEN

GEN. A. JACKSON AND COM. J. D. ELLIOTT.

The patriotic reply of General Jackson to Commodore J. D. Elliot's letter, tendering him the use of the Sarcophagus obtained by him at Palestine, as his final resting-place, having been alluded to in several of the eulogies in this work, and it having been thought proper to insert it in this place, Commodore Elliott has kindly furnished the Editor with the correspondence.

Washington City, March 18th, 1845.

My Dear General:—Last night I made something of a speech at the National Institute, and have offered for their acceptance the sarcophagus which I obtained at Palestine, brought home in the Constitution, and believed to contain the remains of the Roman emperor, Alexander Severus, with the suggestion that it might be tendered you for your final resting-place. I pray you, General, to live on in the fear of the Lord; dying the death of a Roman soldier; an emperor's coffin awaits you.

I am truly your old friend,

Jesse D. Elliott.

To General Andrew Jackson.

Hermitage, March 27, 1845.

Dear Sir:—Your letter of the 18th instant, together with the copy of the proceedings of the National Institute, furnished me by their corresponding secretary, on the presentation, by

you, of the sarcophagus for their acceptance, on condition it shall be preserved, and in honour of my memory, have been received, and are now before me.

Although labouring under great debility and affliction, from a severe attack from which I may not recover, I raise my pen and endeavour to reply. The steadiness of my nerves may perhaps lead you to conclude my prostration of strength is not so great as here expressed. Strange as it may appear, my nerves are as steady as they were forty years gone by; whilst, from debility and affliction, I am gasping for breath.

I have read the whole proceedings of the presentation, by you, of the sarcophagus, and the resolutions passed by the board of directors, so honourable to my fame, with sensations and feelings more easily to be conjectured than by me expressed. The whole proceedings call for my most grateful thanks, which are hereby tendered to you, and through you to the president and directors of the National Institute. But with the warmest sensations that can inspire a grateful heart, I must decline accepting the honour intended to be bestowed. I cannot consent that my mortal body shall be laid in a repository prepared for an emperor or a king. My republican feelings and principles forbid it; the simplicity of our system of government forbids it. Every monument erected to perpetuate the memory of our heroes and statesmen ought to bear evidence of the economy and simplicity of our republican institutions, and the plainness of our republican citizens, who are the sovereigns of our glorious Union, and whose virtue it is to perpetuate it. True virtue cannot exist where pomp and parade are the governing passions; it can only dwell with the people — the great labouring and producing classes that form the bone and sinew of our confederacy.

For these reasons I cannot accept the honour you and the president and directors of the National Institute intended to bestow. I cannot permit my remains to be the first in these United States to be deposited in a sarcophagus made for an

emperor or king. I again repeat, please accept for yourself, and convey to the president and directors of the National Institute, my most profound respects for the honour you and they intended to bestow. I have prepared a humble depository for my mortal body beside that wherein lies my beloved wife, where, without any pomp or parade, I have requested, when my God calls me to sleep with my fathers, to be laid; for both of us there to remain until the last trumpet sounds to call the dead to judgment, when we, I hope, shall rise together, clothed with that heavenly body promised to all who believe in our glorious Redeemer, who died for us that we might live, and by whose atonement I hope for a blessed immortality.

I am, with great respect,

Your friend and fellow-citizen,

ANDREW JACKSON.

To Com. J. D. Elliott, United States Navy.

Navy Yard, Philadelphia, April 8, 1845.

GENTLEMEN:—The interest which the National Institute has been pleased to take in the eventual bestowment of the remains of the honoured Andrew Jackson in the sarcophagus which I brought from abroad, and deposited in your institute, makes it my business now to communicate to you a copy of his letter of the 27th ultimo, lately received, on that subject.

With sentiments so congenial to his strict republicanism—and in accordance, indeed, with the republican feelings common to ourselves—he takes the ground of repugnance to connecting his name and fame in any way with imperial associations.

We cannot but honour the sentiments which have ruled his judgment in the case; for they are such as must add to the lustre of his character. We subscribe to them ourselves; and while we yield to their force, we may still be permitted to continue our regard to the enduring marble, as to an ancient and

classic relic—a curiosity in itself, and particularly in this country, as the first of its kind seen in our Western hemisphere.

From it we would deduce the moral, that, while we should disclaim the pride, pomp, and circumstance of imperial pageantry, as unfitting our institutions and professions, we would sedulously cherish the simpler republican principle of reposing our fame and honours in the hearts and affections of our countrymen.

I have now, in conclusion, to say, that, as the sarcophagus was originally presented with the suggestion of using it as abovementioned, I now commit it wholly to the institute as their own and sole property, exempt from any condition.

I am, very respectfully, yours, &c.,

JESSE DUNCAN ELLIOTT,

To the President and Directors of the
National Institute, at Washington.

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